GODFREY
of Bulloigne,
or
The Recouerie of
Ieruſalem.

Done into Engliſh Heroicall
verſe, by EDWARD
FAIREFAX
Gent.

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1600

To her High Majesty &c.

To her High Maieſtie.

WIts *rich triumph*, Wiſdomes *glorie*,
Arts *chronicle*, Learnings *ſtorie*,
Towre *of goodnes, vertue, bewtie*:
Forgiue me, that preſume to lay
My labours in your cleere eies ray:
This boldnes ſprings frō faith, zeal, dewtie.

Her hand, her lap, her veſtures hem,
Muſe touch not for polluting them,
All that is hers is pure, cleere, holie,
Before her footſtoole humble lie,
So may ſhe bleſſe thee with her eie,
The ſunne ſhines not on good things ſolie.

Oliue *of peace*, Angell *of pleaſure*,
What line of praiſe can your worth meaſure?
Calme ſea of bliſſe which no ſhore boundeth,
Fame *fils the world no more with lies,*
But buſied in your hiſtories
Her trumpet thoſe true wonders ſoundeth:

O Fame, *ſay all the good thou maiſt,*
Too little is that all thou ſaiſt,
What if her ſelfe her ſelfe commended?
Should we then know nere knowne before,
Whether her wit, or worth were more?
Ah no! that booke would nere be ended.

Your Maieſties humble ſubiect,

EDWARD FAIREFAX.

The Allegorie of the Poem.

HEroicall *Poetrie* (as a liuing Creature, wherein two natures are conioined) is compounded of *Imitation* and *Allegorie*: with the one ſhe allureth vnto her the mindes and eares of men, and maruellouſly deligliteth them; with the other, either in vertue or knowledge, ſhe inſtructeth them. And as the heroically written *Imitation* of an *Other*, is nothing elſe, but the patterne and image of humane action: ſo the *Allegorie* of an Heroicall Poeme is none other than the glaſſe and figure of humane life. But *Imitation* regardeth the *Actions* of man ſubiected to the outward ſenſes, and about them being principally imployed, ſeeketh to repreſent them with effectuall and expreſſiue phraſes, ſuch as liuely ſet before our corporall eies the things repreſented: It doth not conſider the cuſtomes, affections, or diſcourſes of the *Minde*, as they be inward, but onely as they come forth thence, and being manifeſted in words, in deedes, or working, doe accompanie the *Action*. On the other ſide, *Allegorie* reſpecteth the paſſions, the opinions and cuſtomes, not onely as they doe appeare, but principally in their being hidden & inward; and more obſcurely doth expreſſe them with notes (as a man may ſay) miſticall, ſuch as only the vnderſtanders of the nature of things can fully comprehend. Now leauing *Imitation* apart, we will according to our purpoſe ſpeake of *Allegorie*: which, as the life of man is compound, ſo it repreſents to vs, ſometime the figure of the one, ſometime the figure of the other: yet becauſe that commonly by *Man*, we vnderſtand this compound of the bodie, ſoule, or minde, and then mans life, is ſaid to be that, which of ſuch compound is proper, in the operations whereof euerie part thereof concurres, and by working gets that perfection, of the which by her nature ſhe is capable: ſometime (although more ſeldome) by *Man* is vnderſtood, not the compound, but the moſt noble part, namely the *Minde*; According to this laſt ſignification, it may be ſaid, that the life of man is *Contemplatiue*, and to worke ſimplie with the *Vnderſtanding*, foraſmuch as this life doth ſeeme much to participate of heauen, and as it were changde from humanitie, to become angelicall. Of the life of the *Contemplatiue Man*, the Comedie of *Dantes* and the *Odyſſees* are (as it were) in euerie part thereof a figure: but the ciuill life is ſeene to be ſhadowed throughout the *Iliads*, and *Æneids* alſo, although in this there be rather ſet out a mixture of *Action* and *Contemplation*. But ſince the *Contemplatiue Man* is ſolitarie; and the *Man* of *Action* liueth in ciuill companie, thence it commeth that *Dantes* & *Vlyſſes* in their departure from *Calipſo* are fained not to be accompanied of the armie, or of a multitude of ſoldiers, but to depart alone; whereas *Agamemnon* and *Achilles* are deſcribed, the one Generall of the *Grecian* Armie, the other leader of many troupes of *Mirmidons*, and *Æneas* is ſeene to be accompanied when he fighteth, or doth other ciuill actes; but when he goeth to hell and the Eliſian fields, he leaues his followers, accompanied onely with his moſt faithfull friend *Achates*, who neuer departed from his ſide. Neither doth the Poet at randon faine that he

went

went alone, for that in his voiage there is signified this onely *Contemplation* of these paines and rewardes which in another world are reserued for good or guiltie soules. Moreouer, the operation of the *Vnderstanding speculatiue*, which is the working of one only power, is commodiously figured vnto vs by the action of one alone: but the *Operation Politicall*, which proceedeth together from the other powers of the minde (which are as citizens vnited in one commonwealth) cannot so commodiously be shadowed of *Action*, wherein many together and to one end working, doe not concurre. To these reasons, and to these examples I hauing regarde, haue made the *Allegorie* of my *Poem* such, as now shall be manifested.

The *Army* compounded of diuers Princes, and of other Christian souldiers, signifieth *Man*, compounded of soule and bodie, and of a soule not simple, but diuided into many and diuers powers. *Ierusalem* the strong citie placed in a rough and hilly countrey, whereunto as to the last ende, are directed all the enterprises of the faithfull armie, doth here signifie the *Ciuill happines*, which may come to a Christian man (as hereafter shall be declared) which is a good, verie difficult to attaine vnto, and situated vpon the top of the Alpine and wearisome hill of virtue; and vnto this are turned (as vnto the last marke) all the Actions of the politicke man. *Godfrey*, which of all the assembly is chosen Chieftaine, stands for *Vnderstanding*, & particularly for that vnderstanding, which considereth not the things necessarie, but the mutable and which may diuersly happen, & those by the wil of God. And of *Princes* he is chosē Captaine of this enterprise, because vnderstanding is of God, and of Nature made Lord ouer the other virtues of the soule and bodie, and commaunds these, one with ciuill power, the other with roiall command. *Rinaldo*, *Tancredie*, and the other Princes are in liew of the other powers of the soule; and the *Bodie* here becomes notified by the souldiers lesse noble. And because that through the imperfection of humaine nature, and by the deceits of his enemy, man attaines not this felicitie without many inward difficulties, and without finding by the way many outward impediments, all these are noted vnto vs by Poeticall figures. As the death of *Syrenus*, and his companions, not being ioined to the campe, but slaine farre off, may here shew the losses, which a ciuill man hath of his friends, followers, and other externall goods, instruments of vertue, & aids to the attaining of true felicitie. The armies of Affricke, Asia, and vnluckly battels, are none other than his enemies, his losses, and the accidents of contrarie fortune. But comming to the inward impediments, loue, which maketh *Tancredie* and the other woorthies to dote, and disioine them from *Godfrey*, and the disdaine which entiseth *Rinaldo* from the enterprise, doe signifie the conflict and rebellion which the *Concupiscent* and *Irefull* powers, doe make with the *Reasonable*. The *Diuels* which doe consult to hinder the conquest of *Ierusalem*, are both a figure, and a thing figured, and doe here represent the verie same euils, which doe oppose themselues against our ciuill happines, so that it may not be to vs a ladder of Christian blessednes. The two Magitians *Ismen* and *Armida*, seruants of the diuell, which indeuour to remooue the Christians from making war,

are

are two deuilish temptations which doe lay snares for two powers of the soule, from whence all other sinnes doe proceed. *Ismen* doth signifie that temptation, which seeketh to deceiue with false beliefe the vertue (as a man may call it) Opinatiue: *Armida* is that temptation which laieth siege to the power of our desires, so from that proceed the errours of *Opinion*; from this, those of the *Appetite*. The inchantments of *Ismen* in the wood, deceiuing with illusions, signifie no other thing than the falsitie of the reasons and perswasions which are ingendred in the wood; that is, in the varietie and multitude of opinions and discourses of men. And since that man followeth vice and flieth vertue, either thinking that trauels and dangers are euils most greeuous and insupportable, or iudging (as did the Epicure and his followers) that in pleasure and idlenesse consisted chiefest felicitie; by this, double is the inchantment and illusion. The *Fier*, the *Whirlewinde*, the *Darkenes*, the *Monsters*, and other faigned semblances, are the deceiuing allurements which doe shew vs honest trauels and honorable danger vnder the shape of *Euill*. The *Flowers*, the *Fountaines*, the *Riuers*, the *Musicall* instruments, the *Nymphes*, are the deceitfull inticemēts, which do here set downe before vs the pleasures and delights of the sense, vnder the shew of *Good*. So let it suffice to haue saide thus much of the impediments which a man findes as well within as without himselfe: yet if the Allegorie of any thing be not well expressed, with these beginnings euerie man by himselfe may easily finde it out. Now let vs passe to the outward and inward helpes; with which the *Ciuill man* ouercomming all difficultie, is brought to this desired happines. The target of *Diamond* which *Raimond* recouereth, and afterward is shewed readie in the defence of *Godfrey*; ought to be vnderstood for the speciall safegard of the Lord God. The *Angels* doe signifie somtime *Heauenly helpe*, and somtime *Inspiration*, the which are here shadowed in the dream of *Godfrey*, & in the records of the *Hermite*. The *Hermite*, who for the deliuerance of *Rinaldo* did sende the two messengers to the wiseman, doth shewe vnto vs the supernaturall knowledge receiued by Gods grace, as the wise man doth humane wisdome, forasmuch as of humane wisedome & of the knowledge of the workes of Nature, & the mysteries thereof, is bred & established in our minds, *Iustice*, *temperance*, despising of *death* and mortall pleasures, *magnanimitie*, and euery other morall vertue. And great aid may a ciuill man receiue in euery action he attempteth, by *contemplation*. It is fained, that this wise man was by birth a Pagan, but being by the *Hermite* conuerted to the true faith, becommeth a Christian, and despising his first arrogancie, he doth not much presume of his owne wisedome, but yeeldeth himselfe to the iudgment of his master, albeit that *Philosophie* be borne & nourished amongst the Gentiles in Ægypt and Greece, and from thence hath passed ouer vnto vs, presumptious of her selfe, a miscreant bold and proud aboue measure: but of *Saint Thomas* and the other *holy Doctors* she is made the disciple and handmaid of Diuinitie, and is become by their indeuour more modest, and more religious, nothing daring rashly to affirme against that which is reuealed to her *Maistres*. Neither in vaine is the person of the wise man brought in, *Rinaldo* being

ing able by the onely counsel of the *Hermite* to be found & brought backe againe) for that, it is brought in shew, that the grace of God doth not worke alwaies in men immediately, or by extraordinarie waies, but many times worketh by naturall meanes. And it is verie reasonable that *Godfrey* which in holines and religion doth excell all other, and is (as hath bin said) the figure of *Vnderstanding*, be specially graced and priuiledged with fauours not communicated to any other. This humane wisedome, when it is directed of the superior or more high vertue, doth deliuer the sensible soule from vice, & therein placeth morall vertue. But bicause this suffiseeth not, *Peter* the *Hermite* first confesseth *Godfrey* & *Rinaldo*, and conuerted *Tancredie*. *Godfrey* & *Rinaldo* being two persons, which in our *Poem* do hold the principall place, it can not be but pleasing to the Reader, that I repeating some of the already spoken things, do particularly lay open the allegoricall sense, which vnder the vaile of their actions, lie hidden. *Godfrey* which holdeth the principall place in this storie, is no other in the Allegorie but the *Vnderstanding*, which is signified in many places of the *Poeme* as in that verse,

By thee the counsell giuen is, by thee the scepter rul'd.

And more plainly in that other:

Thy soule is of the campe both minde and life.

And *Life* is added, bicause in the powers more noble, the lesse noble are contained: therefore *Rinaldo*, which in action is in the second degree of honour, ought also to be placed in the Allegorie in the answerable degree: but what this power of the mind, holding the second degree of dignitie is, shall be nowe manifested. The *Irefull* vertue is that, which amongst all the powers of the minde, is lesse estrãged from the nobility of the soule, insomuch that *Plato* (doubting) seeketh whether it differeth from reason or no. And such is it in the minde, as the chiefetaine in an assemblie of souldiours: for as of these the office is to obey their princes, which do giue directions and commandements to fight against their enimies: so is it the dutie of the irefull, warlike, and soueraigne part of the minde, to be armed with reason against concupiscence, and with that vehemencie and fiercenes (which is proper vnto it) to resist and driue awaie whatsoeuer impediment to felicitie. But when it doth not obey Reason, but suffers it selfe to be carried of her owne violence, it falleth out, that it fighteth not against concupiscence, but by concupiscence, like a dogge that biteth not the theeues, but the cattle committed to his keeping. This violent, fierce, and vnbridled furie, as it can not be fully noted by one *man of warre*, is neuertheles principally signified by *Rinaldo*, where it is said of him, that being

— A right warrelike knight
Did scorne by reasons rule to fight.

Wherin (whilest fighting against *Gernando*, he did passe the bounds of ciuill reuenge, and whilest he serued *Armida*) may be noted vnto vs, *Anger*, not gouerned by reason: whilest hee disinchanteth the wood, entreth the citie, breaketh the enimies array, *Anger*, directed by reason. His returne and reconciliation to *Godfrey*, noteth *Obedience*, causing the *Irefull* power to yeelde to the *Reasonable*. In these Reconciliations two things are signified, first, *Godfrey* with ciuill

moderation

moderation is acknowledged to be ſuperiour to *Rinaldo*, teaching vs, that Reaſon commandeth Anger, not imperiouſly, but curteouſlie and ciuillie: contrariwiſe in that, by impriſoning *Argillanus* imperiouſly, the ſedition is quieted; it is giuen vs to vnderſtand, the power of the *Minde*, to be ouer the bodie, regall and predominate: Secondly, that as the reaſonable part ought not (for heerein the Stoiks were very much deceiued) to exclude the *Irefull* from actions, nor *vſurpe* the offices thereof, for this vſurpation ſhoulde bee againſt nature and iuſtice, but it ought to make her her companion and handmaid: So ought not *Godfrey* to attempt the aduenture of the wood himſelfe, thereby arrogating to himſelfe the other offices belonging to *Reinaldo*. Leſſe skill ſhould then be ſhewed, and leſſe regard had to the profite, which the Poet, as ſubiected to policie, ought to haue for his aime, if it had been fained, that by *Godfrey* onlie, all was wrought, which was neceſſarie for the conquering of Ieruſalem. Neither is there contrarietie or difference from that which hath been ſaid, in putting downe *Rinaldo* and *Godfrey* for that figure of the *Reaſonable* and of the *Irefull* vertue, which *Hugo* ſpeakes of in his dreame, wheras he compareth the one to the *Head*, the other to the *right Hand* of the army, bicauſe the *Head* (if we belieue *Plato*) is the ſeat of Reaſon, and the *right Hand*, if it be not the ſeat of wrath, it is at leaſt her moſt principall inſtrument. Finally, to come to the concluſion, the army wherein *Rinaldo* and the other Woorthies by the grace of God and aduiſe of Man, are returned and obedient to their chieftaine, ſignifieth man brought againe into the ſtate of naturall Iuſtice and heauenly obedience: where the ſuperior powers do command, as they ought, and the inferiour do obey, as they ſhould. Then the wood is eaſily diſinchanted, the citty vanquiſhed, the enimies armie diſcomfited, that is, all externall impediments being eaſily ouercome, man attaineth the politike happines. But for that this *Politike bleſſednes*, ought not to be the laſt marke of a Chriſtian man, but he ought to looke more high, that is, to *Euerlaſting felicitie*, for this cauſe *Godfrey* doth not deſire to win the earthly Ieruſalem, to haue therein onely temporall dominion, but bicauſe heerein may be celebrated the worſhip of God, and that the Holy ſepulchre may be the more freely viſited of godly ſtrangers and deuout Pilgrims; and the Poem is ſhut vp in the praiers of *Godfrey*, it is ſhewed vnto vs, that the *Vnderſtanding* being trauelled and wearied in ciuill actions ought in the ende to reſt in deuotion and in the contemplation of the eternall bleſſednes of the other moſt happie and immortall life.

FINIS.

The first Booke of Godfrey *of Bulloigne.*

The argument.

God sends his angell to Tortosa downe:
Godfrey *to counsell cals the Christian Peeres,*
Where all the Lords and Princes of renowne
Chuse him their Generall, he straight appeeres,
Mustring his royall hoast, and in that stowne
Sends them to Sion, and their harts vpcheeres.
The aged tyrant Iudaies *land that guides*
In feare and trouble to resist prouides.

1

I Sing the sacred armies and the knight
That Christs great tombe enfranchis'd and set free,
Much wrought he by his witte, much by his might,
Much in that glorious conquest suffred hee;
Hell hindred him in vaine, in vaine to fight
Asias and Affricks people armed bee;
Heau'n fauourd him, his lords and knights misgone
Vnder his Ensigne he reduc'd in one.

2

O heau'nly muse, that not with fading baies
Deckest thy brow by th'Heliconian spring,
But sittest crownd with stars immortall raies
In heaune, where legions of bright Angels sing,
Inspire life in my wit, my thoughts vpraise,
My verse ennoble, and forgiue the thing,
If fictions light I mixe with truth diuine,
And fill these lines with others praise than thine.

3

Thither thou know'st the world is best inclinde
Where luring Parnase most his sweete imparts,
And truth conuai'd in verse of gentle kinde,
To reade perhaps will moone the dullest harts:
So we (if children yoong diseas'd we finde)
Annoint with sweets the vessels formost parts,
To make them taste the potions sharpe we giue;
They drinke deceiu'd, and so deceiu'd, they liue.

4

Ye noble Princes, that protect and saue
The pilgrim muses, and their ship defend
From rocke of ignorance, and errours waue,
Your gracious eies vpon this labour bend:
To you these tales of loue and conquests braue
I dedicate, to you this worke I send,
My muse hereafter shall perhaps vnfold
Your fights, your battailes, and your combats bold.

5

For if the Christian Princes euer striue
To win faire Greece out of the tyrants hands,
And those vsurping Ismalites depriue
Of wofull Thrace, which now captiued stands,
You must from realmes and seas the Turkes foorth driue,
As *Godfrey* chased them from Iudais lands,
And in this legend, all that glorious deed
Read, whil'st you arme you; arme you, whil'st you reed.

6

Sixe yeeres were ronne since first in martiall guize
The Christian Lords warraid the eastren land,
Nice by assault, and Antioch by surprize,
Both faire, both rich, both wonne, both conquer'd stand:
And this defended they in noblest wize
Gainst Persian knights and many a valiant band,
Tortosa wonne, (least winter might them shend)
They drew to holds, and comming spring attend.

7

The sullen season now was come and gone,
That forst them late cease from their noble war,
When God almightie from his loftie throne,
Set in those parts of heau'n that purest ar,
(As far aboue the cleere stars euery one,
As it is hence vp to the highest star)
Look'd downe, and all at once this world behield,
Each land, each citie, countrie, towne and field:

8

All things he view'd, at last in Syria stai'd
Vpon the Christian Lords, his gracious eie,
That wondrous looke wherewith he oft suruai'd
Mens secret thoughts that most concealed lie,
He cast on puissant *Godfrey*, that assai'd
To driue the Turkes from Sions bulwarks hie,
And (full of zeale and faith) esteemed light
All worldy honour, empire, treasure, might.

9

In *Baldwine* next, he ſpide another thought,
Whom ſpirits proud to vaine ambition moue,
Tancred he ſaw his liues ioy ſet at nought,
So wõe begon was he with paines of loue:
Boemond the conquer'd folke of Antioch brought
The gentle yoke of Chriſtian rule to proue,
He taught them lawes, ſtatutes, and cuſtomes new,
Arts, craftes, obedience, and religion trew.

10

And with ſuch care his buſie worke he plied
That to nought els his acting thoughts he bent,
In yong *Rinaldo* fierce deſires he ſpied,
And noble hart, of reſt impatient,
To wealth or ſoueraigne powre he nought applied
His wits, but all to vertue excellent,
Patternes and rules of skill and courage bolde
He tooke from *Guelpho*, and his fathers olde.

11

Thus, when the Lord diſcouer'd had and ſeene
The hidden ſecrets of each worthies breſt,
Out of the Hierarchies of Angels ſheene
The gentle *Gabriell* call'd he from the reſt,
Twixt God and ſoules of men that righteous beene
Ambaſſador is he, for euer bleſt,
The iuſt commaunds of heau'ns eternall king
Twixt skies and earth, he vp and downe doth bring.

12

To whom the Lord thus ſpake, *Godfredo* finde
And in my name aske him, why doth he reſt?
Why be his armes to eaſe and peace reſignde?
Why frees he not Hieruſalem diſtreſt?
His Peeres to counſell call, each baſer minde
Let him ſtir vp; for, chieftaine of the reſt
I choſe him heere, the earth ſhall him allow,
His fellowes late, ſhall be his ſubiects now.

13

This ſaid, the Angell ſwift himſelfe preparde
To execute the charge impos'd aright,
In forme of airie members faire imbarde,
His ſpirits pure were ſubiect to our ſight,
Like to a man in ſhew and ſhape he farde,
But full of heau'nly maieſtie and might,
A ſtripling ſeem'd he thrice fiue winters olde,
And radiant beames adorn'd his locks of golde.

14

Of ſiluer wings he tooke a ſhining paire,
Fringed with gold, vnwearied, nimble, ſwift,
With theſe he parts the windes, the clouds, the aire,
And ouer ſeas and earth himſelfe doth lift,
Thus clad he cut the ſpheares and circles faire
And the pure skies with ſacred feathers clift,
On Libanon at firſt his foote he ſet,
And ſhooke his wings with roarie May-dewes wet.

15

Then to Tortoſas confines ſwiftly ſped
The ſacred meſſenger, with headlong flight;
Aboue the eaſtern waue appeered red
The riſing ſunne, yet ſcantly halfe in ſight,
Godfrey euen then his morne deuotions ſed,
(As was his cuſtome) when with Titan bright
Appeer'd the Angell, in his ſhape diuine,
Whoſe glorie far obſcured Phebus ſhine.

16

Godfrey (quoth he) behold the ſeaſon fit
To war, for which thou waited haſt ſo long,
Now ſerues the time (if thou oreſlip not it)
To free Hieruſalem, from thrall and wrong:
Thou with thy Lords in counſell quickly ſit,
Comfort the feeble and confirme the ſtrong,
The Lord of hoſts their Generall doth make thee,
And for their chieftaine they ſhall gladly take thee.

17

I meſſenger from euerlaſting Ioue
In his great name thus his beheſts doe tell,
Oh what ſure hope of conqueſt ought thee moue?
What zeale, what loue ſhould in thy boſome dwell?
This ſaid, he vaniſht to thoſe ſeats aboue,
In height and cleerenes which the reſt excell,
Downe fell the Duke, his ioints diſſolu'd aſunder,
Blinde with the light, and ſtroken dead with wonder.

18

But when recou'red, he conſid'red more
The man, his maner, and his meſſage, ſaide.
If earſt he wiſhed, now he longed ſore
To end that war, whereof he Lord was made,
Nor ſweld his breſt with vncouth pride therefore,
That heau'n on him aboue this charge had laide,
But for his great Creator would the ſame,
His will encreaſt; ſo fire augmenteth flame.

19

The captaines cald foorthwith from euery tent,
Vnto the Rende-vous he them inuites,
Letter on letter, poſt on poſt he ſent,
Entreatance faire with counſell he vnites,
All, what a noble courage could augment,
The ſleeping ſparke of valour what incites,
He vs'd, that all their thoughts to honour reaſed,
Some prais'd, ſome prai'd, ſome counſelled, all pleaſed.

20

The captaines, ſoldiers, all, (ſaue *Boemound*) came,
And pitcht their tents, ſome in the fields without,
Some of greene boughes their ſlender cabbins frame,
Some lodged were Tortoſas ſtreetes about,
Of all the hoſt the chiefe of worth and name
Aſſembled beene, a ſenate graue and ſtout;
Then *Godfrey* (after ſilence kept a ſpace)
Lift vp his voice, and ſpake with princely grace.

21

Warriors (whom God himſelfe elected hath
His worſhip true in Sion to reſtore,
And ſtill preſeru'd from danger, harme and ſcath,
By many a ſea and many an vnknowne ſhore)
You haue ſubiected lately to his faith
Some prouinces rebellious long before:
And after conqueſts great, haue in the ſame
Erected trophies to his croſſe and name,

22

But not for this, our homes we firſt forſooke,
And from our natiue ſoile haue march'd ſo far:
Nor vs to dangrous ſeas haue we betooke,
Expos'd to hazard of ſo far ſought war,
Of glorie vaine to gaine an idle ſmooke,
And lands poſſeſſe that wilde and barbrous ar:
That for our conqueſts were too meane a pray,
To ſhed our bloods, to worke our ſoules decay.

23

But this the ſcope was of our former thought,
Of Sions fort to ſcale the noble wall,
The Chriſtian folke from bondage to haue brought,
Wherein alas, they long haue liued thrall,
In Paleſtine an empire to haue wrought
Where godlines might raigne perpetuall,
And none be left, that pilgrims might denay
To ſee Chriſtes tombe, and promis' d vowes to pay.

24

What to this howre ſucceſſiuely is donne
Was full of perill, to our honour ſmall,
Nought to our firſt deſignment, if we ſhonne
The purpos'd end, or here lie fixed all,
What bootes it vs theſe wars to haue begonne?
Or Europe rais'd to make proud Aſia thrall?
If our beginnings haue this ending knowne,
Not kingdoms rais'd, but armies ouerthrowne.

25

Not as we liſt erect we empires new
On fraile foundations, laid in earthly molde,
Whereof our faith and countrie be but few,
Among the thouſands ſtout of Pagans bolde,
Where no ught behooues vs truſt to Greece vntrew,
And weſtren aide we far remou'd beholde,
Who buildeth thus, me thinkes, ſo buildeth he,
As if his worke ſhould his ſepulcher be.

26

Turks, Perſians conquer'd, Antiochia wonne,
Be glorious actes, and full of glorious praiſe,
By heau'ns meere grace, not by our proweſſe, donne:
Thoſe conqueſts were atchieu'd by wondrous waies,
If now from that directed courſe we ronne,
The God of battailes thus before vs laies,
His louing kindnes ſhall we looſe I dout,
And be a by-word to the lands about.

27

Let not theſe bleſſings then ſent from aboue
Abuſed be, or ſpilt in prophane wiſe,
But let the iſſue correſpondent proue
To good beginnings of each enterpriſe,
The gentle ſeaſon might our courage moue,
Now euery paſſage plaine and open lies:
What lets vs than the great Hieruſalem
With valiant ſquadrons round about to hem?

28

Lords, I proteſt, and harken all to it
Ye times and ages, future, preſent, paſt,
Heare all ye bleſſed in the heau'ns that ſit,
The time for this atchieument haſtneth faſt:
The longer reſt worſe will the ſeaſon fit,
Our ſuretie ſhall with doubts be ouercaſt,
If we foreſlowe the ſiege I well foreſee
From Egypt will the Pagans ſuccour'd bee.

29

This ſaid, the hermite *Peter* roſe and ſpake,
(Who ſate in counſell thoſe great Lords among)
At my requeſt this war was vndertake,
In priuate cell who earſt liu'd cloſed long,
What *Godfrey* wils, of that no queſtion make,
There caſt no doubts where truth is plaine and ſtrong,
Your actes I truſt will correſpond his ſpeach,
Yet one thing more I would you gladly teach.

30

Theſe ſtriues (vnles I far miſtake the thing)
And diſcords rais'd, oft in diſordred ſort,
Your diſobedience, and ill menaging
Of actions, loſt, for want of due ſupport,
Refer I iuſtly to a further ſpring,
Spring of ſedition, ſtrife, oppreſſion, tort,
I meane commanding powre to ſundry giuen,
In thought, opinion, worth, eſtate, vneuen.

31

Where diuers Lords diuided empire holde,
Where cauſes be by gifts not iuſtice tride,
Where offices be falſly bought and ſolde,
Needes muſt the lordſhip there from vertue ſlide.
Of friendly parts one bodie then vpholde,
Create one head the reſt to rule and guide,
To one the regall powre and ſceptre giue,
That henceforth may your king and ſoueraigne liue.

32

And therewith ſtaide his ſpeech. O gratious muſe,
What kindling motions in their breſts doe frie?
With grace diuine the hermits talke infuſe
That in their harts his words may fructifie;
By this a vertuous concord they did chuſe,
And all contentions then began to die;
The princes with the multitude agree,
That *Godfrey* ruler of thoſe wars ſhould bee.

33

This powre they gaue him, by his princely right
All to command, to iudge all, good and ill,
Lawes to impoſe to lands ſubdew'd by might,
To maken war both when and where he will,
To hold in due ſubiection euerie wight
Their valours to be guided by his skill;
This done, report diſplaies her teltale wings,
And to each eare the newes and tidings brings.

34

She told the ſoldiers, who allowd him meet
And well deſeruing of that ſoueraigne place,
Their firſt ſalutes and acclamations ſweet
Receiued he, with loue and gentle grace:
After their reuerence done with kinde regreet
Requited was, with milde and cheerefull face,
He bids his armies ſhould the following day
On thoſe faire plaines, their ſtandards proud diſplay.

35

The golden ſunne roſe from the ſiluer waue,
And with his beames ennameld euery greene,
When vp aroſe each warrior bold and braue,
Gliſtring in filed ſteele and armours ſheene,
With iolly plumes their creſts adorn'd they haue,
And all tofore their chieftaine muſtred beene:
He from a mountaine, caſt his curious ſight
On euery footeman, and on euery knight.

36

My minde, times enimie, obliuions foe,
Diſpoſer true of each note-worthie thing,
O let thy vertuous might auaile me ſoe,
That I each troupe and captaine great may ſing
That in this glorious war did famous groe,
Forgot till now, by times euill handling:
This worke (deriued from thy treaſures deare)
Let all times harken, neuer age outweare.

37

The French came foremoſt battailous and bold,
Late led by *Hugo* brother to their king,
From France the iſle that riuers fower enfold
With rolling ſtreames deſcending from their ſpring,
But *Hugo* dead, the Lillie faire of gold
Their wonted enſigne, they tofore them bring
Vnder *Clotharius* great, a captaine good,
And hardie knight, iſprong of princes blood,

38

A thouſand were they in ſtrong armours clad,
Next whome there marched foorth another band,
That number, nature and inſtruction had
Like them, to fight fat off, or charge at hand,
All valiant Normans, by Lord *Robert* lad,
The natiue Duke of that renowmed land,
Two Biſhops next their ſtandards proud vpbare
Call'd reuerend *William*, and good *Ademare*.

Their

39

Their iollie notes they chanted lowd and cleare,
On merrie mornings, at the maſſe diuine,
And horrid helmes high on their heads they beare,
When their fierce courage they to war incline,
The firſt fowre hundreth horſemen gathred neare
To Orange towne, and lands that it confine:
But *Ademare* the Poggian youth brought out,
In number like, in hard aſſaies, as ſtout.

40

Baldwine his enſigne faire did next deſpreed
Among his Bulloyners of noble fame,
His brother gaue him all his troopes to leed
When he commander of the field became,
The Count *Carinto* did him ſtraight ſucceed,
Graue in aduiſe, well skild in *Mars* his game,
Fowre hundreth brought he, but ſo many thrice
Led *Baldwine*, clad in gilden armes of price:

41

Guelpho next them the land and place poſſeſt,
Whoſe fortunes good with his great actes agree,
By his Italian Sire, fro th'houſe of *Eſt*
Well could he bring his noble pedegree,
A German borne, with rich poſſeſſions bleſt,
A worthie branch ſprong from the *Guelphian* tree.
Twixt Rhene and Danubie the land contain'd
He rul'd, where Swaues and Rhetians whilome raign'd,

42

His mothers heritage was this and right,
To which he added more by conqueſt got,
From thence approoued men of paſſing might
He brought, that death or danger feared not;
It was their wont in feaſts to ſpend the night,
And paſſe cold daies in bathes and houſes hot,
Flue thouſand late, of which now ſcantly ar
The third part left, ſuch is the chance of war.

43

The nation than with criſped lockes and faire,
That dwell betweene the ſeas and Arden wood,
Where Moſell ſtreames and Rhene the meadowes weare,
A battle ſoile for graine, for paſture good,
Their Iſlanders with them, who oft repaire
Their earthen bulwarks gainſt the Ocean flood,
The flood, elſewhere that ſhips and barks deuowres,
But there drownes cities, countries, townes and towres.

Both

44

Both in one troope, and but a thouſand all,
Vnder another *Robert* fierce they ronne,
Then th'Engliſh ſquadron, ſoldiers ſtout and tall,
By *William* led their Soueraignes yonger ſonne,
Theſe Archers be, and with them come withall,
A people neere the northren pole that wonne,
Whom Ireland ſent from loughes and forreſts hore,
Diuided far by ſea from Europes ſhore.

45

Tancredie next, nor mongſt them all was one
Rinald except, a prince of greater might,
With maieſtie his noble count'nance ſhone,
Hie were his thoughts, his hart was bold in fight,
No ſhamefull vice his worth had ouergone,
His fault was loue, by vnaduiſed ſight
Bred in the dangers of aduentrous armes,
And nurſt with grieues, with ſorrowes, woes & harmes.

46

Fame tels, that on that euer-bleſſed day,
When Chriſtian ſwords with Perſian blood were dide,
The furious prince *Tancredie* from that fray
His coward foes chaſed through forreſts wide,
Till tired with the fight, the heate, the way,
He ſought ſome place to reſt his wearie ſide,
And drew him neare a ſiluer ſtreame, that plade
Among wilde herbes, vnder the greene-wood ſhade.

47

A Pagan damſell there vnwares he met,
In ſhining ſteele, all ſaue her viſage faire,
Her haire vnbound ſhe made a wanton net
To catch ſweete breathing, from the cooling aire.
On her at gaze his longing lookes he ſet,
Sight, wonder; wonder, loue; loue bred his caire,
O loue, O wonder; loue new borne, new bred,
Now growne, now arm'd, this champion captiue led.

48

Her helme the virgin don'd, and but ſome wight
She fear'd might come to aide him as they fought,
Her courage earn'd to haue aſſail'd the knight,
Yet thence ſhe fled, vncompaned, vnſought,
And left her image in his hart ipight,
Her ſweete Idea wandred through his thought.
Her ſhape, her geſture and her place in minde
He kept, and blew loues fire with that winde.

Well

49

Well might you read his ſicknes in his eies,
Their banks were full, their tide was at the flow,
His helpe far off, his hurt within him lies,
His hopes vnſprong, his cares were fit to mowe,
Eight hundreth horſe (from Champaine came) he guies,
Champaine a land where wealth, eaſe, pleaſure growe,
Rich natures pompe and pride, the Tirrhene maine
There wowes the hils, hils wowe the valleis plaine.

50

Two hundred Greekes came next, in fight well tride,
Not ſurely arm'd, in ſteele or iron ſtrong,
But each a glaue had pendant by his ſide,
Their bowes and quiuers at their ſhoulders hong,
Their horſes well enur'd to chace and ride,
In diet ſpare, vntir'd with labour long,
Readie to charge and to retire at will,
Though broken, ſcattred, fled, they skirmiſh ſtill.

51

Tatine their guide, and except *Tatine*, none
Of all the Greekes went with the Chriſtian hoſt,
O ſinne, O ſhame, O Greece accurſt alone!
Did not this fatall war affront thy coaſt?
Yet ſatteſt thou an idle looker on,
And glad attendeſt which ſide wonne or loſt:
Now if thou be a bondſlaue vile become
No wrong is that, but Gods moſt righteous dome.

52

In order laſt, but firſt in worth and fame,
Vnfear'd in fight, vntir'd with hurt or wound,
The noble ſquadron of aduentrers came,
Terrors to all that tread on Aſian ground,
Ceaſe *Orpheus* of thy *Minois*, *Arthur* ſhame
To boaſt of *Launcelot*, or thy table round,
For theſe whom antique times with laurell dreſt,
Theſe far exceed, them, thee, and all the reſt.

53

Dudon of Conſa was their guide and Lord,
And for of worth and birth alike they beene,
They choſe him captaine, by their free accord,
For he moſt actes had done, moſt battails ſeene,
Graue was the man in yeeres, in lookes, in word,
His locks were gray, yet was his courage greene,
Of worth and might the noble badge he bore,
Old ſcarres of greeuous wounds, receiu'd of yore.

After

54

After came *Eustace*, well ysteemed man
For *Godfreyes* sake his brother, and his owne,
The king of Norwaies heire *Gernando* than,
Proud of his fathers titles, scepter, crowne,
Roger of Balnauill, and *Engerlan*
For hardie knights approoued were and knowne,
Besides were numbred in that warlike traine
Rambald, *Gentonio*, and the *Gerards* twaine.

55

Vbaldo than, and puissant *Rosimond*
Of Lancaster the heire, in ranke succeed,
Let none forget *Obizo* of Tuscaine lond,
Well worthie praise for many a worthie deed,
Nor those three brethren, Lombards fierce and yond,
Achilles, *Sforza*, and sterne *Palameed*,
Nor *Ottons* shield he conqu'red in those stowres,
In which a snake a naked childe deuoures.

56

Guascher and *Raiphe* in valour like there was,
The one and other *Guido*, famous both,
Germer and *Eberard* to ouerpas
In foule obliuion would my muse be loth,
With his *Gildippes* deere, *Edward* alas,
A louing paire, to war among them go'th
In bond of vertuous loue together tied,
Together seru'd they and together died.

57

In schoole of loue are all things taught we see,
There learn'd this maide of armes the itefull guise,
Still by his side a faithfull garde went shee,
One trueloue knot their liues together ties,
No wound to one alone could dang'rous bee,
But each the smart of others anguish tries,
If one were hurt, the other felt the sore,
She lost her blood, he spent his life therefore.

58

But these and all, *Rinaldo* far exceedes,
Star of this spheare, the dimond of this ring,
The nest, where courage with sweete mercie breedes:
A comet, worthie each eies wondering,
His yeeres are fewer than his noble deedes,
His fruit is ripe soone as his blossoms spring,
Armed, a *Mars* might coyest *Venus* moue,
And if disarm'd, then God himselfe of loue.

59

Sophia by Adige flowrie banke him bore,
Sophia the faire, ſpouſe to *Bertoldo* great,
Fit mother for that pearle, and before
The tender impe was wained from the teat,
The Princeſſe *Maud* him tooke, in vertues lore
She brought him vp, fit for each worthie feat,
Till of theſe wars the golden trumpe he heares
That ſoundeth glorie, fame, praiſe in his eares.

60

And then (though ſcantly three times fiue yeeres old)
He fled alone, by many an vnknowne coaſt,
Ore Aegean ſeas, by many a Greekiſh hold,
Till he arriued at the Chriſtian hoaſt;
A noble flight, aduentrous, braue and bold,
Whereon a valiant Prince might iuſtly boaſt,
Three yeeres he ſeru'd in field, when ſcant begin
Few golden haires to decke his Iuorie chin.

61

The horſemen paſt, their void left ſtations fill
The bands on foote, and *Reymond* them beforne,
Of Tholouſe Lord, from lands neere Piræne hill,
By Garound ſtreames and ſalt ſea billowes worne,
Fowre thouſand foote he brought, well arm'd, and skill
Had they all paines and trauell to haue borne,
Stout men of armes, and with their guide of powre
Like Troyes old towne, defenſt with Ilions towre.

62

Next *Stephen* of Amboiſe did fiue thouſand leed,
The men he preſt from Toures and Blois but late,
To hard aſſaies vnfit, vnſure at need,
Yet arm'd to point in well attempted plate,
The land did like it ſelfe the people breed,
The ſoile is gentle, ſmooth, ſoft, delicate;
Boldly they charge, but ſoone retire for dout,
Like fire of ſtraw ſoone kindled, ſoone burnt out.

63

The third *Alcaſto* marched, and with him
The Boaſter brought ſixe thouſand Switzers bold,
Audacious were their lookes, their faces grim,
Strong caſtles on the Alpine clifts they hold,
Their ſhares and culters broke, to armours trim
They change that mettall, caſt in warlike mold,
And with this band late heards and flocks that guied,
Now kings and realmes he threat'ned and defied.

64

The glorious ſtandard laſt to heau'n they ſprad,
With *Peters* keyes ennobled, and his crowne,
With it ſeuen thouſand ſtout *Camillo* had,
Embattailed in wals of iron browne,
In this aduenture and occaſion, glad
So to reuiue the Romaines old renowne,
Or proue at leaſt to all of wiſer thought
Their harts were fertill land, although vnwrought.

65

But now was paſſed euery regiment,
Each band, each troope, each perſon worth regard,
When *Godfrey* with his Lords to counſell went,
And thus the Duke his princely will declar'd:
I will when day next cleeres the firmament,
Our readie hoſt in haſte be all prepar'd,
Cloſely to march to Sions noble wall,
Vnſeene, vnheard; or vndeſcride at all.

66

Prepare you then, for trauaile ſtrong and light,
Fierce to the combat, glad to victorie:
And with that word and warning ſoone was dight
Each ſoldier, longing for neere comming glorie,
Impatient be they of the morning bright,
Of honour ſo them prickt the memorie.
But yet their chieftaine had conceau'd a feare
Within his hart, but kept it ſecret theare:

67

For he by faithfull ſpiall was aſſured,
That Egypts king was forward on his way,
And to arriue at Gaza old procured,
A fort, that on the Sirian fronters lay,
Nor thinkes he that a man to wars enured
Will ought forſlow, or in his iourney ſtay,
For well he knew him for a dang'rous foe,
An herald cald he then, and ſpake him ſoe.

68

A pinneſſe take thee ſwift as ſhaft from bowe,
And ſpeede thee *(Henrie)* to the Greekiſh maine,
There ſhould arriue (as I by letters knowe
From one that neuer ought reports in vaine)
A valiant youth, in whom all vertues flowe,
To helpe vs this great conqueſt to obtaine,
The Prince of Danes he is, and brings to war
A troope with him from vnder th' Artick ſtar.

69

And for I doubt the Greekiſh monarch ſlie,
Will vſe with him ſome of his woonted craft,
To ſtay his paſſage, or diuert awrie
Elſewhere his forces, his firſt iournay laſt,
My herald good, and meſſenger well trie,
See that theſe ſuccours be not vs beraft,
But ſend him thence with ſuch conuenient ſpeed,
As with his honour ſtands, and with our need.

70

Returne not thou, but legier ſtay behinde,
And mooue the Greekiſh Prince to ſend vs aide,
Tell him his kingly promiſe doth him binde
To giue vs ſuccours, by his couenant maide;
This ſaid, and thus inſtruct, his letters ſignde
The truſtie herald tooke, not longer ſtaid,
But ſped him thence to done his Lords beheſt,
And thus the Duke redus'd his thoughts to reſt.

71

Aurora bright her criſtall gates vnbard,
And bride-groome-like forth ſtept the glorious ſunne,
When trumpets lowd and clarious ſhrill were hard,
And euery one to rowſe him fierce begunne,
Sweete muſicke to each hart for war prepar'd,
The ſoldiers glad by heapes to harneſſe runne;
So if with drought endang'red be their graine,
Poore plowmen ioy, when thunders promiſe raine.

72

Some ſhirts of maile, ſome coates of plate put on,
Some dond a curace, ſome a corſlet bright,
An hawberke ſome, and ſome a haberion,
So eu'rie one in armes was quickly dight,
His woonted guide each ſoldiers tends vpon,
Looſe in the winde waued their banners light,
Their ſtandard royall towards heau'n they ſpread,
The croſſe triumphant on the Pagans dead.

73

Meanewhile the carre that beares the light'ning brand,
Vpon the eaſtren hill was mounted hie,
And ſmote the gliſtring armies as they ſtand,
With quiu'ring beames which daz'd the wondring eie,
That Phaeton-like it fiered ſea and land,
The ſparkles ſeem'd vp to the skies to flie,
The horſes ney, and clattring armours ſowne,
Purſue the Eccho ouer dale and downe.

74

Their generall did with due care prouide
To ſaue his men from ambuſh and from traine,
Some troopes of horſe (that lightly armed ride)
He ſent to ſcoure the woods and forreſts maine,
His pioners their buſie worke applide,
To eeuen the paths and make the hy-waies plaine,
They fild the pits,and ſmooth'd the rougher ground,
And open'd euery ſtrait they cloſed found.

75

They meet no forces gath'red by their foe,
No towres,defenſt with rampire,mote or wall,
No ſtreame,no wood,no mountaine could forſloe
Their haſtie pace,or ſtop their march at all:
So when his banks the prince of riuers, Poe
Doth ouerſwell,he breakes with hideous fall,
The moſſie rocks and trees oregrowne with age,
Nor ought withſtands his furie and his rage.

76

The king of Tripolie in euery hold
Shut vp his men,munition and his treaſure,
The ſtraggling troopes ſometimes aſſaile he wold,
Saue that he durſt not moue them to diſpleaſure,
He ſtaid their rage with preſents,giſts and gold,
And led them through his land at eaſe and leaſure,
To keepe his realme in peace and reſt he choſe,
With what conditions *Godfrey* liſt impoſe.

77

Thoſe of mount Seir (that neighboreth by eaſt
The holie citie) faithfull folke each one,
Downe from the hill deſcended moſt and leaſt,
And to the Chriſtian Duke by heapes they gone,
And welcome him and his with ioy and feaſt,
On him they ſmile,on him they gaze alone,
And were his guides,(as faithfull from that day
As Heſperus,that leades the ſunne his way.)

78

Along the ſands his armies ſafe they guide,
By waies ſecure,to them well knowne before,
Vpon the tumbling billowes fraughted ride
The armed ſhips,coaſting along the ſhore,
Which for the campe might euery day prouide
To bring munition good,and victuals ſtore,
The Iſles of Greece ſent in prouiſion meete,
And ſtore of wine from Scios came and Creete.

Great

79

Great *Neptune* grieued vnderneath the load
Of ſhips, hulks, gallies, barks and brigandines,
In all the mid-earth ſeas was left no road
Wherein the Pagan his bold ſailes vntwines,
Spred was the huge Armado wide and broad,
From Venice, Genes, and townes which them confines,
From Holland, England, France and Scicill ſent,
And all for Iuda readie bound and bent,

80

All theſe together were combin'd, and knit
With ſureſt bonds of loue and friendſhip ſtrong,
Together ſail'd they, fraught with all things fit
To ſeruice done by land that might belong,
And when occaſion ſeru'd disbarked it,
Then ſail'd the Aſian coaſts and iſles along,
Thither with ſpeede their haſtie courſe they plied,
Where Chriſt the Lord for our offences died.

81

The braſen trumpe of iron winged fame,
(That mingleth faithfull troath with forged lies)
Foretold the Heathen how the Chriſtians came,
How thitherward the conqu'ring armie hies,
Of euery knight it ſounds the worth and name,
Each troope, each band, each ſquadron it deſcries,
And threat'neth death to thoſe, fire, ſword and ſlaughter,
Who held captiued *Iſraels* faireſt daughter.

82

The feare of ill exceedes the euill we feare,
For ſo our preſent harmes ſtill moſt annoy vs,
Each minde is preſt, and open euery eare
To heare new tidings, though they no way ioy vs.
This ſecret rumor whiſp'red euery where
About the towne, theſe Chriſtians will deſtroy vs,
The aged king his comming euill that knew,
Did curſed thoughts, in his falſe hart renew.

83

This aged Prince ycleped *Aladine*,
Ruled in care, new ſoueraigne of this ſtate,
A Tyrant earſt, but now his fell ingine
His grauer age did ſomewhat mitigate,
He heard the weſtren Lords would vndermine
His cities wall, and lay his towres proſtrate,
To former feare he addes a newcome dout,
Treaſon he feares within, and force without.

84

For nations twaine inhabite there and dwell
Of ſundry faith, together in that towne,
The leſſer part on Chriſt beleeued well,
On *Termagant* the more and on *Mahowne*.
But when this king had made his conqueſt fell,
And brought that region ſubiect to his crowne,
Of burdens all he ſet the Paynims large,
And on poore Chriſtians laid the double charge.

85

His natiue wrath reuiu'd with this new thought,
With age and yeeres that weak'ned was of yore,
Such madnes in his cruell boſome wrought,
That now than euer, blood he thirſteth more;
So ſtings a ſnake that to the fire is brought,
Which harmeleſſe lay benumm'd with cold before,
A lion ſo his rage renewed hath
(Though tame before) if he be moou'd to wrath.

86

I ſee (quoth he) ſome expectation vaine
In theſe falſe Chriſtians, and ſome new content,
Our common loſſe they truſt will be their gaine,
They laugh, we weepe; they ioy while we lament,
And more, perchance by treaſon or by traine
To murder vs they ſecretly conſent,
Or otherwiſe to worke vs harme and woe,
To ope the gates, and ſo let in our foe.

87

But leaſt they ſhould effect their curſed will,
Let vs deſtroy this ſerpent on his neſt,
Both yoong and old let vs this people kill,
The tender infants at their mothers breſt,
Their houſes burne, their holy temples fill
With bodies ſlaine, of thoſe that lou'd them beſt,
And on that tombe they hold ſo much in price,
Lets offer vp their prieſts in ſacrifice.

88

Thus thought the tyrant in his trait'rous minde,
But durſt not follow what he had decreed,
Yet if the innocents ſome mercie finde,
From cowardiſe, not ruth, did that proceed.
His noble foes durſt not his crauen kinde
Exaſperate, by ſuch a bloody deed,
For if he need what grace could then be got,
If thus of peace he broke or loos'd the knot?

89

His villaine hart his curſed rage reſtrained,
To other thoughts he bent his fierce deſire,
The ſuburbs firſt flat with the earth he plained,
And burnt their buildings with deuouring fire,
Loth was the wretch the Frenchmen ſhould haue gained
Or helpe or eaſe, by finding ought intire,
Cedron, Bethſaida, and each watring els
Empoiſon'd he, both fountains, ſprings and wels.

90

So warie wiſe, this childe of darknes was,
The cities ſelfe he ſtrongly fortifies,
Three ſides by ſcite it well defenſed has,
That's onely weake that to the northward lies,
With mightie barres of long enduring bras,
The ſteele-bound doores, and iron gates he ties,
And laſtly legions armed well, prouides
Of ſubiects borne, and hired aide beſides.

The ſecond Booke of Godfrey *of Bulloigne.*

The argument.

Iſmeno *coniures, but his charmes are vaine:*
Aladine *will kill the Chriſtians in his ire:*
Sophronia *and* Olindo *would be ſlaine*
To ſaue the reſt, the king grants their deſire;
Clorinda *heares their fact and fortunes plaine*
Their pardon gets, and keepes them from the fire:
Argantes, *when* Aletes *ſpeeches ar*
Deſpis'd, defies the Duke to mortall war.

1

WHile thus the Tyrant bends his thoughts to armes,
Iſmeno gan tofore his ſight appeere,
Iſmen dead bones laid in cold graues that warmes
And makes them ſpeake, ſmell, taſte, touch, ſee and heere;
Iſmen (with terrour of his mightie charmes)
That makes great Dis in deepeſt hell to feare,
That bindes and looſeth ſoules condemn'd to woe,
And ſends the diuels on errands to and froe.

2

A Chriſtian once, *Macon* he now adores,
Nor could he quite his wonted faith forſake,
But in his wicked arts both oft implores
Helpe from the Lord, and aide from *Pluto* blake;
He, from deepe caues by *Acherons* darke ſhores,
(Where circles vaine and ſpels he vs'd to make)
T'aduiſe his king in theſe extremes is come,
Achitophell ſo counſell'd *Abſalome*,

3

My liege (he ſaies) the campe faſt hither mooues,
The axe is laid vnto this Cedars rout,
But let vs worke as valiant men behooues,
For boldeſt harts good fortune helpeth out:
Your princely care your kingly wiſdome prooues,
Well haue you labour'd, well foreſeene about,
If each performe his charge and dutie ſo,
Nought but his graue here conquer ſhall your foe:

4

From ſureſt caſtell of my ſecret cell
I come, partaker of your good and ill,
What counſell ſage or magikes ſacred ſpell
May profit vs, all that performe I will:
The ſprites impure from bliſſe that whilome fell
Shall to your ſeruice bow, conſtrain'd by skill;
But how we muſt begin this enterpriſe,
I will your highnes thus in breefe aduiſe.

5

Within the Chriſtians Church, from light of skies,
An hidden Altar ſtands, far out of ſight,
On which the image conſecrated lies
Of Chriſtes deere mother, call'd a virgin bright,
An hundreth lampes aie burne before her eies,
She in a ſlender vaile of tinſell dight,
On euery ſide great plentie doth behold
Of offrings brought, myrrhe, frankincenſe and gold.

6

This idoll would I haue remoou'd away
From thence, and by your princely hand tranſport
In *Macons* ſacred temple ſafe it lay,
Which then I will enchant in wondrous ſort,
That while the image in that church doth ſtay,
No ſtrength of armes ſhall win this noble fort,
Or ſhake this puiſſant wall, ſuch paſſing might
Haue ſpels and charmes, if they be ſaid aright.

Aduiſed

7

Aduiſed thus, the king impatient
Flew in his furie to the houſe of God,
The image tooke, with words vnreuerent
Abus'd the prelates, who that deed forbod,
Swift with his pray away the tyrant went,
Of Gods ſharpe iuſtice nought he fear'd the rod,
But in his chappell vile the image laid,
On which th'enchanter charmes and witchcrafts ſaid.

8

When Phebus next vnclos'd his wakefull eie,
Vproſe the Sexten of that place prophaine,
And miſt the image where it vs'd to lie,
Each where he ſought in greefe, in feare, in vaine;
Then to the king his loſſe he gan deſcrie,
Who ſore enraged kild him for his paine,
And ſtraight conceiu'd in his malitious wit,
Some Chriſtian bad this great offence commit.

9

But whether this were act of mortall hand,
Or elſe the Prince of heau'ns eternall pleaſure,
That of his mercie would this wretch withſtand,
Nor let ſo vile a cheſt, hold ſuch a treaſure,
As yet coniecture hath not fully ſcand;
By godlines let vs this action meaſure,
And truth of pureſt faith will fitly proue,
That this rare grace came downe from heau'n aboue.

10

With buſie ſearch the tyrant gan inuade
Each houſe, each hold, each temple and each tent,
To them the fault or faultie one bewrai'd
Or hid, he promiſt gifts or puniſhment,
His idle charmes the falſe enchanter ſaid,
But in this maze ſtill wandred and miſwent,
For heauen decreed to conceale the ſame,
To make the miſcreant more to feele his ſhame.

11

But when the angrie king diſcouer'd not
What guiltie hand this ſacrilege had wrought,
His irefull courage boild in vengeance hot
Againſt the Chriſtians, whom he faulters thought,
All ruth, compaſſion, mercie he forgot,
A ſtaffe to beate that dog he long had ſought,
Let them all die, quoth he, kill great and ſmall,
So ſhall th'offender periſh ſure withall.

12

To ſpill the wine with poiſon mixt who ſpares?
Slay then the righteous, with the faultie one,
Deſtroy this field, that yeeldeth nought but tares,
With thornes this vineyard all is ouergone,
Among theſe wretches is not one, that cares
For vs, our lawes, or our religion,
Vp, vp, deere ſubiects, fire and weapon take,
Burne, murder, kill, theſe traitors, for my ſake.

13

This *Herod* thus would Bethlems infants kill,
The Chriſtians ſoone theſe direfull newes recaue,
The trumpe of death ſounds in their hearing ſhrill,
Their weapon, faith; their fortreſſe, was the graue;
They had no courage, time, deuiſe, or will,
To fight, to flie, excuſe, or pardon craue,
But ſtood prepar'd to die, yet helpe they finde
Whence leaſt they hope, ſuch knots can heau'n vnbind,

14

Among them dwelt (her parents ioy and pleaſure)
A maide, whoſe fruit was ripe, not oueryeared,
Her beautie was her not eſteemed, treaſure;
The field of loue, with plow of vertue eared,
Her labour goodnes; godlines her leaſure,
Her houſe the heau'n by this full moone aye cleared,
For there, from louers eies withdrawne, alone
With virgin beames this ſpotleſſe *Cinthia* ſhone.

15

But what avail'd her reſolution chaſte,
Whoſe ſobreſt lookes were whetſtones to deſire?
Nor loue conſents that beauties field lie waſte,
Her viſage ſet *Olindoes* hart on fire,
O ſubtile loue, a thouſand wiles thou haſt
By humble ſuit, by ſeruice, or by hire,
To win a maidens hold, a thing ſoone donne,
For nature fram'd all women to be wonne.

16

Sophronia ſhe, *Olindo* hight the yuth,
Both of one towne, both in one faith were taught,
She faire, he full of baſhfulnes and truth,
Lou'd much, hop'd little, and deſired nought,
He durſt not ſpeake, by ſuit to purchaſe ruth,
She ſaw not, markt not, wiſt not what he ſought,
Thus lou'd, thus ſeru'd he long, but not regarded,
Vnſeene, vnmarkt, vnpitied, vnrewarded.

17

To her came meſſage of the murderment,
Wherein her guiltleſſe friends, ſhould hopeleſſe ſterue,
She that was noble wife, as faire and gent,
Caſt how ſhe might their harmleſſe liues preſerue,
Zeale was the ſpring whence flow'd her hardiment,
From maidens ſhame yet was ſhe loth to ſwerue:
Yet had her courage tane ſo ſure a hold,
That boldnes, ſhamefaſt; ſhame had made her bold.

18

And foorth ſhe went, a ſhop for merchandiſe
Full of rich ſtuffe, but none for ſale expoſed,
A vaile obſcur'd the ſunſhine of her eies,
The roſe within her ſelfe her ſweetnes cloſed,
Each ornament about her ſeemely lies,
By curious chance, or careleſſe art, compoſed;
For what the moſt neglects, moſt curious proue,
So beautie's helpt by nature, heau'n and loue.

19

Admir'd of all on went this noble maid
Vntill the preſence of the king ſhe gained,
Nor for he ſweld with ire was ſhe affraid,
But his fierce wrath with fearleſſe grace ſuſtained,
I come, quoth ſhe, (but be thine anger ſtaid,
And cauſeleſſe rage gainſt faultleſſe ſoules reſtrained)
I come to ſhew thee and to bring thee both
The wight, whoſe fact hath made thy hart ſo wroth.

20

Her modeſt boldnes, and that light'ning ray
Which her ſweete beautie ſtreamed on his face,
Had ſtrooke the Prince with wonder and diſmay,
Changed his cheere and cleer'd his moodie grace,
That had her eies diſpos'd their lookes to play,
The king had ſnared been in loues ſtrong lace,
But wayward beautie doth not fancie moue,
A frowne forbids, a ſmile engendreth loue.

21

It was amazement, wonder and delight,
(Although not loue) that mou'd his cruell ſence,
Tell on, quoth he, vnfold the chance aright,
Thy peoples liues I grant for recompence.
Then ſhe, behold the faulter here in ſight,
This hand committed that ſuppos'd offence,
I tooke the image, mine that fault, that fact,
Mine be the glorie of that vertuous act.

22

This ſpotleſſe lambe thus offred vp her blood
To ſaue the reſt of Chriſts ſelected fold,
O noble lie! was euer truth ſo good?
Bleſt be the lips that ſuch a leaſing told,
Thoughtfull awhile remain'd the tyrant wood,
His natiue wrath he gan a ſpace withhold
And ſaid, that thou diſcouer ſoone I will,
What aide? what counſell hadſt thou in that ill?

23

My loftie thoughts (ſhe anſwer'd him) enuide
Anothers hand ſhould worke my high deſire,
The thirſt of glorie can no partner bide,
With mine owne ſelfe I did alone conſpire.
On thee alone (the tyrant then replide)
Shall fall the vengeance of my wrath and ire.
Tis iuſt and right (quoth ſhe) I yeeld conſent,
Mine be the honour, mine the puniſhment.

24

The wretch of new enraged at the ſame,
Askt where ſhe hid the image ſo conuai'd:
Not hid (quoth ſhe) but quite conſum'd with flame,
The idoll is of that eternall maid,
For ſo at leaſt I haue preſeru'd the ſame
With hands profane from being eft betraid.
My Lord, the thing thus ſtolne demaund no more;
Here ſee the theefe, that ſcorneth death therefore.

25

And yet no theft was this, yours was the ſin,
I brought againe what you vniuſtly tooke;
This heard, the tyrant did for rage begin
To whet his teeth, and bend his frowning looke,
No pitie, youth; faireneſſe, no grace could win;
Ioy, comfort, hope, the virgin all forſooke;
Wrath kill'd remorſe, vengeance ſtopt mercies breath,
Loue's thrall to hate, and beautie ſlaue to death.

26

Tane was the damſell, and without remorſe,
The king condemn'd her (guiltleſſe) to the fire,
Her vaile and mantle pluckt they off by force,
And bound her tender armes in twiſted wire:
Dumbe was this ſiluer doue, while from her corſe
Theſe hungrie kites pluckt off her rich attire,
And for ſome-deale perplexed was her ſprite,
Her damaske late, now chang'd to pureſt white.

27

The newes of this miſhap ſpred far and neare,
The people ran, both yong and old, to gace;
Olindo alſo ran, and gan to feare
His Ladie was ſome partner in this cace;
But when he found her bound, ſtript from her geare,
And vile tormentors ready ſaw in place,
He broke the throng, and into preſence braſt,
And thus beſpake the king in rage and haſte.

28

Not ſo, not ſo this girle ſhall beare away
From me the honour of ſo noble feat,
She durſt not, did not, could not ſo conuay
The maſſie ſubſtance of that Idoll great,
What ſleight had ſhe the wardens to betray?
What ſtrength to heaue the goddeſſe from her ſeat?
No, no, my Lord, ſhe ſailes, but with my winde,
(Ah thus he lou'd, yet was his loue vnkinde.)

29

He added further, where the ſhining glaſſe
Lets in the light amid your temples ſide,
By broken by-waies did I inward paſſe,
And in that window made a poſtren wide,
Nor ſhall therefore this ill-aduiſed laſſe
Vſurpe the glorie ſhould this fact betide,
Mine be theſe bonds, mine be theſe flames ſo pure,
O glorious death, more glorious ſepulture.

30

Sophronia rais'd her modeſt lookes from ground,
And on her louer bent her eie-ſight milde,
Tell me, what furie? what conceit vnſound
Preſenteth here to death ſo ſweet a childe?
Is not in me ſufficient courage found
To beare the anger of this tyrant wilde?
Or hath fond loue thy hart ſo ouergone?
Would'ſt thou not liue, nor let me die alone?

31

Thus ſpake the Nimph, yet ſpake but to the winde,
She could not alter his well ſetled thought:
O miracle! O ſtrife of wondrous kinde!
Where loue and vertue ſuch contention wrought,
Where death the victor had for meed aſſignde,
Their owne neglect, each others ſafetie ſought;
But thus the king was more prouoakt to ire,
Their ſtrife for bellowes ſeru'd to angers fire.

32

He thinkes(ſuch thoughts ſelfe-guiltineſſe findes out)
They ſcorn'd his powre,and therefore ſcorn'd the paine:
Nay,nay,quoth he,let be your ſtriſe and dout,
You both ſhall win,and fit reward obtaine.
With that the ſargeants hent the yong man ſtout,
And bound him likewiſe in a worthleſſe chaine;
Then backe to backe faſt to a ſtake both ties,
Twó harmleſſe turtles,dight for ſacrifies.

33

About the pile of fagots,ſticks and hay,
The bellowes rais'd the newly kindled flame,
When thus *Olindo*,in a dolefull lay,
Begun too late his bootleſſe plaints to frame:
Be theſe the bonds? Is this the hopt-for day
Should ioyne me to this long deſired dame?
Is this the fire alike ſhould burne our harts?
Ah hard reward for louers kinde deſarts!

34

Far other flames and bonds kinde louers proue,
But this our fortune caſts the hapleſſe die,
Death hath exchang'd againe his ſhafts with loue,
And *Cupid* thus lets borrow'd arrowes flie.
O *Hymen* ſay,what furie doth thee moue
To lend thy lampes to light a tragedie?
Yet this contents me that I die for thee,
Thy flames,not mine,my death and torment bee.

35

Yet happie were my death,mine ending bleſt,
My torments eaſie,full of ſweet delight,
If this I could obtaine,that breſt to breſt
Thy boſome might receiue my yeelded ſpright;
And thine with it in heau'ns pure clothing dreſt,
Through cleereſt skies might take vnited flight.
Thus he complain'd,whom gently ſhe reproued,
And ſweetly ſpake him thus,that ſo her loued.

36

Far other plaints(deere friend)teares and laments
The time,the place,and our eſtates require,
Thinke on thy ſinnes,which mans old foe preſents
Before that iudge that quites each ſoule his hire,
For his name ſuffer,for no paine torments
Him,whoſe iuſt prayers to his throne aſpire:
Behold the heau'ns,thither thine eie-ſight bend,
Thy lookes,ſighes,teares,for interceſſors ſend:

37

The Pagans lowd cride out to God and man,
The Chriſtians mourn'd in ſilent lamentation,
The tyrants ſelfe (a thing vnus'd) began
To feele his hart relent, with meere compaſſion,
But not diſpos'd to ruth or mercie than,
He ſped him thence, home to his habitation:
Sophronia ſtood not greeu'd, nor diſcontented,
By all that ſaw her (but her ſelfe) lamented.

38

The louers ſtanding in this dolefull wiſe,
A warriour bold vnwares approched neare,
In vncouth armes yclad and ſtrange diſguiſe,
From countries far but new arriued theare,
A ſaunge tygreſſe on her helmet lies,
The famous badge *Clorinda* vs'd to beare,
That woonts in euerie warlike ſtowre to winne,
By which bright ſigne well knowne was that faire Inne.

39

She ſcorn'd the artes theſe ſeelie women vſe,
Another thought her nobler humour fed,
Her loftie hand would of it ſelfe refuſe
To touch the daintie needle, or nice thred,
She hated chambers, cloſets, ſecret mewes,
And in broad fields preſeru'd her maidenhed:
Proud were her lookes, yet ſweet, though ſtern and ſtout,
Her dame a doue, thus brought an eagle out.

40

While ſhe was yong, ſhe vs'd with tender hand
The foming ſteed with froarie bit to ſteare,
To tilt and tournay, wreſtle in the ſand,
To leaue with ſpeed Atlanta ſwift arreare,
Through forreſts wilde and vnfrequented land
To chaſe the Lion, boare or rugged beare,
The Satyres rough, the Fawnes and Fairies wilde,
She chaſed oft, oft tooke, and oft beguilde.

41

This luſtie Ladie came from Perſia late,
She with the Chriſtians had encountred eſt,
And in their fleſh had opened many a gate
By which their faithfull ſoules their bodies left,
Her eie at firſt preſented her the ſtate
Of theſe poore ſoules, of hope and helpe bereft,
Greedie to know (as is the minde of man:)
Their cauſe of death, ſwift to the fire ſhe ran.

42

The people made her roome, and on them twaine
Her pearcing eies their fierie weapons dart,
Silent ſhe ſaw the one, the other plaine,
The weaker bodie lodg'd the nobler hart:
Yet him ſhe ſaw lament, as if his paine
Were griefe and ſorrow for anothers ſmart,
And her keepe ſilence ſo, as if her eies
Dumbe orators were to intreat the skies.

43

Clorinda chang'd to ruth her warlike mood,
Few ſiluer drops her vermile cheekes depaint,
Her ſorrow was for her that ſpeechleſſe ſtood,
Her ſilence more preuail'd then his complaint,
She askt an aged man, ſeem'd graue and good,
Come ſay me ſire (quoth ſhe) what hard conſtraint
Would murder here loues queene, and beauties king?
What fault or fate doth to this death them bring?

44

Thus ſhe enquir'd, and anſwer ſhort he gaue,
But ſuch as all the chance at large diſcloſed,
She wondred at the caſe, the virgin braue
That both were guiltleſſe of the fault ſuppoſed,
Her noble thought caſt how ſhe might them ſaue,
The meanes on ſuit or battell ſhe repoſed,
Quicke to the fire ſhe ran, and quencht it out,
And thus beſpake the ſargeants and the rout:

45

Be there not one among you all that dare
In this your hatefull office ought proceed,
Till I returne from court, nor take you care
To reape diſpleaſure for not making ſpeed:
To doe her will the men themſelues prepare,
In their faint harts her lookes ſuch terror breed,
To court ſhe went, their pardon would ſhe get,
But on the way the courteous king ſhe met.

46

Sir king, quoth ſhe, my name *Clorinda* hight,
My fame perchance hath pearſt your eares ere now,
I come to trie my woonted power and might,
And will defend this land, this towne, and yow,
All hard aſſaies eſteeme I eath and light,
Great actes I reach to, to ſmall things I bow,
To fight in field, or to defend this wall,
Point what you liſt, I nought refuſe at all.

To

47

To whom the king, what land ſo far remot
From Aſias coaſtes, or Phebus gliſtring raies,
(O glorious virgin) that recordeth not
Thy fame, thine honour, worth, renowne and praiſe?
Since on my ſide I haue thy ſuccours got,
I need not feare in theſe mine aged daies,
For in thine aide more hope, more truſt I haue,
Than in whole armies of theſe ſoldiers braue.

48

Now *Godfrey* ſtaies too long, he feares I weene,
Thy courage great keepes all our foes in awe,
For thee all actions far vnwoorthie beene
But ſuch as greateſt danger with them drawe,
Be you commaundreſſe therefore, Princeſſe, queene
Of all our forces, be thy word a lawe.
This ſaid, the virgin gan her beauoir vale,
And thankt him firſt, and thus began her tale.

49

A thing vnus'd (great monarch) may it ſeeme,
To aske reward for ſeruice, yet to come;
But ſo your vertuous bountie I eſteeme,
That I preſume for to entreat, this grome
And ſeelie maid from danger to redeeme,
Condemn'd to burne by your vnpartiall dome,
I not excuſe, but pitie much their yuth,
And come to you for mercie and for ruth.

50

Yet giue me leaue to tell your highnes this,
You blame the Chriſtians, them my thoughts acquite,
Nor be diſpleas'd, I ſay you iudge amis,
At euerie ſhot looke not to hit the white,
All what th'enchantour did perſwade you, is
Againſt the lore of *Macons* ſacred rite,
For vs commaundeth mightie *Mahomet*
No idols in his temples pure to ſet.

51

To him therefore this wonder done refar,
Giue him the praiſe and honour of the thing,
Of vs the Gods benigne ſo carefull ar
Leaſt cuſtomes ſtrange into their church we bring,
Let *Iſmen* with his ſquares and trigons war,
His weapons be the ſtaffe, the glaſſe, the ring;
But let vs menage war with blowes, like knights.
Our praiſe in armes, our honour lies in fights.

52

The virgin held her peace when this was ſaid:
And though to pitie neuer fram'd his thought,
Yet for the king admir'd the noble maid,
His purpoſe was not to denie her ought,
I grant them life (quoth he) your promiſt aid
Againſt theſe Frenchmen, hath their pardon bought:
Nor further ſeeke what their offences bee,
Guiltleſſe I quite; guiltie, I ſet them free.

53

Thus were they loos'd, happieſt of humane kinde
Olindo, bleſſed be this act of thine,
True witnes of thy great and heau'nly minde,
Where ſunne, moone, ſtars, of loue, faith, vertue, ſhine.
So foorth they went and left pale death behinde,
To ioy the bliſſe of marriage rites diuine,
With her he would haue dide, with him content
Was ſhe to liue, that would with her haue brent.

54

The king (as wicked thoughts are moſt ſuſpitious)
Suppos'd too faſt this tree of vertue grew,
O bleſſed Lord! why ſhould this *Pharoe* vicious,
Thus tyrannize vpon thy Hebrewes trew?
Who to performe his will, vile and malitious,
Exiled theſe, and all the faithfull crew,
All that were ſtrong of body, ſtout of minde,
But kept their wiues and children pledge behinde.

55

A hard diuiſion, when the harmleſſe ſheepe
Muſt leaue their lambes to hungrie wolues in charge,
But labour and vertues watching, eaſe her ſleepe,
Trouble beſt winde that driues ſaluations barge,
The Chriſtians fled, whither they tooke no keepe,
Some ſtraied wilde among the forreſts large,
Some to Emmaus to the Chriſtian hoſt,
And conquer would againe their houſes loſt.

56

Emmaus is a citie ſmall, that lies
From Sions wals diſtant a little way,
A man that early on the morne doth riſe,
May thither walke ere third howre of the day.
Oh, when the Chriſtian Lords this towne eſpies
How merie were their harts? how freſh? how gay?
But for the ſunne enclined faſt to weſt,
That night there would their chieftaine take his reſt.

Their

57

Their canuas caſtles vp they quickly reare,
And build a citie in an howres ſpace,
When loe (diſguiſed in vnuſuall geare)
Two Barons bold approchen gan the place,
Their ſemblance kinde, and milde their geſtures weare,
Peace in their hands and friendſhip in their face,
From Egypts king ambaſſadours they come,
Them many a ſquire attends, and many a grome.

58

The firſt *Aletes*, borne in lowly ſhed
Of parents baſe, a roſe, ſprong from a brier,
That now his branches ouer Egypt ſpred,
No plant in *Pharoes* garden proſpred hier,
With pleaſing tales his Lords vaine eares he fed,
A flatterer, a pickthanke, and a lier,
Curſt be eſtate got with ſo many a crime,
Yet this is oft the ſtaire by which men clime.

59

Argantes called is that other knight,
A ſtranger came he late to Egypt land,
And there aduanced was to honours hight,
For he was ſtout of courage, ſtrong of hand,
Bold was his hart, and reſtleſſe was his ſpright,
Fierce, ſterne, outragious, keene as ſharp'ned brand,
Scorner of God, ſcant to himſelfe a frend,
And prickt his reaſon on his weapons end,

60

Theſe two entreatance made they might be hard,
Nor was their iuſt petition long denide;
The gallants quickly made their court of gard,
And brought them in where ſate their famous guide,
Whoſe kingly looke his princely minde declar'd,
Where nobleſſe, vertue, troth and valour bide,
A ſlender courtſie made *Argantes* bold,
So as one prince ſalute another wold.

61

Aletes laid his right hand on his hart,
Bent downe his head, and caſt his eies full low,
And reu'rence made with courtly grace and art,
For all that humble lore to him was know,
His ſober lips then did he ſoftly part,
Whence of pure rhetorike, whole ſtreames out flow,
And thus he ſaid, (while on the Chriſtian Lords
Downe fell the mildew of his ſugred words.)

62

O only worthy, whom the earth all feares,
High God defend thee, with his heau'nly ſheeld,
And humble ſo the harts of all thy peares,
That their ſtiffe necks to thy ſweete yoke may yeeld:
Theſe be the ſheaues that honours harueſt beares,
The ſeed thy valiant actes, the world the feeld,
Egypt the headland is, where heaped lies
Thy fame, worth, iuſtice, wiſedome, victories.

63

Theſe all together, doth our ſoueraigne hide
In ſecret ſtorehouſe of his princely thought,
And praies he may in long accordance bide
With that great Worthie, which ſuch wonders wrought,
Nor that oppoſe againſt the comming tide
Of profred loue, for that he is not tought
Your Chriſtian faith, for though of diuers kinde,
The louing vine about her elme is twin'd.

64

Receiue therefore in that vnconquered hand
The pretious handle of this cup of loue,
If not religion, vertue be the band
Twixt you to faſten friendſhip, not to moue:
But for our mightie king doth vnderſtand,
You meane your powre gainſt Iuda land to proue,
He would, before this threat'ned tempeſt fell,
I ſhould his minde and princely will firſt tell.

65

His minde is this, he praies thee be contented
To ioy in peace, the conqueſts thou haſt got,
Be not thy death, or Sions fall lamented,
Forbeare this land, Iudea trouble not,
Things done in haſte at leaſure be repented:
Withdraw thine armes, truſt not vncertaine lot,
For oft we ſee what leaſt we thinke betide,
He is thy friend gainſt all the world beſide.

66

True labour in the vineyard of thy Lord,
Ere prime thou haſt th'impoſed day-worke donne,
What armies conquered, periſht with thy ſword?
What cities ſackt? what kingdomes haſt thou wonne?
All eares are maz'de, while toongs thine acts record,
Hands quake for feare, all feete for dread doe ronne,
And though no realmes you may to thraldome bring,
No higher can your praiſe, your glorie ſpring.

Thy

67

Thy ſinne is in his Apogæon placed,
And when it moueth next, muſt needes deſcend,
Chance is vncertaine, fortune double faced,
Smiling at firſt, ſhe frowneth in the end,
Beware thine honour be not then diſgraced,
Take heed thou marre not, when thou think'ſt to mend,
For this the follie is of fortunes play,
Gainſt doubtfull, certaine; much, gainſt ſmall, to lay.

68

Yet ſtill we ſaile while proſp'rous blowes the winde,
Till on ſome ſecret rocke vnwares we light,
The ſea of glorie hath no bankes aſſignde,
They who are wont to win in euerie fight,
Still feed the fire, that ſo enflames thy minde
To bring mo nations ſubiect to thy might;
This makes thee bleſſed peace ſo light to hold,
Like ſommers flies that feare not winters cold.

69

They bid thee follow on the path, now made
So plaine and eaſie, enter fortunes gate,
Nor in thy ſcabberd ſheath that famous blade
Till ſetled be thy kingdome, and eſtate,
Till *Macons* ſacred doctrine fall and fade,
Till wofull Aſia, all lie deſolate.
Sweet words I grant, baits and allurements ſweet,
But greateſt hopes oft greateſt croſſes meet.

70

For, if thy courage doe not blinde thine eies,
If cloudes of furie hide not reaſons beames,
Then maiſt thou ſee this deſp'rate enterpries,
The field of death, watred with dangers ſtreames,
High ſtate the bed is where misfortune lies,
Mars moſt vnfriendly, when moſt kind he ſeames,
Who climeth hie, on earth he hardeſt lights,
And loweſt falles, attend the higheſt flights.

71

Tell me, if great in counſell, armes and gold,
The Prince of Egypt, war gainſt you prepare?
What if the valiant Turkes and Perſians bold,
Vnite their forces with *Caſſanes* haire?
O then, what marble pillar ſhall vphold
The falling trophies of your conqueſts faire?
Truſt you the monarch of the Greekiſh land?
That reed will breake; and breaking, wound your hand.

The

72

The Greekiſh faith is like that halfe cut tree,
By which men take wilde Elephants in Inde,
A thouſand times it hath beguiled thee,
As firme as waues in ſeas, or leaues in winde.
Will they, who earſt denide you paſſage free,
(Paſſage to all men free, by vſe and kinde)
Fight for your ſake? or on them doe you truſt
To ſpend their blood, that could ſcarce ſpare their duſt?

73

But all your hope and truſt perchance is laid
In theſe ſtrong troopes, which thee enuiron round;
Yet foes vnite are not ſo ſoone diſmaid,
As when their ſtrength you earſt diuided found:
Beſides, each howre thy bands are weaker maid
With hunger, ſlaughter, lodging on cold ground,
Meane-while the Turkes ſeeke ſuccours from our king,
Thus fade thy helps, and thus thy cumbers ſpring,

74

Suppoſe no weapon can thy valours pride
Subdue, that by no force thou maiſt be wonne,
Admit no ſteele can hurt or wound thy ſide,
And be it heau'n hath thee ſuch fauour donne;
Gainſt famine yet what ſhield canſt thou prouide?
What ſtrength reſiſt? what ſleight her wrath can ſhonne?
Goe ſhake thy ſpeare, and draw thy flaming blade,
And trie if hunger ſo be weaker made.

75

Th'inhabitants each paſture and each plaine
Deſtroied haue, each field to waſte is lade,
In fenſed towres beſtowed is their graine,
Before thou cam'ſt this kingdome to inuade,
Theſe horſe and foote, how canſt thou then ſuſtaine?
Whence comes thy ſtore? whence thy prouiſion made?
Thy ſhips to bring it are (perchance) aſſignde,
O that you liue ſo long as pleaſe the winde!

76

Perhaps thy fortune doth controull the winde,
Doth looſe or binde their blaſtes in ſecret caue,
The ſea (pardie) cruell and deafe by kinde,
Will heare thy call, and ſtill her raging waue:
But if our armed gallies be aſſignde
To aide thoſe ſhips, which Turks and Perſians haue,
Say then, what hope is left thy ſlender fleet?
Dare flockes of crowes, a flight of Eagles meet?

My

77

My Lord, a double conqueſt muſt you make,
If you atchieue renowne by this empries:
For if our fleet your nauie chaſe or take,
For want of victails all your campe then dies;
Or if by land the field you once forſake,
Then vaine by ſea were hope of victories.
Nor could your ſhips reſtore your loſt eſtate:
For ſteed once ſtolne, we ſhut the doore too late.

78

In this eſtate, if thou eſteemeſt light
The profred kindneſſe of th'Egyptian king,
Then giue me leaue to ſay, this ouerſight
Beſeemes thee not, in whom ſuch vertues ſpring:
But heau'ns vouchſafe to guide thy minde aright
To gentle thoughts, that peace and quiet bring;
So that poore Aſia her complaints may ceace,
And you enioy your conqueſt got, in peace.

79

Nor ye that part in theſe aduentures haue,
Part in his glorie, partners in his harmes,
Let not blinde fortune ſo your mindes deſaue,
To ſtir him more to trie theſe fierce alarmes,
But like the ſailer (ſcaped from the waue)
From further perill, that his perſon armes,
By ſtaying ſafe at home, ſo ſtay you all,
Better ſit ſtill (men ſay) than riſe to fall.

80

This ſaid *Aletes*: and a murmur roſe
That ſhew'd diſlike among the Chriſtian Peares,
Their angrie geſtures with miſlike diſcloſe,
How much his ſpeech offends their noble eares.
Lord *Godfreyes* eie three times enuiron goes,
To view what count'nance euerie warriour beares,
And laſtly on th'Egyptian Baron ſtaid,
To whom the Duke thus (for his anſwer) ſaid.

81

Ambaſſador, full both of threates and praiſe,
Thy doubtfull meſſage haſt thou wiſely told,
And if thy ſoueraigne loue vs (as he ſaies)
Tell him he ſowes, to reape an hundreth fold,
But where thy talke the comming ſtorme diſplaies
Of threat'ned warfare, from the Pagans bold:
To that I anſwer (as my cuſtome is)
In plaineſt phraſe, leaſt mine intent thou mis.

Know,

82

Know, that till now we ſuffred haue much paine,
By lands and ſeas, where ſtormes and tempeſts fall,
To make the paſſage eaſie, ſafe and plaine
That leades vs to this venerable wall,
That ſo we might reward from heau'n obtaine,
And free this towne, from being longer thrall;
Nor is it greeuous to ſo good an end
Our honours, kingdoms, liues and goods to ſpend.

83

Not hope of praiſe, nor thirſt of worldly good,
Entiſed vs to follow this empriſe,
The heau'nly father keepe his ſacred brood
From foule infection of ſo great a vice:
But by our zeale aye be that plague withſtood,
Let not thoſe pleaſures vs to ſinne entiſe.
His grace, his mercie, and his powrefull hand
Will keepe vs ſafe from hurt, by ſea and land.

84

This is the ſpurre, that makes our courſers run;
This is our harbour, ſafe from dangers floods:
This is our beild, the bluſtring windes to ſhun:
This is our guide, through deſarts, forreſts, woods,
This is our ſommers ſhade, our winters ſun:
This is our wealth, our treaſure, and our goods:
This is our engin, towres that ouerthroes,
Our ſpeare that hurts, our ſword that wounds our foes.

85

Our courage hence, our hope, our valour ſprings,
Not from the truſt we haue in ſhield or ſpeare,
Not from the ſuccours France or Grecia brings,
On ſuch weake poſtes we liſt no buildings reare:
He can defend vs from the powre of kings,
From chance of war, that makes weake harts to feare,
He can theſe hungrie troopes, with Manna feed,
And make the ſeas, land; if we paſſage need.

86

But if our ſinnes vs of his helpe depriue,
Or his high iuſtice let no mercie fall;
Yet ſhould our deaths vs ſome contentment giue,
To die, where Chriſt receiu'd his buriall,
So might we die, not enuying them that liue;
So would we die, not vnreuenged all:
Nor Turkes, nor Chriſtians (if we periſh ſuch)
Haue cauſe to ioy, or to complaine too much.

Thinke

87

Thinke not that wars we loue, and ſtrife affect,
Or that we hate ſweet peace, or reſt denay,
Thinke not your ſoueraignes friendſhip we reiect,
Bicauſe we liſt not in our conqueſts ſtay:
But for it ſeemes he would the Iewes protect,
Pray him from vs that thought aſide to lay,
Nor vs forbid this towne and realme to gaine,
And he in peace, reſt, ioy, long mote he raine.

88

This anſwer giuen, *Argantes* wilde drew nar,
Trembling for ire, and waxing pale for rage,
Nor could he hold, his wrath encreaſt ſo far,
But thus (enflam'd) beſpake the captaine ſage:
Who ſcorneth peace, ſhall haue his fill of war,
I thought thy wiſdome ſhould thy furie ſwage,
But well you ſhew what ioy you take in fight,
Which makes you priſe our loue and friendſhip light.

89

This ſaid, he tooke his mantles formoſt part,
And gan the ſame together fold and wrap;
Then ſpake againe with fell and ſpitefull hart,
(So lions rore enclos'd in traine or trap)
Thou proud deſpiſer of inconſtant *Mart*,
I bring thee war and peace clos'd in this lap,
Take quickly one, thou haſt no time to muſe;
If peace, we reſt; we fight, if war thou chuſe.

90

His ſemblant fierce and ſpeeches proud, prouoke
The ſoldiers all, war, war, at once to crie,
Nor could they tarie till their chieftaine ſpoke,
But for the knight was more enflam'd hereby,
His lap he opened and ſpred foorth his cloke:
To mortall wars (he ſaies) I you defie;
And this he vttred with fell rage and hate,
And ſeemed of *Ianus* church t'vndoe the gate.

91

It ſeemed furie, diſcord, madnes fell
Flew from his lap, when he vnfolds the ſame,
His glaring eies with angers venome ſwell,
And like the brand of foule *Alecto* flame,
He lookt like huge *Typhoius* loos'd from hell
Againe to ſhake heau'ns euerlaſting frame,
Or him that built the towre on Shinaar,
Which threat'neth battell gainſt the morning ſtar.

92

Godfredo than; depart, and bid your king
Haſte hitherward, or elſe within ſhort while,
(For gladly we accept the war you bring)
Let him expect vs on the banks of Nile.
He entertain'd them then with banketting,
And gifts preſented to thoſe Pagans vile;
Aletes had a helmet, rich and gay,
Late found at Nice, among the conqu'red pray;

93

Argant a ſword, whereof the web was ſteele,
Pommell, rich ſtone; hilts, gold, approu'd by tuch,
With rareſt workmanſhip all forged weele,
The curious art exceld the ſubſtance much:
Thus faire, rich, ſharpe; to ſee, to haue, to feele,
Glad was the Painim to enioy it ſuch,
And ſaid, how I this gift can vſe and weild,
Soone ſhall you ſee, when firſt we meet in feild.

94

Thus tooke they congee, and the angrie knight
Thus to his fellow parled on their way,
Goe thou by day, but let me walke by night,
Goe thou to Egypt, I at Sion ſtay,
The anſwer giuen thou canſt vnfold aright,
No need of me what I can doe or ſay,
Among theſe armes I will goe wreake my ſpight,
Let *Paris* court it, *Hector* lou'd to fight.

95

Thus he, who late arriu'd a meſſengar,
Departs a foe, in act, in word, in thought,
The law of nations, or the lore of war,
If he tranſgreſſe, or no, he reaketh nought.
Thus parted they, and ere he wandred far
The friendly ſtar-light to the walles him brought:
Yet his fell hart thought long that little way,
Greeu'd with each ſtop, tormented with each ſtay.

96

Now ſpred the night her ſpangled canopie,
And ſommon'd euery reſtleſſe eie to ſleepe:
On beds of tender graſſe the beaſtes downe lie,
The fiſhes ſlumbred in the ſilent deepe,
Vnheard was ſerpents hiſſe, and dragons crie,
Birds left to ſing, and Philomene to weepe,
Onely that noice heau'ns rolling circles keſt,
Sung lullabie, to bring the world to reſt.

Yet

97

Yet neither ſleepe, nor eaſe, nor ſhadowes darke,
Could make the faithfull campe or captaine reſt,
They long'd to ſee the day, to heare the larke
Record her hymnes and chant her carols bleſt,
They eatnd to view the wals, the wiſhed marke
To which their iourneies long they had addreſt,
Each hart attends, each longing eie beholds
What beame the eaſtren window firſt vnfolds.

The third Booke of Godfrey *of Bulloigne.*

The argument.

The campe at great Hieruſalem arriues:
Clorinda *giues them battell, in the breſt*
Of faire Erminia Tancreds *loue reuiues,*
He luſts with her vnknowne whom he lou'd beſt,
Argant *th' aduentrers of their guide depriues,*
With ſtately pompe they lay their Lord in cheſt:
Godfrey *commands to cut the forreſt downe,*
And make ſtrong engins to aſſault the towne.

1

THe purple morning left her crimſen bed,
And dond her robes of pure vermilion hew,
Her amber locks ſhe crown'd with roſes red,
In Edens flowrie gardens gathred new.
When through the campe a murmur ſhrill was ſpred,
Arme, arme, they cride; arme, arme, the trumpets blew,
Their merrie noiſe preuents the ioyfull blaſt,
So humme ſmall bees, before their ſwarmes they caſt.

2

Their captaine rules their courage, guides their heate,
Their forwardnes he ſtaid with gentle raine;
And yet more eaſie (haply) were the feat
To ſtop the currant neere Charybdis maine,
Or calme the bluſtring windes on mountaines great,
Than fierce deſires of warlike harts reſtraine;
He rules them yet, and rankes them in their haſte,
For well he knowes diſordred ſpeed, makes waſte.

3

Feath'red their thoughts, their feet in wings were dight,
Swiftly they marcht, yet were not tir'd thereby,
For willing mindes make heauieſt burdens light.
But when the gliding ſunne was mounted hie,
Hieruſalem (behold) appeer'd in ſight,
Hieruſalem they view, they ſee, they ſpie,
Hieruſalem with merrie noiſe they greet,
With ioyfull ſhouts, and acclamations ſweet:

4

As when a troope of iolly ſailers row
Some new-found land, and countrie to deſcrie,
Through dang'rous ſeas and vnder ſtars vnknow,
Thrall to the faithleſſe waues, and trothleſſe skie,
If once the wiſhed ſhore begin to ſhow,
They all ſalute it with a ioyfull crie,
And each to other ſhew the land in haſt,
Forgetting quite their paines and perils paſt.

5

To that delight which their firſt ſight did breed,
That pleaſed ſo the ſecret of their thought,
A deepe repentance did foorthwith ſucceed,
That reu'rend feare and trembling with it brought.
Scantly they durſt their feeble eies deſpreed
Vpon that towne, where Chriſt was ſold and bought,
Where for our ſinnes he faultleſſe ſuffred paine,
There where he dide and where he liu'd againe:

6

Soft words, low ſpeech, deepe ſobs, ſweete ſighes, ſalt teares
Roſe from their breſts, with ioy and pleaſure mixt;
For thus fares he the Lord aright that feares,
Feare on deuotion, ioy on faith is fixt:
Such noice their paſſions make, as when one heares
The hoarſe ſea waues, rore hollow rocks betwixt;
Or as the winde in houltes and ſhadie greaues
A murmur makes, among the boughes and leaues.

7

Their naked feet troad on the duſ ie way,
Following th'enſample of their zealous guide,
Their ſcarffes, their creſts, their plumes, and feathers gay,
They quickly doft, and willing laid aſide,
Their moulten harts their woonted pride alay,
Along their watrie cheekes warme teares downe ſlide,
And then ſuch ſecret ſpeech as this, they vſed,
While to himſelfe, each one himſelfe accuſed.

8

Flower of goodnes,root of laſting bliſſe,
Thou well of life,whoſe ſtreames were purple blood
That flowed here,to clenſe the fowle amiſſe
Of ſinfull man, behold this briniſh flood,
That from my melting hart diſtilled is,
Receiue in gree theſe teares (O Lord ſo good)
For neuer wretch with ſinne ſo ouergone,
Had fitter time,or greater cauſe to mone.

9

This while the warie watchman looked ouer
(From tops of Sions towres) the hils and dales,
And ſaw the duſt the fields and paſtures couer,
As when thicke miſtes ariſe from moorie vales.
At laſt the ſun-bright ſhieldes he gan diſcouer,
And gliſtring helmes for violence none that fales,
The mettall ſhone like lightning bright in skies,
And man and horſe amid the duſt deſcries.

10

Then lowd he cries,O what a duſt ariſeth?
Oh how it ſhines with ſhields and targets cleere?
Vp,vp,to armes,for valiant hart deſpiſeth
The threat'ned ſtorme of death,and danger neere,
Behold your foes; then further thus deuiſeth,
Haſte,haſte,for vaine delay encreaſeth feare,
Theſe horrid cloudes of duſt that yonder flie,
Your comming foes doth hide,and hide the skie.

11

The tender children,and the fathers old,
The aged matrons,and the virgin chaſt,
That durſt not ſhake the ſpeare,nor target hold,
Themſelues deuoutly in their temples plaſt,
The reſt,of members ſtrong and courage bold;
On hardie breſtes their harneſſe dond in haſte,
Some to the walles,ſome to the gates them dight,
Their king meane-while directs them all aright.

12

All things well ordred,he withdrew with ſpeed
Vp to a turret high,two ports betweene,
That ſo he might be neare at euerie need,
And ouerlooke the lands and furrowes greene,
Thither he did the ſweet *Erminia* leed,
That in his court had entertained beene
Since Chriſtians Antioch did to bondage bring,
And ſlew her father, who thereof was king.

13

Againſt their foes *Clorinda* ſallied out,
And many a Baron bold was by her ſide,
Within the poſtern ſtood *Argantes* ſtout
To reſcue her, if ill mote her betide:
With ſpeeches braue ſhe cheer'd her warlike rout,
And with bold words them hart'ned as they ride,
Let vs by ſome braue act (quoth ſhe) this day
Of Aſias hopes the ground-worke found and lay.

14

While to her folke thus ſpake the virgin braue,
Thereby behold foorth paſt a Chriſtian band,
Towards the campe that herds of cattell draue,
For they that morne had forraid all the land,
The fierce Virago would that bootie ſaue,
Whom their commander ſingled hand for hand,
A mightie man at armes, who *Guardo* hight,
But far too weake to match with her in fight.

15

They met, and low in duſt was *Guardo* laid,
Twixt either armie, from his cell downe keſt,
The Pagans ſhout for ioy, and hopefull ſaid,
Thoſe good beginnings would haue endings bleſt:
Againſt the reſt on went the noble maid,
She broke the helme, and pearſt the armed breſt,
Her men the paths rode through made by her ſword,
They paſſe the ſtreame where ſhe had found the ford.

16

Soone was the pray out of their hands recou'red,
By ſtep and ſtep the Frenchmen gan retire,
Till on a little hill at laſt they hou'red,
Whoſe ſtrength preſeru'd them from *Clorindas* ire:
When, as a tempeſt that hath long been cou'red
In watrie cloudes, breakes out with ſparkling fire.
With his ſtrong ſquadron Lord *Tancredie* came,
His hart with rage, his eies with courage flame:

17

Maſt great the ſpeare was which the gallant bore,
That in his warlike pride he made to ſhake,
As windes tall Cedars toſſe on mountaines hore;
The king, that wondred at his brau'rie, ſpake
To her, that neere him ſeated was before,
Who felt her hart with loues hot feuer quake,
Well ſhould'ſt thou know (quoth he) each Chriſtian knight
By long acquaintance, though in armour dight.

Say,

18

Say, who is he ſhowes ſo great worthineſſe,
That rides ſo ranke, and bends his lance ſo fell?
To this the Princeſſe ſaid nor more nor leſſe,
Her hart, with ſighes; her eies, with teares did ſwell;
But ſighes and teares ſhe wiſely could ſuppreſſe,
Her loue and paſſion ſhe diſſembled well,
And ſtroue her loue and hot deſire to couer,
Till hart with ſighes, and eies with teares ron ouer.

19

At laſt ſhe ſpake, and with a craftie ſlight
Her ſecret loue diſguis'd in clothes of hate,
Alas too well (ſhe ſaies) I know that knight,
I ſaw his force and courage prooued late,
Too late I view'd when his powre and might
Shooke downe the pillar of *Caſſanoes* ſtate,
Alas what wounds he giues? how fierce, how fell?
No phiſicke helpes them cure, nor magicks ſpell.

20

Tancred he hight, O *Macon* would he weare
My thrall, ere fates him of this life depriue,
For to his hatefull head ſuch ſpite I beare,
I would him reaue his cruell hart on liue.
Thus ſaid ſhe, they that her complainings heare
In other ſenſe her wiſhes credit giue.
She ſigh'd withall, they conſtred all amiſſe,
And thought ſhe wiſht to kill, who long'd to kiſſe.

71

This while foorth prickt *Clorinda* from the throng,
And gainſt *Tancredie* ſet her ſpeare in reſt,
Vpon their helmes they crackt their lances long,
And from her head her guilden caske he keſt,
For euery lace he broke and euery thong,
And in the duſt threw downe her plumed creſt,
About her ſhoulders ſhone her golden locks,
Like ſunnie beames, on Alablaſter rocks.

22

Her lookes with fire, her eies with lightning blaze,
Sweet was her wrath, what then would be her ſmile?
Tancred whereon think'ſt thou? what doſt thou gaze?
Haſt thou forgot her in ſo ſhort a while?
The ſame is ſhe, the ſhape of whoſe ſweet face
The god of loue did in thy hart compile,
The ſame that left thee by the cooling ſtreame,
Safe from ſunnes heat, but ſcorcht with beauties beame.

The

23

The Prince well knew her, though her painted ſhield
And golden helme he had not markt before,
She ſau'd her head, and with her axe (well ſtield,)
Aſſail'd the knight: but her the knight forbore,
Gainſt other foes he prou'd him through the field,
Yet ſhe for that refrained nere the more,
But following turne thee cride, in irefull wiſe;
And ſo at once ſhe threats to kill him twiſe.

24

Not once the Baron lift his armed hand
To ſtrike the maide, but gazing on her eies,
Where lordly *Cupid* ſeem'd in armes to ſtand,
No way to ward or ſhun her blowes he tries;
But ſoftly ſayes, no ſtroke of thy ſtrong hand
Can vanquiſh *Tancred*, but thy conqueſt lies
In thoſe faire eies, which fierie weapons dart,
That finde no lighting place except this hart.

25

At laſt reſolu'd, although he hopt ſmall grace,
Yet ere he dide to tell how much he loued,
For pleaſing words in womens eare finde place,
And gentle harts with humble ſuit are moued:
O thou (quoth he) withhold thy wrath a ſpace,
For if thou long to ſee my valour proued,
Were it not better, from this warlike rout
Withdrawne, ſomewhere, alone to fight it out?

26

So ſingled, may we both our courage trie:
Clorinda to that motion yeelded glad,
And helmleſſe to the forreſtward gan hie,
Whither the Prince right penſiue went and ſad,
And there the virgin gan him ſoone defie,
One blow ſhe ſtrooken and he warded had,
When he cride hold, and ere we proue our might,
Firſt heare thou ſome conditions of the fight.

27

She ſtaid, and deſprate loue had made him bold,
Since from the fight thou wilt no reſpite giue,
The cou'nants be (he ſaid) that thou vnfold
This wretched boſome, and my hart out riue,
Giuen thee long ſince, and if thou cruell would,
I ſhould be dead, let me no longer liue,
But pearſe this breſt, that all the world may ſay
The Eagle made the turtle doue her pray.

28

Saue with thy grace, or let thine anger kill,
Loue hath diſarm'd my life of all defence;
An eaſie labour harmleſſe blood to ſpill,
Strike then, and puniſh where is none offence.
This ſaid the Prince, and more perchance had will
To haue declar'd, to moue her cruell ſence.
But in ill time of Pagans thither came
A troope, and Chriſtians that purſu'd the ſame.

29

The Pagans fled before their valiant foes,
For dread or craft, it skils not that we knew,
A ſoldier wilde, careleſſe to win or loes,
Saw where her locks about the damſell flew,
And at her backe he profreth (as he goes)
To ſtrike where her he did diſarmed vew:
But *Tancred* cride, oh ſtay thy curſed hand,
And for to ward the blow lift vp his brand.

30

But yet the cutting ſteele arriued theare,
Where her faire necke adioin'd her noble head,
Light was the wound, but through her amber heare
The purple drops downe railed bloodie read,
So rubies ſet in flaming gold appeare:
But Lord *Tancredie* pale with rage as lead,
Flew on the villaine, who to flight him bound;
The ſmart was his, though ſhe receiu'd the wound:

31

The villaine flies; he, full of rage and ire
Purſues, ſhe ſtood and wondred on them both,
But yet to follow them ſhew'd no deſire,
To ſtray ſo far ſhe would perchance be loth,
But quickly turn'd her, fierce as flaming fire,
And on her foes wreaked her anger wroth,
On euerie ſide ſhe kils them downe amaine,
And now ſhe flies, and now ſhe turnes againe:

32

As the ſwift Vre by Volgaes rolling flood
Chas'd through the plaines the maſtiue curres toforne,
Flies to the ſuccour of ſome neighbor wood,
And often turnes againe his dreadfull horne
Againſt the dogs imbru'd in ſweat and blood,
That bite not, till the beaſt to flight retorne;
Or as the Moores at their ſtrange tenniſe run
Defenſt, the flying balles vnhurt to ſhun:

So

33

So ronne *Clorinda*, ſo her foes purſewed,
Vntill they both approcht the cities wall,
When loe the Pagans their fierce wrath renewed,
Caſt in a ring about they wheeled all,
And gainſt the Chriſtians backes and ſides they ſhewed
Their courage fierce, and to new combat fall,
When downe the hill *Argantes* came to fight
Like angrie *Mars* to aide the Troian knight,

34

Furious, tofore the formoſt of his ranke,
In ſturdie ſteele foorth ſtept the warriour bold,
The firſt he ſmote downe from his ſaddle ſanke,
The next vnder his ſteed lay on the mold,
Vnder the Sarſens ſpeare the worthies ſhranke,
No breſt-plate could that curſed tree out-hold,
When that was broke his pretious ſword he drew,
And whom he hit, he felled, hurt or ſlew.

35

Clorinda ſlue *Ardelio*, aged knight,
Whoſe grauer yeeres would for no labour yeild,
His age was full of puiſſance and might,
Two ſonnes he had to guard his noble eild,
The firſt (far from his fathers care and ſight)
Cald *Alicandro* wounded lay in feild,
And *Poliphern* the yonger by his ſide,
Had he not nobly fought had ſurely dide.

36

Tancred by this, that ſtroue to ouertake
The villaine that had hurt his only deare,
From vaine purſuite at laſt returned bake,
And his braue troope diſcomfite ſaw welneare,
Thither he ſpurd, and gan huge ſlaughter make,
His ſhocke no ſteed, his blow no knight could beare.
For dead he ſtrikes him whom he lights vpon,
So thunders breake high trees on Libanon.

37

Dudon his ſquadron of aduentrers brings,
To aide the worthie and his tired crew,
Before the res'due yong *Rinaldo* flings
As ſwift, as firie light'ning kindled new,
His Argent Eagle with her ſiluer wings
In field of Azure, faire *Erminia* knew,
See there ſir king, (ſhe ſayes) a knight as bold
And braue, as was the ſonne of *Peleus* old.

He

38

He winnes the priſe in Iuſt and Turnament,
His actes are numberleſſe, though few his yeares,
If Europe ſixe like him to war had ſent
Among theſe thouſands, ſtrong of Chriſtian Peares,
Syria were loſt, loſt were the Orient,
And all the lands the ſouthren Ocean weares,
Conquer'd were all hot Affrikes tawnie kings,
And all that dwell by Nilus vnknowne ſprings.

39

Rinaldo is his name, his armed fiſt
Breakes downe ſtone walles, when rams and engins faile;
But turne your eies becauſe I would you wiſt
What Lord that is, in greene and golden maile,
Dudon he hight who guideth as him liſt
Th'aduentrers troope, whoſe proweſſe feld doth faile,
High birth, graue yeeres and practiſe long in war,
And feareleſſe hart, make him renowmed far.

40

See that big man, that all in browne is bound,
Gernando call'd, the king of Norwaies ſonne,
A prouder knight treads not on graſſe or ground,
His pride hath loſt the praiſe, his proweſſe wonne,
And that kinde paire in white all armed round,
Is *Edward* and *Gildippes*, who begonne
Through loue the hazard of fierce war to proue,
Famous for armes, but famous more for loue.

41

While thus they tell their foemens worthineſſe,
The ſlaughter rageth in the plaine at large,
Tancred and yong *Rinaldo* breake the preſſe,
They bruiſe the helme, and pearſe the ſeuenfold targe,
The troope by *Dudon* led perform'd no leſſe,
But in they come and giue a furious charge:
Argantes ſelfe, feld at one ſingle blow,
Inglorious, bleeding lay, on earth full low:

42

Nor had the boaſter euer riſen more,
But that *Rinaldoes* horſe eu'n then downe fell,
And with the fall his leg oppreſt ſo ſore,
That for a ſpace there muſt he algates dwell.
Meane-while the Pagan troopes were nie forlore,
Swiftly they fled, glad they eſcapt ſo well,
Argantes and with him *Clorinda* ſtout,
For banke and bulwarke ſeru'd to ſaue the rout.

43

Theſe fled the laſt, and with their force ſuſtained
The Chriſtians rage, that follow'd them ſo neare,
Their ſcattred troopes to ſafetie well they trained,
And while the res'due fled, the brunt theſe beare,
Dudon purſu'd the victorie he gained,
And on *Tigranes* nobly broke his ſpeare,
Then with his ſword headleſſe to ground him caſt,
So gard'ners branches lop, that ſpring too faſt.

44

Algazers breaſt-plate, of fine temper made,
Nor *Corbans* helmet, forg'd by magike art,
Could ſaue their owners, for Lord *Dudons* blade
Cleft *Corbans* head, and pearſt *Algazers* hart,
And their proud ſoules downe to th'infernall ſhade,
From *Amurath* and *Mahomet* depart,
Nor ſtrong *Argantes* thought his life was ſure,
He could not ſafely flie, nor fight ſecure.

45

The angrie Pagan bit his lips for teene,
He ran, he ſtaid, he fled, he turn'd againe,
Vntill at laſt vnmarkt, vnuiew'd, vnſeene,
(When *Dudon* had *Almanſor* newly ſlaine)
Within his ſide he ſheath'd his weapon keene,
Downe fell the Worthie on the duſtie plaine,
And lifted vp his feeble eies vneath,
Oppreſt with leaden ſleepe, of iron death.

46

Three times he ſtroue to view heau'ns golden ray,
And rais'd him on his feeble elbow thries,
And thriſe he tumbled on the lowly lay,
And three times clos'd againe his dying eies,
He ſpeakes no word, yet makes he ſignes to pray,
He ſighes, he faints, he grones and then he dies:
Argantes proud to ſpoile the corps diſdain'd,
But ſhooke his ſword with blood of *Dudon* ſtain'd.

47

And turning to the Chriſtian knights, he cride
Lordings, behold, this bloodie reeking blade,
Laſt night was giuen me by your noble guide,
Tell him what proofe thereof this day is made,
Needs muſt this pleaſe him well that is betide,
That I ſo well can vſe this martiall trade,
To whom ſo rare a gift he did preſent,
Tell him the workman fits the inſtrument.

48

If further proofe hereof he long to ſee,
Say it ſtill thirſts, and would his hart blood drinke;
And if he haſte not to encounter mee,
Say I will finde him when he leaſt doth thinke:
The Chriſtians at his words enraged bee,
But he to ſhun their ire doth ſafely ſhrinke
Vnder the ſhelter, of the neighbour wall,
Well guarded with his troopes and ſoldiers all.

49

Like ſtormes of haile the ſtones fell downe from hie,
Caſt from the bulwarks, flankers, ports and towres,
The ſhafts and quarries from their engins flie,
As thicke as falling drops in Aprill ſhowres:
The French withdrew, they liſt not preaſe too nie,
The Sarraſins eſcaped all the powres.
But now *Rinaldo* from the earth vp lept,
Where by the leg his ſteed had long him kept;

50

He came and breathed vengeance from his breſt
Gainſt him that noble *Dudon* late had ſlaine,
And being come, thus ſpake he to the reſt,
Warriours, why ſtand you gazing here in vaine?
Pale death our valiant leader hath oppreſt,
Come wreake his loſſe, whom bootleſſe you complaine.
Theſe walles are weake, they keepe but cowards out,
No rampier can withſtand a courage ſtout.

51

Of double iron, braſſe or adamant,
Or if this wall were built of flaming fire,
Yet ſhould the Pagan vile a fortreſſe want
To ſhrowd his coward head ſafe from mine ire;
Come follow then and bid baſe feare auant,
The harder worke deſerues the greater hire:
And with that word cloſe to the walles he ſtarts,
Nor feares he arrowes, quarries, ſtones or darts.

52

Aboue the waues as *Neptune* lift his eies
To chide the windes, that Troian ſhips oppreſt,
And with his count'nance calm'd ſeas, windes and skies;
So lookt *Rinaldo*, when he ſhooke his creſt
Before thoſe walles, each Pagan feares and flies
His dreadfull ſight, or trembling ſtaid at leſt:
Such dread his awfull viſage on them caſt,
So ſeeme poore doues at goſhaukes ſight agaſt.

53

The herald *Sigiere* now from *Godfrey* came,
To will them ſtay and calme their courage hot,
Retire, quoth he, *Godfrey* commands the ſame,
To wreake your ire this ſeaſon fitteth not:
Though loth *Rinaldo* ſtaid, and ſtopt the flame
That boyled in his hardie ſtomacke hot;
His bridled furie grew thereby more fell,
So riuers ſtopt, aboue their banks doe ſwell.

54

The bands retire, not dang'red by their foes
In their retrait, ſo wiſe were they and warie,
To murdred *Dudon* each lamenting goes,
From wonted vſe of ruth they liſt not varie,
Vpon their friendly armes they ſoft impoſe
The noble burden of his corps to carie:
Meane-while *Godfredo* from a mountaine great
Beheld the ſacred cittie and her ſeat.

55

Hieruſalem is ſeated on two hils
Of height vnlike, and turned ſide to ſide,
The ſpace betweene a gentle valley fils,
From mount to mount expanſed faire and wide.
Three ſides are ſure imbard, with crags and hils,
The reſt is eaſie, ſcant to riſe eſpide:
But mightie bulwarks fence that plainer part,
So art helpes nature, nature ſtrength'neth art.

56

The towne is ſtor'd of troughes and ceſtrens, made
To keepe freſh water, but the countrie ſeames
Deuoid of graſſe, vnfit, for plowmens trade,
Not fertill, moiſt with riuers, wels and ſtreames.
There grow few trees, to make the ſommers ſhade,
To ſhield the parched land from ſcorching beames,
Saue that a wood ſtands ſixe mile from the towne,
With aged Cedars darke, and ſhadowes browne.

57

By Eaſt, among the duſtie valleis, glide
The ſiluer ſtreames of Iordans chriſtall flood;
By Weſt, the midland ſea, with bounders tide
Of ſandie ſhores, where Ioppa whilome ſtood;
By North Samaria ſtands, and on that ſide
The golden calfe was rear'd in Bethel wood;
Bethleem by South, where Chriſt incarnate was,
A pearle in ſteele, a diamond ſet in braſſe.

58

While thus the Duke on euery ſide deſcried
The cities ſtrength, the walles and gates about,
And ſaw where leaſt the ſame was fortified,
Where weakeſt ſeem'd the walles to keepe him out;
Erminia as he armed rode, him ſpied
And thus beſpake the heathen tyrant ſtout,
See *Godfrey* there, in purple clad and gold,
His ſtately port, and princely looke behold:

59

Well ſeemes he borne to be with honour crown'd,
So well the lore he knowes of regiment,
Peereleſſe in fight, in counſell graue and ſound,
The double gift of glorie excellent,
Among theſe armies is no warriour found
Grauer in ſpeech, bolder in Turnament.
Raimond pardie in counſell match him might;
Tancred and yong *Rinaldo* like in fight.

60

To whom the king; he likes me well therefore,
I knew him whilome in the court of France,
When I from Egypt went Ambaſſadore,
I ſaw him there breake many a ſturdie lance,
And yet his chinne no ſigne of manhood bore,
His youth was forward, but with gouernance,
His words, his actions, and his portance braue,
Of future vertue, timely tokens gaue.

61

Preſages ah too true: with that a ſpace
He ſigh'd for griefe, then ſaid, faine would I know
The man in red, with ſuch a knightly grace,
A worthie Lord he ſeemeth by his ſhow,
How like to *Godfrey* lookes he in the face?
How like in perſon? but ſome-deale more low.
Baldwine (quoth ſhe) that noble Baron hight,
By birth his brother, and his match in might.

62

Next looke on him that ſeemes for counſell fit,
Whoſe ſiluer locks bewray his ſtore of daies,
Raimond he hight, a man of wondrous wit,
Of Tholouſe Lord, his wiſdome is his praiſe,
What he forethinkes doth (as he lookes for) hit,
His ſtratagems haue good ſucceſſe alwaies:
With guilden helme beyond him rides the milde
And good Prince *William*, Englands kings deere childe.

37

With him is *Guelpho* as his noble mate,
In birth, in actes, in armes alike the reſt,
I know him well, ſince I beheld him late,
By his broad ſhoulders and his ſquared breſt:
But my proud foe that quite hath ruinate
My high eſtate, and Antioch oppreſt,
I ſee not, *Boemond*, that to death did bring
Mine aged Lord, my father and my king.

64

Thus talked they; meane-while *Godfredo* went
Downe to the troopes, that in the valley ſtaid,
And for in vaine he thought the labour ſpent,
T'aſſaile thoſe partes that to the mountaines laid,
Againſt the northren gate his force he bent,
Gainſt it he campt, gainſt it his engins plaid,
All felt the furie of his angrie powre,
That from thoſe gates lies to the corner towre.

65

The townes third part was this, or little leſſe,
Fore which the Duke his glorious enſignes ſpred,
For ſo great compaſſe had that fortereſſe,
That round it could not be enuironed
With narrow ſiege, (nor Babels king I geſſe
That whilome tooke it, ſuch an armie led)
But all the waies he kept, by which his foe
Might to or from the citie, come or goe.

66

His care was next, to caſt the trenches deepe,
So to preſerue his reſting campe by night,
Leaſt from the citie (while his ſoldiers ſleepe)
They might aſſaile them with vntimely fight.
This donne, he went where Lords and Princes weepe,
With dire complaints, about the murdred knight,
Where *Dudon* dead, lay ſlaughtred on the ground,
And all the ſoldiers ſate lamenting round.

67

His wayling friends adorn'd the mournfull beare
With wofull pompe, whereon his corpes they laid,
And when they ſaw the Bulloigne Prince draw neare,
All felt new greefe, and each new ſorrow maid,
But he, withouten ſhew or change of cheare,
His ſpringing teares within their fountaines ſtaid,
His ruefull lookes vpon the coarſe he caſt
Awhile, and thus beſpake the ſame at laſt.

68

We need not mourne for thee, here laid to reſt,
Earth is thy bed, and not thy graue, the skies
Are for thy ſoule the cradle and the neſt,
There liue, for here thy glorie neuer dies:
For like a Chriſtian knight and champion bleſt
Thou didſt both liue and die, now feed thine eies
With thy redeemers ſight, where crown'd with blis
Thy faith, zeale, merit, well-deſeruing is.

69

Our loſſe, not thine, prouokes theſe plaints and teares,
For when we loſt thee, then our ſhip her maſt,
Our chariot loſt her wheeles, their points our ſpeares,
The bird of conqueſt her chiefe feather caſt:
But though thy death, far from our armie beares
Her chiefeſt earthlie aide, in heau'n yet plaſt
Thou wilt procure vs helpe diuine, ſo reapes
He, that ſowes godly ſorrow, ioy by heapes.

70

For if our God the Lord Armipotent
Thoſe armed Angels in our aide downe ſend,
That were at Dothan to his Prophet ſent,
Thou wilt come downe with them, and well defend
Our hoſt, and with thy ſacred weapons bent
Gainſt Sions fort, theſe gates and bulwarks rend,
That ſo thy hand may win this hold, and wee
May in theſe temples praiſe our Chriſt for thee.

71

Thus he complain'd; but now the ſable ſhade
Icleped night, had thicke enueloped
The ſun, in vaile of double darknes made,
Sleepe, eaſed care; reſt, brought complaint to bed:
All night the warie Duke deuiſing laide
How that high wall ſhould beſt be battered,
How his ſtrong engins he might aptly frame,
And whence get timber, fit to build the ſame.

72

Vp with the larke the ſorrowfull Duke aroſe,
A mourner chiefe at *Dudons* buriall,
Of Cipreſſe ſad a pile his friends compoſe
Vnder a hill, oregrowne with Cedars tall,
Beſide the hearce a fruitfull palme tree groes,
(Ennobled ſince by this great funerall)
Where *Dudons* corpes they ſoftly laid in ground,
The prieſtes ſung hymnes, the ſoldiers wept around.

73

Among the boughes, they here and there beſtowe
Enſignes and armes, as witnes of his praiſe,
Which he from Pagan Lords, that did them owe,
Had wonne in proſprous fights, and happie fraies:
His ſhield they fixed on the bole belowe,
And there this diſtich vnder-writ, which ſaies,
This palme with ſtretched armes, doth ouerſpread
The champion *Dudons* glorious carkaſſe dead.

74

This worke performed with aduiſement good,
Godfrey his carpenters, and men of skill
In all the campe, ſent to an aged wood,
(With conuoy meet to garde them ſafe from ill)
Within a valley deepe this forreſt ſtood,
To Chriſtian eies vnſeene, vnknowne, vntill
A Syrian told the Duke, who thither ſent
Thoſe choſen workmen, that for timber went.

75

And now the axe rag'd in the forreſt wilde,
The Eccho ſighed in the groues vnſeene,
The weeping Nymphes fled from their bowres exilde,
Downe fell the ſhadie tops of ſhaking treene,
Downe came the ſacred palmes, the aſhes wilde,
The funerall Cipreſſe, Hollie euer greene,
The weeping Firre, thicke Beech, and ſailing Pine,
The maried Elme fell with his fruitfull vine.

76

The ſhowter Eugh, the broad-leau'd Sicamore,
The barraine Platane, and the Wall-nut ſound,
The Myrrhe, that her foule ſinne doth ſtill deplore,
The Alder owner of all watriſh ground,
Sweet Iuniper, whoſe ſhadow hurteth ſore,
Proud Cedar, Oake, the king of forreſts crown'd,
Thus fell the trees, with noice the deſarts rore,
The beaſtes, their caues; the birds, their neſts forlore.

The fourth Booke of Godfrey *of Bulloigne.*

The argument.

Sathan his feends and ſprites aſſembleth all,
And ſends them foorth to worke the Chriſtians woe,
Falſe Hidraort *their aide from hell doth call,*
And ſends Armida *to entrap his foe:*
She telles her birth, her fortune and her fall,
Askes aide, allures and winnes the worthies ſoe,
That they conſent her enterprize to proue;
She winnes them with deceit, craft, beautie, loue.

1

WHile thus their worke went on with luckie ſpeed,
And reared rammes their horned fronts aduance,
The ancient foe to man, and mortall ſeed,
His wanniſh eies vpon them bent askance;
And when he ſaw their labours well ſucceed,
He wept for rage, and threat'ned dire miſchance,
He chokt his curſes, to himſelfe he ſpake,
Such noiſe wilde buls, that ſoftly bellow make.

2

At laſt reſoluing in his damned thought,
To finde ſome let, to ſtop their warlike feat,
He gaue command his princes ſhould be brought
Before the throne of his infernall ſeat,
O foole! as if it were a thing of nought
God to reſiſt, or change his purpoſe great,
Who on his foes doth thunder in his ire,
Whoſe arrowes haileſtones be, and coles of fire.

3

The drearie trumpet blew a dreadfull blaſt,
And rombled through the lands and kingdomes vnder,
Through waſtnes wide it roard, and hollowes vaſt,
And fild the deepe, with horror, feare and wonder,
Not halfe ſo dreadfull noiſe the tempeſts caſt,
That fall from skies, with ſtorms of haile and thunder,
Nor halfe ſo lowd the whiſtling winds doe ſing,
Broke from the earthen priſons of their king.

The

4

The Peeres of *Plutoes* realme aſſembled beene
Amid the pallace of their angrie king,
In hideous formes and ſhapes, tofore vnſeene,
That feare, death, terror and amaſement bring,
With ouglie pawes ſome trample on the greene,
Some gnaw the ſnakes that on their ſhoulders hing,
And ſome their forked tailes ſtretch forth on hie,
And teare the twinkling ſtars from trembling skie.

5

There were *Cilenos* foule and loathſome rout,
There Sphinges, Centaures, there were *Gorgons* fell,
There howling Scillaes, yawling round about,
There ſerpents hiſſe, there ſeu'n-mouth'd Hydraes yell,
Chimera there ſpues fire and brimſtone out,
And *Poliphemus* blinde ſupporteth hell,
Beſides ten thouſand monſters therein dwels
Mis-ſhapt, vnlike themſelues, and like nought els.

6

About their Prince each tooke his wonted ſeat
On thrones red hot, ibuilt of burning braſſe,
Pluto in middeſt heau'd his trident great,
Of ruſtie iron huge that forged was,
The rockes, on which the ſalt ſea billowes beat,
And Atlas tops, the clouds in height that paſſe,
Compar'd to his huge perſon, mole-hils be,
So his rough front, his hornes ſo lifted he.

7

The tyrant proud frown'd from his loftie cell,
And with his lookes made all his monſters tremble,
His eies, that full of rage and venome ſwell,
Two beacons ſeeme, that men to armes aſſemble,
His feltred lockes, that on his boſome fell,
On rugged mountaines briers and thornes reſemble,
His yawning mouth, that fomed clotted blood,
Gapte like a whirlepoole wide in Stygian flood.

8

And as mount Etna vomits ſulphur out,
With clifts of burning crags, and fire and ſmoke,
So from his mouth flew kindled coales about,
Hot ſparks and ſmels, that man and beaſt would choke,
The gnarring porter durſt not whine for dout,
Still were the Furies, while their ſoueraigne ſpoke,
And ſwift *Cocytus* ſtaid his murmur ſhrill,
While thus the murdrer thundred out his will.

9

Ye powres infernall, worthier far to ſit
Aboue the ſunne, whence you your ofspring take,
With me that whilome, through the welkin flit,
Downe tombled headlong to this emptie lake,
Our former glorie, ſtill remember it,
Our bold attemptes and war we once did make
Gainſt him, that rules aboue the ſtarrie ſphere,
For which like traitors we lie damned here.

10

And now in ſtead of cleere and gladſome skie,
Of *Titans* brightnes, that ſo glorious is,
In this deepe darknes loe we helpleſſe lie,
Hopeleſſe againe to ioy our former blis,
And more (which makes my grieues to multiplie)
That ſinfull creature man, elected is,
And in our place, the heauens poſſeſſe he muſt,
Vile man, begot of clay, and borne of duſt.

11

Nor this ſuffis'd, but that he alſo gaue
His only ſonne, his darling to be ſlaine,
To conquer ſo, hell, death, ſinne and the graue,
And man condemned to reſtore againe,
He brake our priſons and would algates ſaue
The ſoules that here ſhould dwell in woe and paine,
And now in heau'n with him they liue alwaies
With endleſſe glorie crown'd, and laſting praiſe.

12

But why recount I thus our paſſed harmes?
Remembrance freſh makes weak'ned ſorrowes ſtrong,
Expulſed were we with iniurious armes
From thoſe due honours, vs of right belong.
But let vs leaue to ſpeake of theſe alarmes,
And bend our forces gainſt our preſent wrong,
Ah ſee you not, how he attempted hath
To bring all lands, all nations to his faith?

13

Then, let vs careleſſe ſpend the day and night,
Without regard what haps, what comes or goes.
Let Aſia ſubiect be to Chriſtians might,
A pray be Sion to her conquering foes,
Let her adore againe her Chriſt aright,
Who her before all nations whilome choes,
In braſen tables be his lore iwrit,
And let all tongues and lands acknowledge it.

So

14

So ſhall our ſacred altars all be his,
Our holie Idols tombled in the mold,
To him the wretched man, that ſinfull is,
Shall pray, and offer incenſe, myrrhe and gold;
Our temples ſhall their coſtly deckings mis,
With naked walles and pillars freezing cold,
Tribute of ſoules ſhall end, and our eſtate,
Or *Pluto* raigne in kingdoms deſolate.

15

Oh, be not than the courage periſht cleene,
That whilome dwelt within your haughtie thought,
When, arm'd with ſhining fire and weapons keene,
Againſt the Angels of proud heau'n we fought,
I grant we fell on the Phlegrean greene,
Yet good our cauſe was, though our fortune nought;
For chance aſſiſteth oft th'ignobler part,
We loſt the field, yet loſt we not our hart.

16

Goe then my ſtrength, my hope, my ſpirits, goe,
Theſe weſtren rebels, with your power withſtand,
Plucke vp theſe weedes, before they ouergroe
The gentle garden of the Hebrewes land,
Quench out this ſparke, before it kindle ſoe
That Aſia burne, conſumed with the brand.
Vſe open force, or ſecret guile vnſpied;
For craft is vertue gainſt a foe defied.

17

Among the knights and worthies of their traine,
Let ſome like out-lawes wander vncouth waies,
Let ſome be ſlaine in field, let ſome againe
Make oracles of womens yeaes and naies,
And pine in fooliſh loue, let ſome complaine
On *Godfreyes* rule, and mutines gainſt him raiſe,
Turne each ones ſword, againſt his fellowes hart,
Thus kill them all, or ſpoile the greateſt part.

18

Before his words the tyrant ended had,
The leſſer deuils aroſe with gaſtlie rore,
And thronged foorth about the world to gad,
Each land they filled, riuer, ſtreame and ſhore,
The Goblins, Fairies, Feends and Furies mad,
Ranged in flowrie dales, and mountaines hore,
And vnder euerie trembling leafe they ſit,
Betweene the ſolid earth and welkin flit.

19

About the world they ſpread both far and wide,
Filling the thoughts of each vngodly hart,
With ſecret miſchiefe, anger, hate and pride,
Wounding loſt ſoules with ſinnes impoyſon'd dart.
But ſay (my muſe) recount whence firſt they tride
To hurt the Chriſtian Lords, and from what part,
Thou know'ſt of things perform'd ſo long agone,
This later age heares little troath or none.

20

The towne Damaſcus and the lands about
Rul'd *Hidraort*, a wiſard graue and ſage,
Acquainted well with all the damned rout
Of *Plutoes* raigne, eu'n from his tender age;
Yet of this war he could not figure out
The wiſhed ending, or ſucceſſe preſage;
For neither ſtars aboue, nor powres of hell,
Nor skill, nor art, nor charme, nor deuill could tell.

21

And yet he thought (O vaine conceit of man!
Which as thou wiſheſt, iudgeſt things to come)
That the French hoſt to ſure deſtruction ran,
Condemned quite by heau'ns eternall dome:
He thinkes no force withſtand or vanquiſh can
Th'Egyptian ſtrength, and therefore would that ſome,
Both of the pray and glorie of the fight,
Vpon his Syrian folke ſhould haply light.

22

But for he held the French mens worth in priſe,
And fear'd the doubtfull gaine of bloodie war,
He, that was cloſely falſe and ſlilie wiſe,
Caſt how he might annoy them moſt from far:
And as he gan vpon this point deuiſe,
(As counſellers in ill ſtill neereſt ar)
At hand was Sathan, readie, ere men need,
If once they thinke to make them doe the deed.

23

He counſeld him how beſt to hunt his game,
What dart to caſt, what net, what toile to pitch,
A neece he had, a nice and tender dame,
Peereleſſe in wit, in natures bleſſings ritch,
To all deceit ſhe could her beautie frame,
Falſe, faire and yong, a virgin and a witch;
To her he told the ſumme of this empriſe,
And prais'd her thus, for ſhe was faire and wiſe.

My

24

My deere, who vnderneath theſe lockes of gold,
And natiue brightneſſe of thy louely hew,
Hideſt graue thoughts, ripe wit, and wiſedome old,
More skill than I, in all mine artes untrew,
To thee my purpoſe great I muſt vnfold,
This enterpriſe thy cunning muſt purſew,
Weaue thou to end this web which I begin,
I will the diſtaffe hold, come thou and ſpin.

25

Goe to the Chriſtians hoſt, and there aſſay
All ſubtile ſleights that women vſe in loue,
Shed briniſh teares, ſob, ſigh, entreat and pray,
Wring thy faire hands, caſt vp thine eies aboue,
(For mourning beautie hath much powre (men ſay)
The ſtubbron harts with pitie fraile to moue)
Looke pale for dread, and bluſh ſometime for ſhame,
In ſeeming troath thy lies will ſooneſt frame.

26

Take with the baite Lord *Godfrey*, if thou maſte,
Frame ſnares, of lookes; traines, of alluring ſpeach;
For if he loue, the conqueſt than thou haſt,
Thus purpos'd war thou maiſt with eaſe impeach,
Elſe lead the other Lords to deſarts waſt,
And hold them ſlaues far from their leaders reach:
Thus taught he her, and for concluſion, ſaith,
All things are lawfull for our lands and faith.

27

The ſweet *Armida* tooke this charge on hand,
A tender peece, for beautie, ſexe and age,
The ſunne was ſunken vnderneath the land
When ſhe began her wanton pilgrimage,
In ſilken weedes ſhe truſteth to withſtand,
And conquer knights, in warlike equipage,
Of their night ambling dame, the Syrians prated
Some good, ſome bad, as they her lou'd or hated.

28

Within few daies, the Nymph arriued theare
Where puiſſant *Godfrey* had his tents ipight;
Vpon her ſtrange attire, and viſage cleare,
Gazed each ſoldier, gazed euerie knight,
As when a comet doth in skies appeare,
The people ſtand amazed at the light,
So wondred they, and each at other ſought,
What miſter wight ſhe was, and whence ibrought.

Yet

29

Yet neuer eie to *Cupids* ſeruice vow'd
Beheld a face of ſuch a louely pride,
A tinſell vaile her amber locks did ſhrowd,
That ſtroue to couer what it could not hide,
The golden ſunne, behinde a ſiluer cloud,
So ſtreameth out his beames on euerie ſide,
The marble goddeſſe, ſet at *Guidos*, naked,
She ſeem'd, were ſhe vncloath'd, or that awaked.

30

The gameſome winde among her treſſes plaies,
And curleth vp, thoſe growing riches, ſhort;
Her ſpareſull eie to ſpread his beames denaies,
But keepes his ſhot, where *Cupid* keepes his fort;
The roſe and lillie on her cheeke, aſſaies
To paint true faireneſſe out, in braueſt ſort,
Her lips, where bloomes nought but the ſingle roſe,
Still bluſh, for ſtill they kiſſe, while ſtill they cloſe.

31

Her breſts, two hils oreſpred with pureſt ſnow,
Sweet, ſmooth and ſupple, ſoft and gently ſwelling,
Betweene them lies a milken dale below,
Where loue, youth, gladnes, whitenes make their dwelling,
Her breſts halfe hid, and halfe were laid to ſhow;
Her enuious veſture greedie ſight repelling,
So was the wanton clad, as if thus much
Should pleaſe the eie, the reſt vnſeene, the tuch.

32

As when the ſun-beames diue through Tagus waue,
To ſpie the ſtore-houſe of his ſpringing gold,
Loue pearſing thought ſo through her mantle draue,
And in her gentle boſome wandred bold:
It view'd the wondrous beautie virgins haue,
And all to fond deſire (with vantage) told,
Alas what hope is left, to quench his fire
That kindled is, by ſight; blowne, by deſire.

33

Thus paſt ſhe, praiſed, wiſht, and wondred at,
Among the troopes, who there encamped lay,
She ſmil'd for ioy, but well diſſembled that
Her greedie eie choſe out her wiſhed pray;
On all her geſtures, ſeeming vertue ſat,
Towards th'imperiall tent ſhe askt the way:
With that ſhe met a bold and loueſome knight,
Lord *Godfreys* yongeſt brother, *Euſtace* hight.

34

This was the foule that firſt fell in the ſnare,
He ſaw her faire, and hopte to finde her kinde;
The throne of *Cupid* hath an eaſie ſtaire,
His barke is fit to ſaile with euerie winde,
The breach he makes no wiſdome can repaire:
With reu'rence meet the Baron low enclinde,
And thus his purpoſe to the virgin told,
For youth, vſe, nature, all had made him bold.

35

Ladie, if thee beſeeme a ſtile ſo low,
In whoſe ſweet lookes ſuch ſacred beauties ſhine,
(For neuer yet did heau'n ſuch grace beſtow
On any daughter borne of *Adams* line)
Thy name let vs (though far vnworthie) knoe,
Vnfold thy will, and whence thou art in fine,
Leaſt my audacious boldnes learne, too late,
What honors due become thy high eſtate.

36

Sir knight (quoth ſhe) your praiſes reach too hie
Aboue her merit you commenden ſoe,
A hapleſſe maid I am, both borne to die,
And dead to ioy, that liue in care and woe,
A virgin helpleſſe, fugitiue pardie,
My natiue ſoile and kingdome thus forgoe
To ſeeke Duke *Godfreys* aide, ſuch ſtore men tell
Of vertuous ruth doth in his boſome dwell.

37

Conduct me than that mightie Duke before,
If you be courteous, ſir, as well you ſeeme.
Content (quoth he) ſince of one wombe ibore,
We brothers are, your fortune good eſteeme
T'encounter me, whoſe word preuaileth more
In *Godfreys* hearing, than you haply deeme,
Mine aide I grant, and his I promiſe too,
All that his ſcepter, or my ſword, can doo.

38

He led her eaſly foorth when this was ſaid,
Where *Godfrey* ſate among his Lords and peares,
She reu'rence did, then bluſht, as one diſmaid
To ſpeake, for ſecret wants and inward feares,
It ſeem'd a baſhfull ſhame her ſpeeches ſtaid,
At laſt the courteous Duke her gently cheares;
Silence was made, and ſhe began her tale,
They fit to heare, thus ſung this nightingale.

Victorious

39

Victorious Prince, whose honorable name
Is held so great among our Pagan kings,
That to those lands thou dost by conquest tame,
That thou hast wonne them, some content it brings;
Well knowne to all is thy immortall fame,
The earth, thy worth; thy foe, thy praises sings,
And Painims wronged come to seeke thine aide,
So doth thy vertue, so thy powre perswaide.

40

And I though bred in *Macons* heath'nish lore,
Which thou oppressest with thy puissant might,
Yet trust thou wilt an helplesse maide restore,
And repossesse her in her fathers right:
Others in their distresse doe aide implore
Of kinne and friends; but I in this sad plight
Inuoke thy helpe, my kingdome to inuade,
So doth thy vertue, so my need perswade.

41

In thee I hope, thy succours I inuoke,
To win the crowne whence I am dispossest;
For like renowne awaiteth on the stroke
To cast the haughtie downe, or raise th'oppress;
Nor greater glorie brings a scepter broke,
Than doth deliu'rance of a maid distrest:
And since thou canst at will performe the thing,
More is thy praise to make, than kill a king.

42

But if thou would'st thy succours due excuse,
Bicause in Christ I haue no hope nor trust,
Ah yet for vertues sake, thy vertue vse!
Who scorneth gold becauſe it lies in dust?
Be witnes heau'n, if thou to grant refuse,
Thou dost forsake a maid in cause most iust,
And for thou shalt at large my fortunes know,
I will my wrongs, and their great treasons show.

43

Prince *Arbilan* that raigned in his life
On faire Damascus, was my noble sire,
Borne of meane race he was, yet got to wife
The Queene *Chariclia*, such was the fire
Of her hot loue, but soone the fatall knife
Had cut the threed that kept their ioyes intire,
For so mishap her cruell lot had cast,
My birth, her death; my first day, was her last.

44

And ere fiue yeeres were fully come and gone,
Since his deere ſpouſe to haſtie death did yeild,
My father alſo dide, conſum'd with mone,
And ſought his loue amid th'Eliſian feild,
His crowne and me (poore orphan) left alone,
Mine vncle gouern'd in my tender eild;
For well he thought, if mortall men haue faith,
In brothers breſt true loue his manſion haith.

45

He tooke the charge of me, and of the crowne,
And with kinde ſhewes of loue ſo brought to paſſe,
That through Damaſcus great report was blowne
How good, how iuſt, how kinde mine vncle was;
Whether he kept his wicked hate vnknowne,
And hid the ſerpent in the flowring graſſe,
Or that true faith did in his boſome wonne,
Bicauſe he ment to match me with his ſonne.

46

Which ſonne, within ſhort while, did vndertake
Degree of knighthood, as beſeem'd him well,
Yet neuer durſt he for his Ladies ſake
Breake ſword or lance, aduanſt in loftie cell:
As faire he was, as *Cithereas* make,
As proud as he, that ſignoriſeth hell,
In faſhions way-ward, and in loue vnkinde,
For *Cupid* deignes not wound, a curriſh minde.

47

This Paragon ſhould Queene *Armida* wed,
A goodly ſwaine to be a Princeſſe pheare,
A louely partner of a Ladies bed,
A noble head, a golden crowne to weare:
His gloſing ſire his errand daily ſed,
And ſugred ſpeeches whiſpred in mine eare,
To make me take this darling in mine armes,
But ſtill the adder ſtopt her eares from charmes.

48

At laſt he left me with a troubled grace,
Through which tranſparent was his inward ſpight,
Me thought I red the ſtorie in his face
Of theſe miſhaps, that on me ſince haue light,
Since that foule ſpirits haunt my reſting place,
And gaſtly viſions breake my ſleepe by night,
Greefe, horror, feare my fainting ſoule did kill,
For ſo my minde foreſhew'd my comming ill.

49

Three times the ſhape of my deere mother came,
Pale,ſad,diſmaid,to warne me in my dreame,
Alas,how far transformed from the ſame,
Whoſe eies ſhone earſt,like *Titans* glorious beame:
Daughter,ſhe ſaies,flie,flie,behold thy dame
Foreſhowes the treaſons of thy wretched eame,
Who poyſon gainſt thy harmleſſe life prouides,
This ſaid,to ſhapeleſſe aire vnſeene,ſhe glides.

50

But what auailes high walles or bulwarks ſtrong,
Where fainting cowards haue the peece to gard?
My ſexe too weake,mine age was all too yong,
To vndertake alone,a worke ſo hard,
To wander wilde,the deſart woods among,
A baniſht maid, of wonted eaſe debard,
So grieuous ſeem'd,that leifer were my death,
And there t'expire where firſt I drew my breath.

51

I fear'd deadly euill,if long I ſtaid,
And yet to flie had neither will nor powre,
Nor durſt my hart declare it waxt affraid,
Leaſt ſo I haſten might my dying howre:
Thus reſtleſſe waited I(vnhappie maid)
What hand ſhould firſt plucke vp my ſpringing flowre,
Euen as the wretch condemn'd to loſe his life,
Awaites the falling of the murdring knife.

52

In theſe extremes(for ſo my fortune would,
Perchance preſerue me to my further ill)
One of my noble fathers ſeruants ould,
That for his goodnes bore his childe good will,
With ſtore of teares this treaſon gan vnfould,
And ſaid; my guardian would his pupill kill,
And that himſelfe,if promiſe made he kept,
Should giue me poiſon dire ere next I ſlept.

53

And further told me,if I wiſht to liue,
I muſt conuay my ſelfe by ſecret flight,
And offred than all ſuccours he could giue
To aide his miſtris,baniſht from her right,
His words of comfort feare to exile driue,
The dread of death made leſſer dangers light:
So we concluded when the ſhadowes dim,
Obſcur'd the earth,I ſhould depart with him.

54

Of cloſe eſcapes the aged patroneſſe,
Blacker than earſt,her ſable mantle ſpred,
When with two truſtie maides in great diſtreſſe,
Both from mine vncle and my realme I fled;
Oft lookt I backe,but hardly could ſuppreſſe
Thoſe ſtreames of teares,mine eies vnceſſant ſhed,
For when I looked on my kingdome loſt,
It was a griefe,a death,an hell almoſt.

55

My ſteeds drew on the burden of my limmes,
But ſtill my lookes,my thoughts,drew backe as faſt;
So fare the men,that from the hauens brims,
Far out to ſea,by ſudden ſtorme are caſt,
Swift ore the graſſe the rolling chariot ſwims,
Through waies vnknowne,all night,all day we haſt,
At laſt(nie tir'd)a caſtle ſtrong we fand,
The vtmoſt border of my natiue land.

56

The fort *Arontes* was,for ſo the knight
Was call'd,that my deliu'rance thus had wrought.
But when the tyrant ſaw,by mature flight
I had eſcapt the treaſons of his thought,
The rage encreaſed in the curſed wight
Gainſt me,and him,that me to ſafetie brought,
And vs accus'd,we would haue poyſoned
Him,but deſcride to ſaue our liues we fled.

57

And that in lew of his approued truth,
To poiſon him I hired had my guide,
That he diſpatched,mine vnbridled yuth
Might range at will, in no ſubiection tide,
And that each night I ſlept (O foule vntruth!)
(Mine honor loſt) by this *Arontes* ſide:
But heau'n I pray ſend downe reuenging fire,
When ſo baſe loue ſhall change my chaſte deſire.

58

Not that he ſitteth on my regall throne,
Nor that he thirſt to drinke my lukewarme blood,
So greeueth me,as this deſpite alone,
That my renowne,which euer blameleſſe ſtood,
Hath loſt the light wherewith it alwaies ſhone:
With forged lies he makes his tale ſo good,
And holds my ſubiects harts in ſuch ſuſpence,
That none takes armour for their Queenes defence.

59

And though he doe my regall throne poſſeſſe,
Cloathed in purple,crown'd with burniſht gold;
Yet is his hate,his rancour, nere the leſſe,
Since nought aſſwageth malice when tis old:
He threats to burne *Arontes* fortereſſe,
And murder him vnleſſe he yeeld the hold,
And me and mine threates(not with war,but death)
Thus cauſeleſſe hatred,endleſſe is vneath.

60

And ſo he truſts to waſh away the ſtaine,
And hide his ſhamefull fact with mine offence,
And ſaith he will reſtore the throne againe
To his late honour,and due excellence,
And therefore would I ſhould be algates ſlaine,
For while I liue,his right is in ſuſpence.
This is the cauſe my guiltleſſe life is ſought,
For on my ruine is his ſafetie wrought.

61

And let the tyrant haue his harts deſire,
Let him performe the crueltie he ment,
My guiltleſſe blood muſt quench the ceaſleſſe fire,
On which my endleſſe teares were bootleſſe ſpent,
Vnleſſe thou helpe; to thee renowmed ſire,
I flie,a virgin,orphan,innocent,
And let theſe teares that on thy feet diſtill,
Redeeme the drops of blood,he thirſts to ſpill.

62

By theſe thy glorious feet,that tread ſecure
On necks of tyrants,by thy conqueſts braue,
By that right hand,and by thoſe temples pure,
Thou ſeekes to free from *Macons* lore,I craue
Helpe for this ſicknes,none but thou canſt cure,
My life and kingdome let thy mercie ſaue
From death and ruine: but in vaine I proue thee,
If right,if truth,if iuſtice cannot moue thee.

63

Thou,who doſt all thou wilt,at thy will,
And neuer willeſt ought,but what is right,
Preſerue this guiltleſſe blood they ſeeke to ſpill,
Thine be my kingdome,ſaue it with thy might:
Among theſe captains,Lords,and knights of skill,
Appoint me ten,approued moſt in fight,
Who with aſſiſtance of my friends and kin
May ſerue,my kingdome loſt,againe to win.

64

For loe a knight,that hath a gate to ward,
(A man of chifeſt truſt about his king)
Hath promiſed ſo to beguile the gard,
That me and mine he vndertakes to bring
Safe,where the tyrant haply ſleepeth hard:
He counſeld me to vndertake this thing,
Of thee ſome little ſuccour to intreat,
Whoſe name alone accompliſh can the feat.

65

This ſaid,his anſwer did the Nymph attend,
Her lookes,her ſighes,her geſtures all did pray him:
But *Godfrey* wiſely did his grant ſuſpend,
He doubts the worſt,and that awhile did ſtay him,
He knowes,who feares no God,he loues no frend,
He feares the heathen falſe would thus betray him:
But yet ſuch ruth dwelt in his princely minde,
That gainſt his wiſdome,pitie made him kinde.

66

Beſides the kindnes of his gentle thought,
Readie to comfort each diſtreſſed wight,
The maidens offer profit with it brought;
For if the Syrian kingdome were her right,
That wonne,the way were eaſie,which he ſought
To bring all Aſia ſubiect to his might,
There might he raiſe munition,armes and treaſure,
To worke th'Egyptian king and his diſpleaſure.

67

Thus was his noble hart long time betwixt
Feare and remorſe,not granting nor denaying,
Vpon his eies the dame her lookings fixt,
As if her life and death lay on his ſaying,
Some teares ſhe ſhed,with ſighes and ſobbings mixt,
As if her hope were dead through his delaying;
At laſt her earneſt ſuit the Duke denaid,
But with ſweet words thus would content the maid.

68

If not in ſeruice of our God we fought,
In meaner quarrell if this ſword were ſhaken,
Well might thou gather in thy gentle thought,
So faire a Princeſſe ſhould not be forſaken;
But ſince theſe armies,from the worlds end brought,
To free this ſacred towne haue vndertaken,
It were vnfit we turn'd our ſtrength away,
And victorie,euen in her comming,ſtay.

69

I promiſe thee, and on my princely word
The burden of thy wiſh and hope repoſe,
That when this choſen temple of the Lord,
Her holy doores ſhall to his ſaints vncloſe
In reſt and peace; then this victorious ſword
Shall execute due vengeance on thy foes:
But if for pitie of a worldlie dame
I left this worke, ſuch pitie, were my ſhame.

70

At this the Princeſſe bent her eies to ground,
And ſtood vnmou'd, though not vnmarkt, a ſpace,
The ſecret bleeding of her inward wound
Shed heau'nly dew, vpon her angels face.
Poore wretch (quoth ſhe) in teares and ſorrowes drown'd,
Death be thy peace, the graue thy reſting place,
Since ſuch thy hap, that leaſt thou mercie finde,
The gentleſt hart on earth is proou'd vnkind.

71

Where none attends, what bootes it to complaine?
Mens froward harts are mou'd with womens teares,
As marble ſtones are pearſt with drops of raine,
No plaints finde paſſage through vnwilling eares:
The tyrant (haply) would his wrath reſtraine
Heard he theſe praiers, ruthleſſe *Godfrey* heares,
Yet not thy fault is this, my chance (I ſee)
Hath made eu'n pitie, pitileſſe in thee.

72

So both thy goodnes, and good hap, denaid me,
Griefe, ſorrow, miſchiefe, care, hath ouerthrowne me,
The ſtar that rul'd my birth-day hath betraid me,
My Genius ſees his charge, but dares not owne me,
Of Queene-like ſtate, my flight hath diſarraid me,
My father dide, ere he fiue yeeres had knowne me,
My kingdome loſt, and laſtly reſteth now,
Downe with the tree, ſith broke is euery bow.

73

And for the modeſt lore of maidenhood,
Bids me not ſoiourne with theſe armed men,
Oh whither ſhall I flie? what ſecret wood
Shall hide me from the tyrant? or what den,
What rocke, what vault, what caue can doe me good?
No, no, where death is ſure, it reſteth then
To ſcorne his powre, and be it therefore ſeene,
Armida liu'd, and dide, both like a Queene.

With

74

With that ſhe lookt, as if a proud diſdaine
Kindled diſpleaſure in her noble minde,
The way ſhe came ſhe turn'd her ſteps againe,
With geſtures ſad, but in diſdainfull kinde,
A tempeſt railed downe her cheekes amaine,
With teares of woe, and ſighes of angers winde;
The drops her footſteps waſh, whereon ſhe treads,
And ſeemes to ſtep on pearles, or chriſtall beads.

75

Her cheekes on which this ſtreaming Nectar fell,
Still'd through the limbecke of her diamond eies,
The roſes white and red reſembled well,
Whereon the roarie May-deaw ſprinkled lies,
When the faire morne firſt bluſheth from her cell,
And breatheth balme from opened paradies;
Thus ſigh'd, thus mourn'd, thus wept, this louely queene,
And in each drop, bathed a grace vnſeene.

76

Thrice twenty *Cupids* vnperceiued flew
To gather vp this licour, ere it fall,
And of each drop an arrow forged new,
Elſe, as it came, ſnatcht vp the chriſtall ball,
And at rebellious harts for wilde fire threw,
O wondrous loue! thou makeſt gaine of all;
For if ſhe weeping ſit, or ſmiling ſtand,
She bends thy bow, or kindleth elſe thy brand.

77

This forged plaint drew forth vnfained teares
From many eies, and pearſt each worthies hart,
Each one condoleth with her that her heares,
And of her griefe would helpe her beare the ſmart:
If *Godfrey* aide her not, not one but ſweares
Some tygreſſe gaue him ſucke, on rougheſt part
Midſt the rude crags, on Alpine cliffes aloft:
Hard is that hart which beautie makes not ſoft.

78

But iollie *Euſtace*, in whoſe breſt the brand
Of loue and pitie, kindled had the flame,
While other ſoftly whiſpred vnder hand
Before the Duke, with comely boldnes, came:
Brother and Lord (quoth he) too long you ſtand
In your firſt purpoſe, yet vouchſafe to frame
Your thoughts to ours, and lend this virgin aid:
Thanks are halfe loſt, when good turnes are delaid.

79

And thinke not that *Euſtaces* talke aſſaies
To turne theſe forces from this preſent war,
Or that I wiſh you ſhould your armies raiſe
From Sions walles, my ſpeech tends not ſo far:
But we that venter all, for fame and praiſe,
That to no charge nor ſeruice bounden ar,
Foorth of our troope may ten well ſpared bee
To ſuccour her, which nought can weaken thee.

80

And know, they ſhall in Gods high ſeruice fight,
That virgins innocent, ſaue and defend:
Deere will the ſpoiles be in the heauens ſight,
That from a tyrants hatefull head we rend:
Nor ſeem'd I forward in this Ladies right,
With hope of gaine or profit in the end;
But for I know he armes vnwoorthie beares,
To helpe a maidens cauſe, that ſhunnes or feares.

81

Ah! be it not pardie declar'd in France,
Or elſewhere told where courtſie is in priſe,
That we forſooke ſo faire a cheuiſance,
For doubt or feare that might from fight ariſe;
Elſe, here ſurrender I both ſword and lance,
And ſweare no more to vſe this martiall guiſe;
For ill deſerues he to be term'd a knight,
That beares a blunt ſword, in a Ladies right.

82

Thus parled he: and with confuſed ſound,
The reſt approued what the gallant ſaid.
Their Generall the knights encompaſt round,
With humble grace, and earneſt ſuit they praid:
I yeeld (quoth he) and be it happie found,
What I haue granted, let her haue your aid:
Yours be the thanks, for yours the danger is,
If ought ſucceed (as much I feare) amis.

83

But if with you my words may credit finde,
O temper then this heat miſguides you ſoe!
Thus much he ſaid: but they, with fancie blinde,
Accept his grant, and let his counſell goe.
What works not beautie, mans relenting minde,
Is eath to moue with plaints and ſhewes of woe:
Her lips caſt forth a chaine of ſugred words,
That captiue led moſt of the Chriſtian Lords.

84

Eustace recall'd her, and beſpake her thus:
Beauties chiefe darling, let theſe ſorrowes bee,
For ſuch aſſiſtance ſhall you finde in vs,
As with your need, or will, may beſt agree;
With that ſhe cheer'd her forehead dolorous,
And ſmil'd for ioy, that *Phebus* bluſht to ſee,
And had ſhe daign'd her vaile for to remoue,
The god himſelfe, once more, had falne in loue.

85

With that ſhe broke the ſilence once againe,
And gaue the knight great thanks in little ſpeach,
She ſaid ſhe would his handmaid poore remaine,
So far as honours lawes receiu'd no breach.
Her humble geſtures made the res'due plaine,
Dumbe eloquence, perſwading more, than ſpeach:
Thus women know, and thus they vſe the guiſe,
T'enchant the valiant, and beguile the wiſe.

86

And when ſhe ſaw her enterpriſe had got
Some wiſhed meane, of quicke and good proceeding,
She thought to ſtrike the iron that was hot;
For euerie action hath his howre of ſpeeding:
Medea or falſe *Circe* changed not,
So far the ſhapes of men, as her eies ſpreeding
Altred their harts, and with her *Sirens* ſound
In luſt, their minds; their harts, in loue ſhe drown'd.

87

All wilie ſleights, that ſubtile women know,
Howrely ſhe vs'd, to catch ſome louer new.
None kend the bent of her vnſtedfaſt bow,
For with the time her thoughts her lookes renew,
From ſome ſhe caſt her modeſt eies below,
At ſome her gazing glances roauing flew,
And while ſhe thus purſewd her wanton ſport,
She ſpurd the ſlow, and rain'd the forward ſhort.

88

If ſome, as hopeleſſe that ſhe would be wonne,
Forbore to loue, becauſe they durſt not moue her,
On them her gentle lookes to ſmile begonne,
As who ſay, ſhe is kinde, if you dare proue her:
On euerie hart thus ſhone this luſtfull ſonne,
All ſtroue to ſerue, to pleaſe, to wowe, to loue her,
And in their harts that chaſte and baſhfull weare,
Her eies hot glance diſſolu'd the froſt of feare.

89

On them, who durſt with fingring bold aſſay
To touch the ſoftnes of her tender skin,
She lookt as coy, as if ſhe liſt not play,
And made as things of worth were hard to win;
Yet tempred ſo her deignfull lookes alway,
That outward ſcorne ſhew'd ſtore of grace within:
Thus with falſe hope their longing harts ſhe fired,
For hardeſt gotten things, are moſt deſired.

90

Alone ſometimes ſhe walkt in ſecret where,
To ruminate vpon her diſcontent,
Within her eie-lids ſat the ſwelling teare,
Not powred forth, though ſprong from ſad lament;
And with this craft a thouſand ſoules welneare,
In ſnares of fooliſh ruth and loue ſhe hent,
And kept as ſlaues; by which we fitly proue,
That witleſſe pitie, breedeth fruitleſſe loue.

91

Sometimes, as if her hope vnlooſed had
The chaines of griefe, wherein her thoughts lay fettered,
Vpon her minions lookt ſhe blithe and glad,
In that deceitfull lore ſo was ſhe lettered;
Not glorious *Titan*, in his brightnes clad,
The ſun-ſhine of her face in luſter bettered:
For when ſhe liſt to cheare her beauties ſo,
She ſmil'd away the cloudes of griefe and wo.

92

Her double charme of ſmiles and ſugred words,
Lulled on ſleepe the vertue of their ſences,
Reaſon ſmall aide gainſt thoſe aſſaults affords,
Wiſedome no warrant from thoſe ſweet offences,
Cupids deepe riuers, haue their ſhallow fordes,
His griefes, bring ioyes; his loſſes recompences;
He breedes the ſore, and cures vs of the paine:
Achilles lance that wounds and heales againe.

93

While thus ſhe them torments twixt froſt and fier,
Twixt ioy and griefe, twixt hope and reſtleſſe feare,
The ſlie enchantreſſe, felt her gaine the nier,
Theſe were her flockes that golden fleeces beare:
But if ſome one durſt vtter his deſier,
And by complaining make his grieues appeare,
He labored hard rocks with plaints to moue,
She had not learn'd the Gamut then of loue.

94

For downe ſhe bent her baſhfull eies to ground,
And dond the weede of womens modeſt grace,
Downe from her eies welled the pearles round,
Vpon the bright Ennamell of her face;
Such honie drops on ſpringing flowres are found,
When *Phebus* holds the crimſen morne in chace;
Full ſeem'd her lookes of anger, and of ſhame;
Yet pitie ſhone tranſparent through the ſame.

95

If ſhe perceiued by his outward cheare,
That any would his loue by talke bewray,
Sometimes ſhe heard him, ſometimes ſtopt her eare,
And played faſt and looſe the liue-long day:
Thus all her louers kinde deluded weare,
Their earneſt ſuit got neither yea nor nay;
But like the ſort of wearie huntſmen fare,
That hunt all day, and loſe at night the hare.

96

Theſe were the artes by which ſhe captiued
A thouſand ſoules, of yong and luſtie knights;
Theſe were the armes wherewith loue conquered
Their feeble harts, ſubdew'd in wanton fights:
What wonder if *Achilles* were mis-led,
Or great *Alcides* at their Ladies ſights,
Since theſe true champions of the Lord aboue
Were thralles to beautie, yeelden ſlaues to loue.

The fifth Booke of Godfrey *of Bulloigne.*

The argument.

Gernando *ſcornes* Rinaldo *ſhould aſpire*
To rule that charge, for which he ſeekes and ſtriues,
And ſlanders him ſo far, that in his ire
The wronged knight his foe of life depriues:
Far from the campe the ſlayer doth retire,
Nor lets himſelfe be bound in chaines or giues:
Armide *departs content, and from the ſeas*
Godfrey *heares newes, which him and his diſpleas.*

While

1

WHile thus *Armida* falſe the knights miſled
In wandring errours of deceitfull loue,
And thought, beſides the champions promiſed,
The other Lordings in her aide to moue,
In *Godfreys* thought a ſtrong contention bred,
Who fitteſt were this hazard great to proue;
For all the worthies of th'aduentrers band
Were like in birth, in powre, in ſtrength of hand.

2

But firſt the Prince (by graue aduiſe) decreed
They ſhould ſome knight chuſe (at their owne election)
That in his charge Lord *Dudon* might ſucceed,
And of that glorious troope ſhould take protection;
So none ſhould grieue, diſpleaſed with the deed,
Nor blame the cauſer of their new ſubiection:
Beſides *Godfredo* ſhew'd by this deuice,
How much he held that regiment in price.

3

He call'd the worthies than, and ſpake them ſoe,
Lordings, you know I yeelded to your will,
And gaue you licence with this Dame to goe,
To win her kingdome, and that tyrant kill:
But now againe I let you further knoe,
In following her it may betide you ill;
Refraine therefore, and change this forward thought,
For death vnſent for, danger comes vnſought.

4

But if to ſhun theſe perils, ſought ſo far,
May ſeeme diſgracefull to the place you hold;
If graue aduiſe and prudent counſell, ar
Eſteem'd detractors from your courage bold;
Then know, I none againſt his will debar,
Nor what I granted earſt I now withhold;
But be mine empire (as it ought of right)
Sweet, eaſie, pleaſant, gentle, meeke and light.

5

Goe than or tarrie, each as likes him beſt,
Free powre I grant you on this enterpriſe;
But firſt in *Dudons* place (now laid in cheſt)
Chuſe you ſome other captaine, ſtout and wiſe:
Then ten appoint among the worthieſt,
But let no moe attempt this hard empriſe,
In this my will content you that I haue,
For powre conſtrain'd is but a glorious ſlaue.

6

Thus *Godfrey* ſaid, and thus his brother ſpake,
And anſwer'd for himſelfe and all his Peares;
My Lord, as well it fitteth thee to make
Theſe wiſe delaies, and caſt theſe doubts and feares:
So tis our part at firſt to vndertake,
Courage and haſte beſeemes our might and yeares;
And this proceeding with ſo graue aduiſe,
Wiſedome, in you; in vs, were cowardiſe.

7

Since than the feat is eaſie, danger none,
All ſet in battell and in hardie fight,
Doe thou permit the choſen ten to gone
And aide the damſell: thus deuis'd the knight,
To make men thinke the ſunne of honour ſhone,
There where the lampe of *Cupid* gaue the light:
The reſt perceiue his guile, and it approue,
And call that knighthood, which was childiſh loue.

8

But louing *Euſtace*, that with iealous eie
Beheld the worth of *Sophias* noble childe,
And his faire ſhape did ſecretly enuie,
Beſide the vertues in his breſt compilde,
(And for in loue he would no companie)
He ſtor'd his mouth with ſpeeches ſmoothly filde,
Drawing his riuall to attend his word,
Thus with faire ſleight he laid the knight abord.

9

Of great *Bertoldo* thou far greater haire,
Thou ſtar of knighthood, flowre of chiualrie,
Tell me, who now ſhall lead this ſquadron faire,
Since our late guide in marble cold doth lie?
I, that with famous *Dudon* might compaire
In all, but yeeres, hoare locks, and grauitie,
To whom ſhould I, Duke *Godfreys* brother, yeeld,
Vnleſſe to thee, the Chriſtian armies ſheeld?

10

Thee (whom high birth makes equall with the beſt)
Thine actes prefer both me and all beſorne,
Nor that in fight thou both ſurpaſſe the reſt
And *Godfreys* worthie ſelfe, I hold in ſcorne,
Thee to obey then am I only preſt,
Before theſe worthies be thine eagle borne,
This honour haply thou eſteemeſt light,
Whoſe day of glorie neuer yet found night.

11

Yet maiſt thou further (by this means) diſplay
The ſpreading wings of thy immortall fame,
I will procure it, if thou ſaiſt not nay,
And all their wils to thine election frame:
But for I ſcantly am reſolu'd which way
To bend my force, or where imploy the ſame,
Leaue me (I pray) at my diſcretion, free
To helpe *Armida*, or ſerue here with thee.

12

This laſt requeſt (for loue is euill to hide)
Empurpled both his cheekes with ſcarlet read,
Rinaldo ſoone his paſſions had deſcride,
And gently ſmiling turn'd aſide his head,
And, for weake *Cupid* was too feeble eide
To ſtrike him ſure, the fire in him was dead;
So that of riualls was he nought affraid,
Nor car'd he for the iourney or the maid:

13

But in his noble thought reuolu'd he oft
Dudons high proweſſe, death and buriall,
And how *Argantes* bore his plumes aloft,
Praiſing his fortune for that worthies fall;
Beſides, the knights ſweet words and praiſes ſoft
To his due honour did him fitly call,
And made his hart reioice, for well he knew
(Though much he prais'd him) all his words were trew.

14

Degrees (quoth he) of honours hie to hold,
I would them firſt deſerue, and then deſire;
And were my valour ſuch as you haue told,
Would I for that to higher place aſpire:
But if to honours due raiſe me you would,
I will not of my works refuſe the hire;
And much it glads me, that my powre and might
I praiſed is by ſuch a valiant knight.

15

I neither ſeeke it, nor refuſe the place,
Which if I get, the praiſe and thanks be thine.
Euſtace (this ſpoken) hied thence apace
To know which way his fellowes harts incline:
But Prince *Gernando* coueted the place,
Whom though *Armida* ſought to vndermine,
Gainſt him yet vaine did all her engins proue,
His pride was ſuch, there was no place for loue.

16

Gernando was the king of Norwaies ſonne,
That many a realme and region had to guide,
And for his elders lands and crownes had wonne,
His hart was puffed vp with endleſſe pride:
The other boaſts more what himſelfe had donne
Than all his anceſtors great actes beſide;
Yet his forefathers old before him weare
Famous in war and peace, fiue hundreth yeare.

17

This barb'rous Prince, who only vainly thought
That bliſſe in wealth and kingly powre doth lie,
And in reſpect eſteem'd all vertue nought,
Vnleſſe it were adorn'd with titles hie,
Could not endure, that to the place he ſought
A ſimple knight ſhould dare to preaſe ſo nie;
And in his breſt ſo boiled fell deſpite,
That ire and wrath exiled reaſon quite.

18

The hidden deuill, that lies in cloſe awate
To win the fort of vnbeleeuing man,
Found entrie there, where ire vndid the gate,
And in his boſome vnperceiued ran,
It fild his hart with malice, ſtrife and hate,
It made him rage, blaſpheme, ſweare, curſe and ban,
Inuiſible it ſtill attends him neare,
And thus each minute whiſp'reth in his eare.

19

What, ſhall *Rinaldo* match thee? dares he tell
Thoſe idle names of his vaine pedegree?
Then let him ſay (if thee he would excell)
What lands, what realmes his tributaries bee:
If his forefathers in the graues that dwell,
Were honored like thine that liue, let ſee,
Oh how dares one ſo meane aſpire ſo hie,
Borne in that ſeruile countrie Italie?

20

Now, if he win, or if he loſe the day,
Yet is his praiſe and glorie hence deriued,
For that the world will (to his credit) ſay,
Loe, this is he that with *Gernando* ſtriued.
The charge ſome-deale thee haply honour may,
That noble *Dudon* had while here he liued;
But laid on him, he would the office ſhame,
Let it ſuffice, he durſt deſire the ſame.

If

21

If when this breath from mans fraile bodie flies,
The ſoule take keepe, or know the things done heare,
Oh! how lookes *Dudon* from the glorious skies?
What wrath: what anger in his face appeare?
On this proud yongling while he bends his eies,
Marking how high he doth his feathers reare?
Seeing his raſh attempt, how ſoone he dare
(Though but a boy) with his great worth compare.

22

He dares not only, but he ſtriues and proues,
Where chaſtiſement were fit, there winnes he praiſe:
One counſels him, his ſpeech, him forward moues;
Another foole approueth all he ſaies:
If *Godfrey* fauour him more than behoues,
Why then he wrongeth thee an hundreth waies;
Nor let thy ſtate ſo far diſgraced bee,
But what thou art and canſt, let *Godfrey* ſee.

23

With ſuch falſe words the kindled fire began
To euerie vaine his pois'ned heat to reach,
It ſwell'd his ſcornefull hart, and forth it ran
At his proud lookes, and to audacious ſpeach;
All that he thought blame-worthie in the man,
To his diſgrace, that would he each-where preach;
He term'd him proud and vaine, his worth in fight
He call'd foole-hardice, raſhnes, madnes, right.

24

All that in him was rare or excellent,
All that was good, all that was princely found,
With ſuch ſharpe words as malice could inuent,
He blam'd (ſuch powre hath wicked tongue to wound)
The youth (for euerie where thoſe rumours went)
Of theſe reproches heard ſometimes the ſound;
Nor did for that his tongue the fault amend,
Vntill it brought him to his wofull end.

25

The curſed feend that ſet his tongue at large,
Still bred moe fancies in his idle braine,
His hart with ſlanders new did ouercharge,
And ſoothed him ſtill in his angrie vaine:
Amid the campe a place was broad and large,
Where one faire regiment might eaſly traine;
And there, in Tilt and harmleſſe Turnament
Their daies of reſt, the youthes and gallants ſpent.

There

26

There (as his fortune would it ſhould betide)
Amid the preaſe *Gernando* gan retire,
To vomit out his venome vneſpide,
Wherewith foule enuie did his hart inſpire.
Rinaldo heard him as he ſtood beſide,
And (as he could not bridle wrath and ire)
Thou lieſt, cride he lowd, and with that word
About his head he toſt his flaming ſword.

27

Thunder his voice, and lightning ſeem'd his brand,
So fell his looke and furious was his cheare,
Gernando trembled, for he ſaw at hand
Pale death, and neither helpe nor comfort neare;
Yet for the ſoldiers all to witnes ſtand,
He made proud ſigne as though he nought did feare,
But brauely drew his little helping blade,
And valiant ſhew of ſtrong reſiſtance made.

28

With that a thouſand blades of burniſht ſteele
Gliſtred on heapes, like flames of fire in ſight,
Hundreds, that knew not yet the quarell weele,
Ranne thither, ſome to gaze and ſome to fight:
The emptie aire a ſound confus'd did feele
Of murmurs low and outcries lowd on hight,
Like rolling waues, and Boreas angrie blaſts,
When roaring ſeas againſt the rocks he caſts.

29

But not for this the wronged warrior ſtaid
His iuſt diſpleaſure, and incenſed ire,
He car'd not what the vulgar did or ſaid,
To vengeance did his courage fierce aſpire:
Among the thickeſt weapons way he maid,
His thundring ſword made all on heapes retire,
So that of nere a thouſand ſtaid not one,
But prince *Gernando* bore the brunt alone.

30

His hand (too quicke to execute his wrath)
Performed all, as pleas'd his eie and hart,
At head and breſt oft times he ſtrooken hath,
Now at the right, now at the other part:
On euerie ſide thus did he harme and ſcath,
And oft beguil'd his ſight with nimble art,
That no defence the Prince of wounds acquits,
Where leaſt he thinkes, or feares, there moſt he hits.

Nor

31

Nor ceaſed he, till in *Gernandos* breſt
He ſheathed once or twiſe his furious blade;
Downe fell the hapleſſe Prince with death oppreſt,
A double way to his weake ſoule was made,
His bloodie ſword the victor wipte and dreit:
Nor longer by the ſlaughtred bodie ſtaide,
But ſped him thence, and ſoone appeaſed hath
His hate, his ire, his rancour and his wrath.

32

Call'd by the tumult, *Godfrey* drew him neare,
And there beheld a ſad and rufull ſight,
The ſignes of death vpon his face appeare,
With duſt and blood his locks were loathly dight,
Sighes and complaints on each ſide might he heare,
Made for the ſudden death of that great knight:
Amaz'd, he askt who durſt and did ſo much;
For yet he knew not whom the fault would tuch.

33

Arnoldo, minion of the Prince thus ſlaine,
Augments the fault in telling it, and ſaith,
This Prince is murdred, for a quarrell vaine,
By yong *Rinaldo*, in his deſp'rate wraith,
And with that ſword, that ſhould Chriſts law maintaine,
One of Chriſts champions bold he killed haith,
And this he did, in ſuch a place and howre,
As if he ſcorn'd your rule, deſpis'd your powre.

34

And further ads, that he deſerued death
By law, and law ſhould be inuiolate,
That none offence could greater be vneath,
And yet the place the fault did aggrauate:
If he eſcapte, that miſchiefe would take breath,
And flouriſh bold, in ſpite of rule and ſtate;
And that *Gernandos* friends would venge the wrong,
Although to iuſtice that ſhould firſt belong.

35

And by that meanes, ſhould diſcord, hate and ſtrife
Raiſe mutinies, and what thereof enſu'th:
Laſtly he prais'd the dead, and ſtill had rife
All words he thought could veng'ance moue or ruth.
Againſt him *Taucred* argued for life,
With honeſt reaſons to excuſe the yuth:
The Duke heard all, but with ſuch ſober cheare,
As baniſht hope, and ſtill encreaſed feare.

36

Graue Prince(quoth *Tancred*)ſet before thine eies
Rinaldos worth and courage,what it is,
How much our hope of conqueſt in him lies;
Regard that princely houſe and race of his;
He that correcteth euerie fault he ſpies,
And iudgeth all alike,doth all amis;
For faultes (you know)are greater thought or leſſe,
As is the perſons ſelfe,that doth tranſgreſſe.

37

Godfredo anſwer'd him,if high and low
Of ſoueraigne powre alike ſhould feele the ſtroke,
Than *Tancred* ill you counſell vs(I trow)
If Lords ſhould know no law as earſt you ſpoke,
How vile and baſe our empire were you know,
If none but ſlaues and peaſants beare the yoke;
Weake is the ſcepter and the powre is ſmall,
That ſuch prouiſoes brings annext withall.

38

But mine was freely giuen ere it was ſought,
Nor that it leſned be,I now conſent;
Right well know I both when and where I ought
To giue condigne reward,and puniſhment,
Since you are all in like ſubiection brought,
Both high and low obey,and be content.
This heard, *Tancredie* wiſely ſtaid his words,
Such weight the ſayings haue of kings and Lords.

39

Old *Raymond* prais'd his ſpeech(for old men thinke
They euer wiſeſt ſeeme when moſt ſeuere)
Tis beſt(quoth he)to make theſe great ones ſhrinke,
The people loue him whom the nobles feare:
There muſt the rule to all diſorders ſinke,
Where pardons,more than puniſhment,appeare;
For feeble is each kingdome,fraile and weake,
Vnleſſe his baſis be this feare I ſpeake.

40

Theſe words *Tancredie* heard and pondred well,
And by them wiſt how *Godfreys* thoughts were bent,
Nor liſt he longer with theſe old men dwell,
But turn'd his horſe and to *Rinaldo* went,
Who when his noble foe death wounded fell,
Withdrew him ſoftly to his gorgeous tent;
There *Tancred* found him,and at large declar'd
The words and ſpeeches ſharpe, which late you hard.

And

41

And ſaid, although I wot the outward ſhow
Is not true witnes of the ſecret thought,
For that ſome men ſo ſubtill are I trow,
That what they purpoſe moſt, appeereth nought;
Yet dare I ſay *Godfredo* meanes I know,
(Such knowledge hath his lookes and ſpeeches wrought)
You ſhall firſt priſner be, and then be tride,
As he ſhall deeme it good, and law prouide.

42

With that a bitter ſmile well might you ſee
Ridaldo caſt, with ſcorne and hie diſdaine,
Let them in fetters plead their cauſe (quoth hee)
That are baſe peaſants, borne of ſeruile ſtraine,
I was free borne, I liue, and will die free,
Before theſe feet be fettred in a chaine:
Theſe hands were made to ſhake ſharp ſpears & ſwords,
Not to be tide in giues and twiſted cords.

43

If my good ſeruice reape this recompence,
To be clapt vp in cloſe and ſecret mew,
And as a theefe be after dragd from thence,
To ſuffer puniſhment, as law findes dew;
Let *Godfrey* come or ſend, I will not hence,
Vntill we know who ſhall this bargaine rew,
That of our tragedie the late done fact,
May be the firſt, and this the ſecond, act.

44

Giue me mine armes he cride; his ſquire them brings,
And clad his head and breſt in iron ſtrong,
About his necke his ſiluer ſhield he flings,
Downe by his ſide a cutting ſword there hong;
Among this earthes braue Lords, and mightie kings,
Was none ſo ſtout, ſo fierce, ſo faire, ſo yong,
God *Mars* he ſeem'd deſcending from his ſpheare,
Or one whoſe lookes could make great *Mars* to feare.

45

Tancredie labour'd with ſome pleaſing ſpeach
His ſpirits fierce and courage to appeaſe:
Yong Prince, thy valour (thus he gan to preach)
Can chaſtiſe all that doe thee wrong, at eaſe,
I know your vertue can your enmies teach,
That you can venge you when and where you pleaſe:
But God forbid this day you lift your arme,
To doe this campe, and vs your friends, ſuch harme.

46

Tell me what will you doe? why would you ſtaine
Your noble hands in our vnguiltie blood?
By wounding Chriſtians will you againe
Pearſe Chriſt, whoſe parts they are and members good?
Will you deſtroy vs for your glorie vaine,
Vnſtaid as rolling waues in Ocean flood?
Far be it from you ſo to proue your ſtrength,
And let your zeale appeaſe your rage at length.

47

For Gods loue ſtay your heat, and iuſt diſpleaſure,
Appeaſe your wrath, your courage fierce aſſwage,
Patience, a praiſe; forbearance, is a treaſure;
Suffrance, an angell is; a monſter, rage:
At leaſt your actions by enſample meaſure,
And thinke how I in mine vnbridled age
Was wronged, yet I nould reuengement take
On all this campe, for one offenders ſake.

48

Cilicia conquer'd I, as all men wot,
And there the glorious croſſe on hie I reared,
But *Baldwine* came, and what I nobly got
Bereft me falſly, when I leaſt him feared;
He ſeem'd my friend, and I diſcouer'd not
His ſecret couetiſe which ſince appeered;
Yet ſtriue I not to get mine owne by fight,
Or ciuill war, although perchance I might.

49

If than you ſcorne to be in priſon pent,
If bonds, as hie diſgrace, your hands refuſe;
Or if your thoughts ſtill to maintaine are bent
Your libertie, as men of honour vſe:
To Antioch what if forthwith you went?
And leaue me here your abſence to excuſe,
There with Prince *Boemond* liue in eaſe and peace,
Vntill this ſtorme of *Godfreys* anger ceaſe.

50

For ſoone, if forces come from Egypt land,
Or other nations that vs here confine,
Godfrey will beaten be with his owne wand,
And feele he wants that valour great of thine,
Our campe may ſeeme an arme without a hand,
Amid our troopes vnleſſe thy eagle ſhine:
With that came *Guelpho* and thoſe words approued,
And praid him goe, if him he fear'd or loued.

Their

51

Their ſpeeches ſoften much the warriors hart,
And make his wilfull thoughts at laſt relent,
So that he yeelds, and ſaith he will depart,
And leaue the Chriſtian campe incontinent.
His friends, whoſe loue did neuer ſhrinke or ſtart,
Profred their aide, what way ſo ere he went:
He thankt them all, but left them all, beſides
Two bold and truſtie ſquires, and ſo he rides.

52

He rides, reuoluing in his noble ſpright
Such hawtie thoughts, as fill the glorious minde;
On hard aduentures was his whole delight,
And now to wondrous actes his will inclinde;
Alone againſt the Pagans would he fight,
And kill their kings from Egypt vnto Inde,
From Cinthias hils, and Nilus vnknowne ſpring,
He would fetch praiſe and glorious conqueſt bring.

53

But *Guelpho* (when the Prince his leaue had take,
And now had ſpurr'd his courſer on his way)
No longer tarriance with the reſt would make,
But haſtes to finde *Godfredo*, if he may:
Who ſeeing him approching, forthwith ſpake,
Guelpho (quoth he) for thee I only ſtay,
For thee I ſent my heralds all about,
In euerie tent to ſeeke and finde thee out.

54

This ſaid, he ſoftly drew the knight aſide
Where none might heare, and then beſpake him thus:
How chanceth it thy nephewes rage and pride,
Makes him ſo far forget himſelfe and vs?
Hardly could I beleeue what is betide,
A murder done for cauſe ſo friuolous,
How I haue lou'd him, thou and all can tell;
But *Godfrey* lou'd him, but whil'ſt he did well.

55

I muſt prouide that euerie one haue right,
That all be heard, each cauſe be well diſcuſt,
As far from partiall loue, as free from ſpight,
I heare complaints, yet nought but proues I truſt:
Now if *Rinaldo* weigh our rule ſo light,
And haue the ſacred lore of war ſo bruſt,
Take you the charge that he before vs come,
To cleare himſelfe and heare our vpright dome.

56

But let him come withouten bond or chaine,
For ſtill my thoughts to doe him grace are framed:
But if our powre he haply ſhall diſdaine,
(As well I know his courage yet vntamed)
To bring him by perſwaſion take ſome paine:
Elſe, if I proue ſeuere, both you be blamed,
That force my gentle nature (gainſt my thought)
To rigor, leaſt our lawes returne to nought.

57

Lord *Guelpho* anſwered thus: what hart can beare
Such ſlanders falſe, deuis'd by hate and ſpight?
Or with ſtaid patience, reproches heare,
And not reuenge by battaile and by fight?
The Norway Prince hath bought his follie deare,
But who with words could ſtay the angrie knight?
A foole is he that comes to preach or prate,
When men with ſwords their right and wrong debate.

58

And where you wiſh he ſhould himſelfe ſubmit
To heare the cenſure of your vpright lawes;
Alas, that cannot be, for he is flit
Out of this campe, withouten ſtay or pauſe.
There take my gage, behold I offer it
To him that firſt accus'd him in this cauſe,
Or any elſe that dare, and will maintaine
That for his pride the Prince was iuſtly ſlaine.

59

I ſay with reaſon Lord *Gernandos* pride
He hath abated, if he haue offended
Gainſt your commands, who are his Lord and guide,
Oh pardon him, that fault ſhall be amended.
If he be gone (quoth *Godfrey*) let him ride
And braule elſewhere, here let all ſtrife be ended:
And you Lord *Guelpho*, for your nephewes ſake,
Breed vs no new, nor quarrels old awake.

60

This while, the faire and falſe *Armida* ſtriued
To get her promiſt aide, in ſure poſſeſſion,
The day to end, with endleſſe plaint, ſhe driued;
Wit, beautie, craft for her made interceſſion:
But when the earth was once of light depriued,
And weſtren ſeas felt *Titans* hot impreſſion,
Twixt two old knights, and matrons twaine ſhe went,
Where pitched was her faire and curious tent.

But

61

But this falſe Queene of craft and ſlie inuention,
(Whoſe lookes, loues arrowes were; whoſe eies, his quiuers;
Whoſe beautie matchleſſe, free from reprehenſion,
(A wonder left by heau'n to after liuers)
Among the Chriſtian Lords had bred contention,
Who firſt ſhould quench his flames in *Cupids* riuers,
With all her weapons and her darts reherſed,
Had not *Godfredos* conſtant boſome perſed.

62

To change his modeſt thought the dame procureth,
And profreth heapes of loues entiſing treaſure:
But as the faulcon newly gorg'd endureth
Her keeper lure her oft, but comes at leaſure;
So he, whom fulneſſe of delight aſſureth,
What long repentance comes of loues ſhort pleaſure,
Her crafts, her artes, her ſelfe and all deſpiſeth,
So baſe affections fall, when vertue riſeth.

63

And not one foot his ſtedfaſt foot was moued
Out of that heau'nly path, wherein he paced,
Yet thouſand wiles, and thouſand waies, ſhe proued,
To haue that caſtle faire of goodnes raced:
She vs'd thoſe lookes and ſmiles, that moſt behoued
To melt the froſt which his hard hart imbraced,
And gainſt his breſt a thouſand ſhot ſhe ventred,
Yet was the fort ſo ſtrong it was not entred.

64

The Dame who thought that one blinke of her eie,
Could make the chaſteſt hart feele loues ſweet paine,
Oh, how her pride abated was hereby!
When all her ſleights were voide, her crafts were vaine,
Some other where ſhe would her forces trie,
Where at more eaſe ſhe might more vantage gaine,
As tired ſoldiers whom ſome fort keepes out,
Thence raiſe their ſiege, and ſpoile the townes about.

65

But yet alwaies the wilie witch could finde,
Could not *Tancredes* hart to loue-ward moue,
His ſailes were filled with another winde,
He liſt no blaſt of new affection proue;
For, as one poiſon doth exclude by kinde
Anothers force, ſo loue excludeth loue:
Theſe two alone nor more, nor leſſe the Dame
Could win, the reſt all burnt in her ſweet flame.

66

The Princeſſe (though her purpoſe would not frame,
As late ſhe hoped,and as ſtill ſhe would)
Yet,for the Lords and knights of greateſt name
Became her pray,as earſt you heard it told;
She thought,ere truth-reuealing time,or fame
Bewraid her act,to lead them to ſome hold,
Where chains & bands ſhe meant to make them proue,
Compos'd by *Vulcan*, not by gentle loue.

67

The time prefixt at length was come and paſt,
Which *Godfrey* had ſet downe,to lend her aid,
When at his feet her ſelfe to earth ſhe caſt,
The howre is come(my Lord)ſhe humbly ſaid;
And if the tyrant haply heare at laſt,
His baniſht neece hath your aſſiſtance praid,
He will in armes(to ſaue his kingdome)riſe,
So ſhall we harder make this enterpriſe.

68

Before report can bring the tyrant newes,
Or his eſpials certifie their king,
O let thy goodnes theſe few champions chuſe,
That to her kingdome ſhould thy handmaid bring;
Who,except heauen to aide the right refuſe,
Recouer ſhall her crowne,from whence ſhall ſpring
Thy profit;for betide thee peace or war,
Thine all her cities,all her ſubiects ar.

69

The captaine ſage the damſell faire aſſured,
His word was paſt,and ſhould not be recanted,
And ſhe with ſweet and humble grace endured
To let him point thoſe ten,which late he granted:
But to be one,each one ſought and procured,
No ſuit,entreatie,interceſſion wanted;
Their enuie each at others loue exceeded,
And all importunate made,more than needed.

70

She (that well ſaw the ſecret of their harts)
And knew how beſt to warme them in their blood,
Againſt them threw the curſed poyſon'd darts
Of iealouſie,and griefe at others good,
For loue ſhe wiſt was weake without thoſe arts,
And ſlow; for iealouſie,is *Cupids* food;
For the ſwift ſteed runs not ſo faſt alone,
As when ſome ſtraine,ſome ſtriue him to outgone.

Her

71

Her words in ſuch alluring ſort ſhe framed,
Her lookes entiſing, and her wowing ſmiles,
That euerie one his fellowes fauours blamed,
That of their miſtris he receiu'd erewhiles:
This fooliſh crew of louers, vnaſhamed,
Mad with the poyſon of her ſecret wiles,
Ran forward ſtill, in this diſordred ſort,
Nor could *Godfredoes* bridle raine them ſhort.

72

He that would ſatisfie each good deſire
(Withouten partiall loue) of euerie knight,
Although he ſweld with ſhame, with griefe and ire,
To ſee theſe follies, and theſe faſhions light;
Yet ſince by no aduice they would retire,
Another way he ſought, to ſet them right:
Write all your names (quoth he) and ſee whom chance
Of lot, to this exploit will firſt aduance.

73

Their names were writ, and in a helmet ſhaken,
While each did fortunes grace and aid implore;
At laſt they drew them, and the formoſt taken
The Earle of Pembrooke was, *Artimidore*,
Doubtleſſe the Countie thought his bread well baken;
Next *Gerrard* follow'd, then with treſſes hore
Old *Wenceſlaus*, that felt *Cupids* rage
Now in his doting, and his dying age.

74

Oh how contentment in their foreheads ſhined!
Their lookes with ioy; thoughts ſweld with ſecret pleaſure,
Theſe three it ſeemed good ſucceſſe deſined
To make the Lords of loue, and beauties treaſure:
Their doubtfull fellowes at their hap repined,
And with ſmall patience wait fortunes leaſure,
Vpon his lips that red the ſcrowles attending,
As if their liues were on his words depending.

75

Guaſcar the fourth, *Ridolpho* him ſucceedes,
Then *Vldericke* whom loue liſt ſo aduance,
Lord *William* of Ronciglion next he reedes,
Then *Eberard*, and *Henrie* borne in France,
Rambaldo laſt, whom wicked luſt ſo leedes,
That he forſooke his Sauiour with miſchance;
This wretch the tenth was, who was thus deluded,
The reſt to their huge griefe were all excluded.

76

Orecome with enuie, wrath and iealouſie,
The reſt blinde fortune curſe, and all her lawes,
And mad with loue, yet out on loue they crie,
That in his kingdome let her iudge their cauſe:
And for mans minde is ſuch, that oft we trie
Things moſt forbidden, without ſtay or pauſe,
In ſpite of fortune, purpos'd many a knight,
To follow faire *Armida* when 'twas night.

77

To follow her, by night or elſe by day,
And in her quarell venture life and lim:
With ſighes and teares ſhe gan them ſoftly pray
To keepe that promiſe, when the skies were dim,
To this and that knight, did ſhe plaine, and ſay
What griefe ſhe felt to part withouten him:
Meane-while the ten had dond their armour beſt,
And taken leaue of *Godfrey* and the reſt.

78

The Duke aduis'd them euery one apart,
How light, how truſtleſſe was the Pagans faith,
And told what policie, what wit, what art,
Auoides deceit, which heedleſſe men betrai'th;
His ſpeeches pearſe their eare, but not their hart,
Loue calles it follie, what ſo wiſdome ſaith:
Thus warn'd he leaues them to their wanton guide,
Who parts that night; ſuch haſte had ſhe to ride.

79

The conquereſſe departs, and with her led
Theſe priſoners, whom loue would captiue keepe,
The harts of thoſe ſhe left behinde her, bled,
With point of ſorrowes arrow pearſed deepe.
But when the night her drouſie mantle ſpred,
And fild the earth with ſilence, ſhade and ſleepe,
In ſecret ſort then each forſooke his tent,
And as blinde *Cupid* led them, blinde they went.

80

Euſtatio firſt, who ſcantly could forbeare,
Till friendly night might hide his haſte and ſhame,
He road in poſte, and let his beaſt him beare
As his blinde fancie would his iourney frame,
All night he wandred and he wiſt not wheare;
But with the morning he eſpide the Dame,
That with her gard vp from a village rode,
Where ſhe and they that night had made abode.

Thither

81

Thither he gallopt faſt, and drawing nere
Rambaldo knew the knight, and lowdly cride,
Whence comes yong *Euſtace*, and what ſeekes he here?
I come (quoth he) to ſerue the Queene *Armide*,
If ſhe accept me, would we all were there
Where my good-will and faith might beſt be tride.
Who (quoth the other) chuſeth thee to proue
This hie exploit of hers? he anſwered, loue.

82

Loue hath *Euſtatio* choſen, fortune thee,
In thy conceit which is the beſt election?
Nay then theſe ſhiftes are vaine, replied hee,
Theſe titles falſe ſerue thee for no protection,
Thou canſt not here for this admitted bee
Our fellow ſeruant, in this ſweete ſubiection.
And who (quoth *Euſtace* angrie) dares denie
My fellowſhip? *Rambaldo* anſwered, I.

83

And with that word his cutting ſword he drew,
That gliſtred bright and ſparkled flaming fire,
Vpon his foe the other champion flew,
With equall courage and with equall ire.
The gentle Princeſſe (who the danger knew)
Betweene them ſtept and prai'd them both retire.
Rambald (quoth ſhe) why ſhould you grudge or plaine,
If I a champion, you an helper gaine?

84

If me you loue, why wiſh you me depriued
(In ſo great need) of ſuch a puiſſant knight?
But welcome *Euſtace*, in good time arriued,
Defender of my ſtate, my life, my right,
I wiſh my hapleſſe ſelfe no longer liued,
When I eſteeme ſuch good aſſiſtance light:
Thus talkt they on and trauail'd on their way,
Their fellowſhip encreaſing euery day.

85

From euerie ſide they come, yet wiſt there none
Of others comming or of others minde,
She welcomes all, and telleth euerie one,
What ioy her thoughts in his arriuall finde.
But when Duke *Goafrey* wiſt his knights were gone,
Within his breſt his wiſer ſoule deuinde
Some hard miſhap vpon his friends ſhould light,
For which he ſigh'd all day, and wept all night.

86

A meſſenger(while thus he mus'd)drew neare,
All ſoil'd with duſt and ſweat,quite out of breath,
It ſeem'd the man did heauie tidings beare,
Vpon his lookes ſat newes of loſſe and death:
My Lord(quoth he)ſo many ſhips appeare
At ſea,that *Neptune* beares the load vneath,
From Egypt come they all,this lets thee weete
William Lord Amrall of the Genoa fleete.

87

Beſides,a conuoy (comming from the ſhore
With vittaile for this noble campe of thine)
Surpriſed was,and loſt is all that ſtore,
Mules,horſes,camels loden,corne and wine,
Thy ſeruants fought till they could fight no more;
For all were ſlaine or captiues made in fine:
Th'Arabian outlawes them aſſail'd by night,
When leaſt they fear'd,and leaſt they lookt for fight.

88

Their franticke boldnes doth preſume ſo far,
That many Chriſtians haue they falſly ſlaine,
And like a raging flood they ſparſed ar,
And ouerflow each countrie,field and plaine;
Send therefore ſome ſtrong troopes of men of war,
To force them hence,and driue them home againe,
And keepe the waies betweene theſe tents of thine,
And thoſe broad ſeas,the ſeas of Paleſtine.

89

From mouth to mouth the heauie rumour ſpred
Of theſe misfortunes,which diſperſed wide
Among the ſoldiers, great amaſement bred,
Famine they doubt,and new come foes beſide:
The Duke (that ſaw their woonted courage fled,
And in the place thereof weake feare eſpide)
With merrie lookes theſe cheerefull words he ſpake,
To make them hart againe and courage take.

90

You champions bold,with me that ſcaped haue
So many dangers,and ſuch hard aſſaies,
Whom ſtill your God did keepe,defend and ſaue,
In all your battailes,combats,fights and fraies,
You that ſubdew'd the Turks and Perſians braue,
That thirſt and hunger held in ſcorne alwaies,
And vanquiſht hils,and ſeas,with heat and cold,
Shall vaine reports appall your courage bold?

91

That Lord, who helpt you out at euerie need,
When ought befell this glorious campe amis,
Shall fortune all your actions well to ſpeed,
On whom his mercie large extended is;
Tofore his tombe, when conquering hands you ſpreed,
With what delite will you remember this?
Be ſtrong therefore, and keepe your valours hie
To honour, conqueſt, fame and victorie.

92

Their hope's halfe dead and courage well-nie loſt,
Reuiu'd, with theſe braue ſpeeches of their guide;
But in his breſt a thouſand cares he toſt,
Although his ſorrowes he could wiſely hide;
He ſtudied how to feed that mightie hoſt,
In ſo great ſcarceneſſe; and what force prouide
He ſhould, againſt th'Egyptian warriors ſlie,
And how ſubdue thoſe theeues of Arabie.

The ſixth Booke of Godfrey *of Bulloigne.*

The argument.

Argantes *calles the Chriſtians out to iuſt:*
Otho *not choſen doth his ſtrength aſſay,*
But from his ſaddle tumbleth in the duſt,
And captiue to the towne is ſent away:
Tancred *begins new fight and when both truſt*
To win the praiſe and palme, night ends the fray:
Erminia *hopes to cure her wounded knight,*
And from the citie armed rides by night.

1

BVt better hopes had them recomforted
That lay beſieged in the ſacred towne;
With new ſupplie late were they vittailed,
When night obſcur'd the earth with ſhadowes browne,
Their armes and engins on the walles they ſpred,
Their ſlings to caſt, and ſtones to tumble downe;
And all that ſide which to the northward lies,
High rampires and ſtrong bulwarks fortifies.

Their

2

Their warie king commands now here now there,
To build this tõwre, to make that bulwarke ſtrong,
Whither the ſunne, the moone, or ſtars appere,
To giue them light, to worke no time comes wrong:
In euerie ſtreet new weapons forged were,
By cunning ſmithes, ſweating with labour long;
While thus the carefull Prince prouiſion maide,
To him *Argantes* came, and boaſting ſaid.

3

How long ſhall we (like priſoners in chaines)
Captiued lie inclos'd within this wall?
I ſee your workmen taking endleſſe paines
To make new weapons, for no vſe at all;
Meane-while theſe weſtren theeues deſtroy the plaines,
Your townes are burnt, your forts and caſtels fall,
Yet none of vs dares at theſe gates out-peepe,
Or ſound one trumpet ſhrill to breake their ſleepe.

4

Their time in feaſting and good cheere they ſpend,
Nor dare we once their bankets ſweet moleſt,
The daies and nights they bring likewiſe to end,
In peace, aſſurance, quiet, eaſe and reſt:
But we muſt yeeld, whom hunger ſoone will ſhend,
And make for peace (to ſaue our liues) requeſt,
Elſe (if th'Egyptian armie ſtay too long)
Like cowards die within this fortreſſe ſtrong.

5

Yet neuer ſhall my courage great conſent
So vile a death ſhould end my noble daies,
Nor on mine armes, within theſe walles ipent,
To morrowes ſun ſhall ſpread his timely raies:
Let ſacred heau'ns diſpoſe (as they are bent)
Of this fraile life, yet not withouten praiſe
Of valour, proweſſe, might, *Argantes* ſhall
Inglorious die, or vnreuenged fall.

6

But if the rootes of wonted chiualrie
Be not quite dead, your princely breſt within,
Deuiſe not how with fame and praiſe to die,
But how to liue, to conquer and to win;
Let vs together at theſe gates out-flie,
And skirmiſh bold, and bloodie fight begin;
For when laſt need to deſperation driueth,
Who dareth moſt, he wiſeſt counſell giueth.

7

But if in field your wiſdome dare not venter
To hazard all your troopes to doubtfull fight,
Then binde your ſelfe to *Godfrey* by endenter,
To end your quarels, by one ſingle knight:
And, for the Chriſtian this accord ſhall enter
With better will, ſay ſuch you know your right,
That he the weapons, place and time, ſhall chuſe,
And let him for his beſt, that vantage vſe.

8

For though your foe had hands, like *Hector* ſtrong,
With hart vnfear'd, and courage ſterne and ſtout,
Yet no misfortune can your iuſtice wrong,
And what that wanteth, ſhall this arme helpe out,
In ſpite of fate ſhall this right hand ere long,
Returne victorious: if hereof you dout,
Take it for pledge, wherein if truſt you haue,
It ſhall your ſelfe defend and kingdome ſaue.

9

Bold youth (the tyrant thus began to ſpeake)
Although I with'red ſeeme with age and yeares,
Yet are not theſe old armes ſo faint and weake,
Nor this hoare head ſo full of doubts and feares;
But when as death this vitall threed ſhall breake,
He ſhall my courage heare, my death who heares:
And *Aladine* that liu'd a king and knight,
To his faire morne will haue an euening bright.

10

But that (which yet I would haue further blaiſed)
To thee in ſecret ſhall be told and ſpoken,
Great *Soliman* of Nice (ſo far ipraiſed,
To be reuenged, for his ſcepter broken)
The men of armes of Arabie hath raiſed,
From Inde to Afrike, and (when we giue token)
Attends the fauour of the friendly night
To vittaile vs, and with our foes to fight.

11

Now though *Godfredo* hold by warlike feat
Some caſtles poore, and fortes in vile oppreſſion,
Care not for that; for ſtill our princely ſeat,
This ſtately towne, we keepe in our poſſeſſion:
But thou appeaſe and calme that courage great,
Which in thy boſome makes ſo hot impreſſion;
And ſtay fit time, which will betide ere long,
T'encreaſe thy glorie, and reuenge our wrong.

The

12

The Saracine at this was inly ſpited,
Who *Soliman's* great worth had long enuied,
To heare him praiſed thus he nought delited,
Nor that the king vpon his aide relied:
Within your powre(ſir king)he ſaies,vnited
Are peace and war,nor ſhall that be denied;
But for the Turke and his Arabian band,
He loſt his owne,ſhall he defend your land?

13

Perchance he comes ſome heau'nly meſſengare,
Sent downe to ſet the Pagan people free,
Then let *Argantes* for himſelfe take care:
This ſword(I truſt)ſhall well ſafeconduct mee:
But while you reſt and all your forces ſpare,
That I goe foorth to war at leaſt agree,
Though not your champion,yet a priuate knight,
I will ſome Chriſtian proue in ſingle fight.

14

The king replied,though thy force and might
Should be reſeru'd,to better time and vſe;
Yet that thou challenge ſome renowned knight,
Among the Chriſtians bold I not refuſe.
The warrior breathing out deſire of fight,
An herald call'd,and ſaid,go tell theſe newes
To *Godfreys* ſelfe,and to the weſtren Lords,
And in their hearings boldly ſay theſe words.

15

Say that a knight(who holds in great diſdaine
To be thus cloſed vp in ſecret mew)
Will with his ſword in open field maintaine,
(If any dare denie his words for trew)
That no deuotion(as they falſly faine)
Hath mou'd the French theſe countries to ſubdew;
But vile ambition,and prides hatefull vice,
Deſire of rule and ſpoile,and couetice.

16

And that to fight I am not only preſt
With one or two that dare defend the cauſe,
But come the fourth or fift,come all the reſt,
Come all that will,and all that weapon drawes,
Let him that yeelds obey the victors heſt,
As wils the lore of mightie *Mars* his lawes:
This was the challenge that fierce Pagan ſent,
The herald dond his coate of armes, and went.

17

And when the man before the preſence came
Of princely *Godfrey*, and his captaines bold;
My Lord (quoth he) may I withouten blame
Before your grace, my meſſage braue vnfold?
Thou maiſt, he anſwer'd, we approue the ſame,
Withouten feare, be thine ambaſſage told.
Then (quoth the herald) ſhall your highnes ſee,
If this ambaſſage ſharpe or pleaſing bee.

18

The challenge gan he then at large expoſe,
With mightie threats, high termes and glorious words,
On euerie ſide an angrie murmur roſe,
To wrath ſo moued were the knights and Lords.
Then *Godfrey* ſpake and ſaid, the man hath choſe
An hard exploit, but when he feeles our ſwords,
I truſt we ſhall ſo faire intreat the knight,
As to excuſe the fourth or fift of fight.

19

But let him come and proue, the field I grant,
Nor wrong nor treaſon let him doubt or feare,
Some here ſhall pay him for his glorious vant,
Without or guile or vantage, that I ſweare.
The herald turn'd when he had ended ſcant,
And haſted backe the way he came whileare,
Nor ſtaid he ought, nor once foreſlow'd his pace,
Till he beſpake *Argantes* face to face.

20

Arme you, my Lord, he ſaid, your bold defies
By your braue foes accepted boldly beene,
This combat neither high nor low denies,
Ten thouſand wiſh to meete you on the greene;
A thouſand frown'd with angrie flaming eies,
And ſhakt for rage their ſwords and weapons keene;
The field is ſafely granted by their guide,
This ſaid, the champion for his armour cride.

21

While he was arm'd, his hart for ire nie brake,
So earnd his courage hot his foe to finde:
The king, to faire *Clorinda* preſent, ſpake;
If he goe foorth, remaine not you behinde,
But of our ſoldiers beſt a thouſand take,
To garde his perſon and your owne aſſignde;
Yet let him meete alone the Chriſtian knight,
And ſtand your ſelfe aloofe, while they two fight.

22

Thus ſpake the king, and ſoone without aboad
The troope went forth in ſhining armour clad,
Before the reſt the Pagan champion road,
His wonted armes and enſignes all he had:
A goodly plaine diſplayed wide and broad,
Betweene the citie and the campe was ſprad,
A place like that wherein proud Rome beheild
He forward yong men menage ſpeare and ſheild.

23

There all alone *Argantes* tooke his ſtand,
Defying Chriſt, and all his ſeruants trew,
In ſtature, ſtomacke, and in ſtrength of hand,
In pride, preſumption, and in dreadfull ſhew,
Encelade like, on the Phlegrean ſtrand,
Or that huge giant *Iſhaies* infant ſlew;
But his fierce ſemblant they eſteemed light,
For moſt not knew, or elſe not fear'd, his might.

24

As yet not one had *Godfrey* ſingled out
To vndertake this hardie enterpries,
But on prince *Tancred* ſaw he all the rout
Had fixt their wiſhes, and had caſt their eies,
On him he ſpide them gazing round about,
As though their honour on his proweſſe lies,
And now they whiſpred lowder what they ment,
Which *Godfrey* heard and ſaw, and was content.

25

The reſt gaue place; for euerie one deſcride
To whom their chieftaines will did moſt incline,
Tancred (quoth he) I pray thee calme the pride,
Abate the rage, of yonder Sarracine:
No longer would the choſen champion bide,
His face with ioy, his eies with gladnes ſhine,
His helme he tooke, and readie ſteed beſtroad,
And guarded with his truſtie friends, forth road.

26

But ſcantly had he ſpurr'd his courſer ſwift
Neere to that plaine, where proud *Argantes* ſtaid,
When vnawares his eies he chanſt to lift,
And on the hill beheld the warlike maid,
As white as ſnowe vpon the Alpine clift
The virgin ſhone, in ſiluer armes arraid,
Her ventall vp ſo hie, that he deſcride
Her goodly viſage, and her beauties pride.

He

27

He ſaw not where the Pagan ſtood, and ſtared,
As if with lookes he would his foeman kill,
But full of other thoughts he forward fared,
And ſent his lookes before him vp the hill,
His geſture ſuch his troubled ſoule declared,
At laſt as marble rocke he ſtandeth ſtill,
Stone-cold, without; within, burnt with loues flame,
And quite forgot himſelfe, and why he came.

28

The challenger, that yet ſawe none appeare
That made or ſigne or ſhew he came to iuſt,
How long (cride he) ſhall I attend you heare?
Dares none come forth? dares none his fortune truſt?
The other ſtood amaz'd, loue ſtopt his eare,
He thinks on *Cupid*, thinke of *Mars* who luſt;
But forth ſtart *Otho* bold, and tooke the field,
A gentle knight, whom God from danger ſhield.

29

This youth was one of thoſe, who late deſired
With that vaine-glorious boaſter to haue fought,
But *Tancred* choſen, he and all retired:
Yet to the field the valiant Prince they brought,
Now when his ſlacknes he a while admired,
And ſaw elſe-where employed was his thought,
Nor that to iuſt (though choſen) once he profred,
He boldly tooke that fit occaſion offred.

30

No tyger, panther, ſpotted leopard,
Runs halfe ſo ſwift, the forreſts wilde among,
As this yong champion haſted thitherward,
Where he attending ſaw the Pagan ſtrong:
Tancredie ſtarted with the noiſe he hard,
As wakt from ſleepe, where he had dreamed long,
Oh ſtay he cride, to me belongs this war,
But cride too late, *Otho* was gone too far.

31

Then full of furie, anger and deſpite,
He ſtaid his horſe, and waxed red for ſhame,
The fight was his, but now diſgraced quite
Himſelfe he thought, another plaid his game;
Meane-while the Sarracine did hugely ſmite
On *Othoes* helme, who to requite the ſame,
His foe quite through his ſeu'n-fold targe did beare,
And in his breſt-plate ſtucke and broke his ſpeare.

32

Th'incounter ſuch, vpon the tender gras,
Downe from his ſteed the Chriſtian backward fell;
Yet his proud foe ſo ſtrong and ſturdie was,
That he nor ſhooke, nor ſtaggred in his cell,
But to the knight, that lay full lowe (alas)
In high diſdaine his will thus gan he tell,
Yeeld thee my ſlaue, and this thine honour be,
Thou maiſt report thou haſt encountred me.

33

Not ſo (quoth he) pardie its not the guiſe
Of Chriſtian knights, though falne, ſo ſoone to yeeld;
I can my fall excuſe in better wiſe,
And will reuenge this ſhame, or die in feeld.
The great Circaſſian bent his frowning eies,
Like that grim viſage in *Mineruaes* ſheeld,
Then learne (quoth he) what force *Argantes* vſeth
Againſt that foole, that profred grace refuſeth.

34

With that he ſpurr'd his horſe with ſpeed and haſte,
(Forgetting what good knights to vertue owe)
Otho his furie ſhunn'd, and (as he paſt)
At his right ſide he reacht a noble blowe,
Wide was the wound, the blood outſtreamed faſt,
And from his ſide fell to his ſtirrup lowe:
But what auailes to hurt, if wounds augment
Our foes fierce courage, ſtrength and hardiment?

35

Argantes nimbly turn'd his readie ſtead,
And ere his foe was wiſt or well aware,
Againſt his ſide he droue his courſers head,
What force could he gainſt ſo great might prepare?
Weake were his feeble ioints, his courage dead,
His hart amaz'd, his paleneſſe ſhew'd his care,
His tender ſide gainſt the hard earth he caſt,
Sham'd, with the firſt fall; bruiſed, with the laſt.

36

The victor ſpurr'd againe his light-foot ſtead,
And made his paſſage ouer *Othos* hart,
And cride; theſe fooles thus vnder foot I tread,
That dare contend with me in equall mart.
Tancred for anger ſhooke his noble head,
So was he grieu'd with that vnknightly part;
The fault was his, he was ſo ſlowe before,
With double valour would he ſalue that ſore.

37

Forward he gallopt faſt,and lowdly cride:
Villaine (quoth he) thy conqueſt is thy ſhame,
What praiſe,what honour ſhall this fact betide?
What gaine,what guerdon ſhall befall the ſame?
Among th'Arabian theeues thy face goe hide,
Far from reſort of men of worth and fame,
Or elſe in woods and mountaines wilde,by night,
On ſauage beaſts,imploy thy ſauage might.

38

The Pagan patience neuer knew,nor vſed,
Trembling for ire,his ſandie locks he tore,
Out from his lips flew ſuch a ſound confuſed,
As lions make,in deſarts thicke which rore;
Or as when clouds together cruſht and bruſed,
Powre downe a tempeſt by the Caſpian ſhore:
So was his ſpeech imperfect,ſtopt and broken,
He roar'd and thrund'red,when he ſhould haue ſpoken.

39

But when with threats they both had whetted keene
Their eager rage,their furie,ſpite and ire,
They turn'd their ſteeds,and left large ſpace betweene,
To make their forces greater,proaching nire,
With termes that warlike and that worthie beene:
(O ſacred muſe)my hawtie thoughts inſpire,
And make a trumpet of my ſlender quill,
To thunder out this furious combat ſhrill.

40

Theſe ſonnes of *Manors* bore (in ſtead of ſpeares)
Two knottie maſts,which none but they could lift,
Each foming ſteed ſo faſt his maſter beares,
That neuer beaſt,bird,ſhaft flew halfe ſo ſwift;
Such was their furie,as when *Boreas* teares
The ſhattred crags from *Taurus* northren clift,
Vpon their helmes their lances long they broke,
And vp to heau'n flew ſplinters,ſparks,and ſmoke.

41

The ſhocke made all the towres and turrets quake,
And woods and mountaines all nie-hand reſound;
Yet could not all that force and furie ſhake
The valiant champions,nor their perſons wound;
Together hurtled both their ſteedes,and brake
Each others necke,the riders lay on ground:
But they (great maſters of wars dreadfull art)
Pluckt forth their ſwords and ſoone from earth vp ſtart.

42

Cloſe at his ſureſt warde each warriour lieth,
He wiſely guides his hand, his foot, his eie,
This blow he proueth, that defence he trieth,
He trauerſeth, retireth, preaſeth nie,
Now ſtrikes he out, and now he falſifieth,
This blowe he wardeth, that he lets ſlip bie,
And for aduantage oft he lets ſome part
Diſcouer'd ſeeme, thus art deludeth art.

43

The Pagan ill defenſt with ſword or targe
Tancredies thigh (as he ſuppos'd) eſpide,
And reaching forth gainſt it his weapon large,
Quite naked to his foe leaues his left ſide;
Tancred auoideth quicke his furious charge,
And gaue him eeke a wound deepe, ſore and wide;
That donne himſelfe ſafe to his ward retired,
His courage prais'd by all, his skill admired.

44

The proud Circaſſian ſaw his ſtreaming blood,
Downe from his wound (as from a fountaine) running,
He ſigh'd for rage, and trembled as he ſtood,
He blam'd his fortune, follie, want of cunning;
He lift his ſword aloft, for ire nigh wood,
And forward ruſht: *Tancred* his furie ſhunning,
With a ſharpe thruſt once more the Pagan hit,
To his broad ſhoulder where his arme is knit.

45

Like as a beare through pearſed with a dart,
Within the ſecret woods, no further flieth,
But bites the ſenſeleſſe weapon mad with ſmart,
Seeking reuenge till vnreueng'd ſhe dieth;
So mad *Argantes* far'd, when his proud hart
Wound vpon wound, and ſhame on ſhame eſpieth,
Deſire of veng'ance ſo orecame his ſenſes,
That he forgot all dangers, all defenſes.

46

Vniting force extreme, with endleſſe wrath,
Supporting both with youth and ſtrength vntired,
His thundring blowes ſo faſt about he la'th,
That skies and earth the flying ſparkles fired:
His foe to ſtrike one blow no leaſure hath,
Scantly he breathed, though he oft deſired,
His warlike skill and cunning all was waſte,
Such was *Argantes* force, and ſuch his haſte.

Long

47

Long time *Tancredie* had in vaine attended,
When this huge ſtorme ſhould ouerblow and pas,
Some blowes his mightie target well defended,
Some fell beſide and wounded deepe the gras;
But when he ſaw the tempeſt neuer ended,
Nor that the Painims force ought weaker was,
He high aduanſt his cutting ſword at length,
And rage to rage oppos'd, and ſtrength to ſtrength.

48

Wrath bore the ſway, both art and reaſon faile,
Furie new force and courage new ſupplies,
Their armours forged were of mettall fraile,
On euery ſide, thereof huge cantels flies,
The land was ſtrowed all with plate and maile,
That, on the earth; on that, their warme blood lies,
And at each ruſh and euery blowe they ſmote,
Thunder, the noiſe; the ſparks, ſeem'd lightning hote.

49

The Chriſtian people and the Pagans gazed,
On this fierce combat, wiſhing oft the end,
Twixt hope and feare they ſtood long time amaſed,
To ſee the knights aſſaile and eeke defend:
Yet neither ſigne they made, nor noiſe they raiſed,
But for the iſſue of the fight attend,
And ſtood as ſtill, as life and ſenſe they wanted,
Saue that their harts within their boſoms panted.

50

Now were they tired both, and well-nie ſpent,
Their blowes ſhew'd greater will, then powre to wound:
But night her gentle daughter darknes, ſent
With friendly ſhade, to ouerſpread the ground,
Two heralds to the fighting champions went,
To part the fray, as law of armes them bound,
Aridens borne in France, and wiſe *Pindore*,
The man that brought the challenge proud before.

51

Theſe men their ſcepters interpoſe, betweene
The doubtfull hazards of vncertaine fight;
For ſuch their priuilege hath euer beene,
The law of nations doth defend their right;
Pindore began, ſtay, ſtay, you warriors keene,
Equall your honour, equall is your might;
Forbeare this combate, ſo we deeme it beſt,
Giue night her due, and grant your perſons reſt.

Man

52

Man goeth forth to labour with the ſunne,
But with the night, all creatures draw to ſleepe,
Nor yet of hidden praiſe in darknes wonne,
The valiant hart of noble knight takes keepe.
Argantes anſwer'd him, the fight begonne
Now to forbeare, doth wound my hart right deepe:
Yet will I ſtay, ſo that this Chriſtian ſweare,
(Before you both) againe to meet me heare.

53

I ſweare (quoth *Tancred*) but ſweare thou likewiſe,
To make returne, thy priſner eeke with thee;
Elſe for atchieuement of this enterpriſe,
None other time but this expect of mee:
Thus ſware they both; the heralds both deuiſe,
What time for this exploite ſhould fitteſt bee:
And for their wounds of reſt and cure had need,
To meet againe the ſixt day was decreed.

54

This fight was deepe imprinted in their harts,
That ſaw this bloodie fray to ending brought,
An horror great poſſeſt their weaker parts,
Which made them ſhrinke who on this combat thought:
Much ſpeech was of the praiſe and high deſarts,
Of theſe braue champions, that ſo nobly fought;
But which for knightly worth was moſt ipraiſed,
Of that was doubt, and diſputation raiſed.

55

All long to ſee them end this doubtfull fray,
And as they fauour, ſo they wiſh ſucceſſe,
Theſe hope true vertue ſhall obtaine the day,
Thoſe truſt on furie, ſtrength and hardineſſe;
But on *Ermmia* moſt this burthen lay,
Whoſe lookes her trouble and her feare expreſſe;
For on this dang'rous combats doubtfull end,
Her ioy, her comfort, hope and life depend.

96

Her the ſole daughter of that hapleſſe king,
That of proud Antioch late wore the crowne,
The Chriſtian ſoldiers to *Tancredie* bring,
When they had ſackt and ſpoil'd that glorious towne;
But he (in whom all good and vertue ſpring)
The virgins honour ſau'd, and her renowne;
And when her citie and her ſtate was loſt,
Then was her perſon lou'd, and honour'd moſt.

57

He honour'd her, ſeru'd her, and leaue her gaue,
And will'd her goe whither, and when ſhe liſt,
Her gold and iewels had he care to ſaue,
And them reſtored all, ſhe nothing miſt,
She (that beheld his youth and perſon braue)
When, by this deed, his noble minde ſhe wiſt,
Laid ope her hart for *Cupids* ſhaft to hit,
Who neuer knots of loue more ſurer knit.

58

Her bodie free, captiued was her hart,
And loue the keies did of that priſon beare,
Prepar'd to goe it was a death to part
From that kinde Lord, and from that priſon deare:
But thou O honour which eſteemed art,
The chiefeſt veſture noble Ladies weare,
Enforceſt her againſt her will, to wend
To *Aladine*, her mothers deareſt frend.

59

At Sion was this princeſſe entertained,
By that old tyrant and her mother deare,
Whoſe loſſe too ſoone the wofull damſell plained,
Her griefe was ſuch, ſhe liu'd not halfe the yeare,
Yet baniſhment, nor loſſe of friends conſtrained
The hapleſſe maid, her paſſions to forbeare,
For though exceeding were her woe and griefe,
Of all her ſorrowes yet her loue was chiefe.

60

The ſeelie maide in ſecret longing pined,
Her hope a mote drawne vp by *Phebus* raies,
Her loue a mountaine ſeem'd, whereon bright ſhined
Freſh memorie of *Tancreds* worth and praiſe,
Within her cloſet if her ſelfe ſhe ſhrined,
A hotter fire her tender hart aſſaies:
Tancred at laſt, to raiſe her hope nigh dead,
Before thoſe wals did his broad enſigne ſpread.

61

The reſt to vew the Chriſtian armie feared,
Such ſeem'd their number, ſuch their powre and might,
But ſhe alone her troubled forehead cleared,
And on them ſpred her beautie ſhining bright;
In euerie ſquadron when it firſt appeared,
Her curious eie ſought out her choſen knight;
And euerie gallant that the reſt excels,
The ſame ſeemes him, ſo loue and fancie tels.

62

Within the kingly pallace, builded hie,
A turret ſtandeth neere the cities wall,
From which *Erminia* might at eaſe deſcrie
The weſtren hoſt, the plaines and mountaines all,
And there ſhe ſtood all the long day to ſpie,
From *Phebus* riſing to his euening fall,
And with her thoughts diſputed of his praiſe,
And euerie thought a ſcalding ſigh did raiſe.

63

From hence the furious combat ſhe ſuruaid,
And felt her hart tremble with feare and paine,
Her ſecret thought thus to her fancie ſaid,
Behold thy deere in danger to be ſlaine;
So with ſuſpect, with feare and griefe diſmaid,
Attended ſhe her darlings loſſe or gaine,
And euer when the Pagan lift his blade,
The ſtroke a wound in her weake boſome made.

64

But when ſhe ſaw the end, and wiſt withall
Their ſtrong contention ſhould eftſoones begin,
Amaſement ſtrange her courage did appall,
Her vitall blood was icie cold within;
Sometimes ſhe ſighed, ſometimes teares let fall,
To witnes what diſtreſſe her hart was in,
Hopeleſſe, diſmai'd, pale, ſad, aſtoniſhed,
Her loue, her feare; her feare, her torment bred.

65

Her idle braine vnto her ſoule preſented
Death, in an hundred vglie faſhions painted,
And if ſhe ſlept, then was her greefe augmented,
With ſuch ſad viſions were her thoughts acquainted;
She ſaw her Lord with wounds and hurts tormented,
How he complain'd, call'd for her helpe, and fainted,
And found, awakt from that vnquiet ſleeping,
Her hart with panting, ſore; eies, red with weeping.

66

Yet theſe preſages of his comming ill,
Not greateſt cauſe of her diſcomfort weare,
She ſaw his blood from his deepe wounds diſtill,
Nor what he ſuffred could ſhe bide or beare:
Beſides, report her longing eare did fill,
Doubling his danger, doubling ſo her feare,
That ſhe concludes (ſo was her courage loſt)
Her wounded Lord was weake, faint, dead almoſt.

67

And for her mother had her taught before
The ſecret vertue of each herbe that ſprings,
Beſides fit charmes for euerie wound or ſore
Corruption breedeth, or misfortune brings,
(An art eſteemed in thoſe times of yore,
Beſeeming daughters of great Lords and kings)
She would her ſelfe, be ſurgeon to her knight,
And heale him with her skill, or with her ſight.

68

Thus would ſhe cure her loue, and cure her foe
She muſt, that had her friends and kinsfolke ſlaine:
Some curſed weedes her cunning hand did knoe,
That could augment his harme, encreaſe his paine;
But ſhe abhorr'd to be reuenged ſoe,
No treaſon ſhould her ſpotleſſe perſon ſtaine,
And vertueleſſe ſhe wiſht all herbes and charmes,
Wherewith falſe men encreaſe their patients harmes.

69

Nor feared ſhe among the bands to ſtray
Of armed men, for often had ſhe ſeene
The tragike end, of many a bloodie fray;
Her life had full of haps and hazards beene,
This made her bold in euerie hard aſſay,
More than her feeble ſexe became, I weene,
She feared not the ſhake of euerie reed,
So cowards are couragious made through need.

70

Loue, feareleſſe, hardie, and audacious loue,
Embold'ned had this tender damſell ſo,
That where wilde beaſts and ſerpents glide and moue,
Through Afrikes deſarts, durſt ſhe ride or goe,
Saue that her honour (ſhe eſteem'd aboue
Her life and bodies ſafetie) told her noe;
For in the ſeeret of her troubled thought,
A doubtfull combat, loue and honour fought.

71

O ſpotleſſe virgin (honour thus begonne)
That my ttue lore obſerued firmely haſt,
When with thy foes thou didſt in bondage wonne,
Remember then I kept thee pure and chaſt,
At libertie, now whither wouldſt thou ronne,
To lay that field of princely vertue waſte?
Or loſe that iewell Ladies hold ſo deare?
Is maidenhood ſo great a load to beare?

Or

72

Or deem'ſt thou it a praiſe of little priſe,
The glorious title of a virgins name?
That thou wilt gad by night in giglet wiſe,
Amid thine armed foes, to ſeeke thy ſhame.
O foole, a woman conquers when ſhe flies,
Refuſall kindleth, profers quench the flame.
Thy Lord will iudge thou ſinneſt beyond meaſure,
If vainly thus thou waſte ſo rich a treaſure.

73

The ſlie deceiuer *Cupid*, thus beguild
The ſimple damſell, with his filed tong;
Thou wert not borne (quoth he) in deſarts wilde
The cruell beares, and ſauage beaſtes among,
That thou ſhouldſt ſcorne faire *Cithereas* childe,
Or hate thoſe pleaſures that to youth belong,
Nor did the gods thy hart of iron frame;
To be in loue is neither ſinne nor ſhame.

74

Goe then, goe, whither ſweet deſire inuiteth,
How can thy gentle knight ſo cruell bee?
Loue in his hart thy greefes and ſorrowes writeth,
For thy laments how he complaineth, ſee.
Oh cruell woman, whom no care exciteth
To ſaue his life, that ſau'd and honour'd thee!
He languiſheth, one foote thou wilt not moue
To ſuccour him, yet ſaiſt thou art in loue.

75

No, no, ſtay here *Argantes* wounds to cure,
And make him ſtrong to ſhed thy darlings blood,
Of ſuch reward he may himſelfe aſſure,
That doth a thankleſſe woman ſo much good:
Ah may it be thy patience can endure
To ſee the ſtrength of this Circaſſion wood,
And not with horror and amazement ſhrinke,
When on their future fight thou hapſt to thinke?

76

Beſides the thanks and praiſes for the deed,
Suppoſe what ioy, what comfort ſhalt thou winne,
When thy ſoft hand doth wholſome plaiſters ſpreed,
Vpon the breaches in his iuorie skinne,
Thence to thy deereſt Lord, may health ſucceed,
Strength to his lims, blood to his cheekes ſo thinne,
And his rare beauties now halfe dead and more,
Thou maiſt to him, him, to thy ſelfe reſtore.

77

So ſhall ſome part of his aduentures bold,
And valiant actes, henceforth be held as thine;
His deere embracements ſhall thee ſtrait enfold,
Together ioin'd in marriage rites diuine:
Laſtly high place of honour ſhalt thou hold
Among the matrons ſage, and dames Latine,
In Italie, a land (as each one tels)
Where valour true, and true religion dwels.

78

With ſuch vaine hopes the ſeelie maid abuſed,
Promiſt her ſelfe mountaines, and hils of gold;
Yet were her thoughts with doubts and feares confuſed,
How to eſcape vnſeene out of that hold,
Becauſe the watchmen euery minute vſed
To garde the walles, againſt the Chriſtians bold,
And in ſuch furie and ſuch heat of war,
The gates or ſeld, or neuer, opened ar.

79

With ſtrong *Clorinda* was *Erminia* ſweet,
In ſureſt linkes of deereſt friendſhip bound,
With her ſhe vs'd the riſing ſunne to greet,
And her (when *Phebus* glided vnder ground)
She made the louely partner of her ſheet;
In both their harts one will, one thought was found;
Nor ought ſhe hid from that Virago bold,
Except her loue, that tale to none ſhe told.

80

That kept ſhe ſecret, if *Clorinda* hard
Her make complaints, or ſecretly lament,
To other cauſe her ſorrow ſhe refard:
Matter enough ſhe had of diſcontent,
Like as the bird that hauing cloſe imbard
Her tender yong ones in the ſpringing bent,
To draw the ſearcher further from her neaſt,
Cries and complaines moſt, where ſhe needeth leaſt.

81

Alone, within her chambers ſecret part,
Sitting one day vpon her heauie thought,
Deuiſing by what meanes, what ſleight, what art,
Her cloſe departure ſhould be ſafeſt wrought,
Aſſembled in her vnreſolued hart,
An hundreth paſſions ſtroue and ceaſeleſſe fought;
At laſt ſhe ſaw high hanging on the wall
Clorindaes ſiluer armes, and ſigh'd withall:

82

And sighing, softly to her selfe she said,
How blessed is this virgin in her might?
How I enuie the glorie of the maid,
Yet enuie not her shape or beauties light;
Her steps are not with trailing garments staid,
Nor chambers hide her valours shining bright;
But arm'd she rides, and breaketh sword and speare,
Nor is her strength restrain'd by shame or feare.

83

Alas, why did not heau'n these members fraile,
With liuely force and vigor strengthen so?
That I this silken gowne, and slender vaile
Might for a brestplate, and an helme forgoe?
Then should not heat, nor cold, nor raine, nor haile,
Nor stormes that fall, nor blustring windes that bloe
Withhold me, but I would both day and night,
In pitched field, or priuate combat, fight.

84

Nor haddest thou *Argantes*, first begonne
With my deare Lord, that fierce and cruell fight,
But I to that encounter would haue ronne,
And, haply tane him captiue by my might;
Yet should he finde (our furious combat donne)
His thraldome easie, and his bondage light;
For fetters, mine embracements should he proue;
For diet, kisses sweet; for keeper, loue:

85

Or else my tender bosome opened wide,
And hart through pearsed with his cruell blade,
The bloodie weapon in my wounded side
Might cure the wound, which loue before had made;
Then should my soule in rest and quiet slide
Downe to the valleies of th' Elisian shade,
And my mishap the knight perchance would moue,
To shed some teares vpon his murdred loue.

86

Alas! impossible are all these things,
Such wishes vaine afflict my wofull spright,
Why yeeld I thus to plaints and sorrowings,
As if all hope and helpe were perisht quight?
My hart dares much, it soares with *Cupids* wings,
Why vse I not for once these armours bright?
I may sustaine a while this shield aloft,
Though I be tender, feeble, weake and soft.

Loue,

87

Loue, ſtrong, bold, mightie, neuer-tired loue,
Supplieth force to all his ſeruants trew;
The fearefull ſtags he doth to battaile moue,
Till each his hornes in others blood imbrew;
Yet meane not I the haps of war to proue,
A ſtratageme I haue deuiſed new,
Clorinda like in this faire harneſſe dight,
I will eſcape out of the towne this night.

88

I know the men that haue the gate to ward,
If ſhe command dare not her will denie,
In what ſort elſe could I beguile the gard?
This way is only left, this will I trie:
O gentle loue, in this aduenture hard
Thine handmaide guide, aſſiſt and fortifie!
The time, the howre now fitteth beſt the thing,
While ſtout *Clorinda* talketh with the king.

89

Reſolued thus without delay ſhe went,
(As her ſtrong paſſion did her raſhly guide)
And thoſe bright armes downe from the rafter hent,
Within her cloſet did ſhe cloſely hide,
That might ſhe doe vnſeene; for ſhe had ſent
The reſt, on ſheeueleſſe errands from her ſide,
And night her ſtealthes brought to their wiſhed end,
Night, patroneſſe of theeues, and louers frend.

90

Some ſparkling fires on heau'ns bright viſage ſhone,
His azure robe the orient blewneſſe loſt,
When ſhe (whoſe wit and reaſon both were gone)
Call'd for a ſquire ſhe lou'd and truſted moſt,
To whom and to a maid (a faithfull one)
Part of her will ſhe told, how that in poſt
She would depart from Iudais king, and fain'd
That other cauſe her ſudden flight conſtrain'd.

91

The truſtie ſquire prouided needments meet,
As for their iourney fitting moſt ſhould bee;
Meane-while her veſture (pendant to her feet)
Erminia doft, as earſt determin'd ſhee,
Stript to her petticote the virgin ſweet,
So ſlender was, that wonder was to ſee;
Her handmaid readie at her miſtreſſe will,
To arme her helpt, though ſimple were her skill.

92

The rugged ſteele oppreſſed and offended
Her daintie necke, and locks of ſhining gold;
Her tender arme ſo feeble was, it bended
When that huge target it preſum'de to hold,
The burniſht ſteele bright raies far off extended,
She faigned courage, and appeared bold;
Faſt by her ſide vnſeene ſmil'd *Venus* ſonne,
As earſt he laughed when *Alcides* ſponne,

93

Oh, with what labour did her ſhoulders beare
That heauie burden, and how ſlow ſhe went!
Her maid (to ſee that all the coaſts were cleere)
Before her miſtreſſe through the ſtreetes was ſent;
Loue gaue her courage, loue exiled feare,
Loue to her tired lims new vigor lent,
Till ſhe approched where the ſquire abode,
There tooke they horſe forthwith and forward rode.

94

Diſguis'd they went, and by vnuſed waies,
And ſecret pathes they ſtroue vnſeene to gone,
Vntill the watch they meet, which ſore affraies
Theſe ſoldiers new, when ſwords and weapons ſhone;
Yet none to ſtop their iourney once aſſaies,
But place and paſſage yeelded euery one;
For that white armour and that helmet bright,
Were knowne and feared, in the darkeſt night.

95

Erminia (though ſome-deale ſhe were diſmaid)
Yet went ſhe on, and goodly count'nance bore,
She doubted leaſt her purpoſe were bewraid,
Her too much boldnes ſhe repented ſore;
But now the gate her feare and paſſage ſtaid,
The heedleſſe porter ſhe beguil'd therefore,
I am *Clorinda*, ope the gates ſhe cride,
Where as the king commands, thus late I ride.

96

Her womans voice and termes all framed beene,
Moſt like the ſpeeches of the Princeſſe ſtout,
Who would haue thought on horſebacke to haue ſeene
That feeble damſell armed round about?
The porter her obei'd, and ſhe (betweene
Her truſtie ſquire and maiden) ſallied out,
And through the ſecret dales they ſilent pas,
Where danger leaſt, leaſt feare, leaſt perill was.

But

97

But when theſe faire aduentrers entred weare
Deepe in a vale, *Erminia* ſtaid her haſt,
To be recall'd ſhe had no cauſe to feare,
This formoſt hazard had ſhe trimly paſt;
But dangers new (tofore vnſeene) appeare,
New perils ſhe deſcride, new doubts ſhe caſt.
The way that her deſire to quiet brought,
More difficult now ſeem'd than earſt ſhe thought.

98

Armed to ride among her angrie foes,
She now perceiu'd it were great ouerſight,
Yet would ſhe not (ſhe thought) her ſelfe diſcloſe,
Vntill ſhe came before her choſen knight,
To him ſhe purpos'd to preſent the roſe
Pure, ſpotleſſe, cleane, vntoucht of mortall wight,
She ſtaid therefore, and in her thoughts more wiſe,
She call'd her ſquire, whom thus ſhe gan aduiſe.

99

Thou muſt (quoth ſhe) be mine ambaſſadore,
Be wiſe, be carefull, true, and diligent,
Goe to the campe, preſent thy ſelfe before
The Prince *Tancredie*, wounded in his tent;
Tell him thy miſtreſſe comes to cure his ſore,
If he to grant her peace and reſt conſent,
Gainſt whom fierce loue ſuch cruell war hath reaſed,
So ſhall his wounds be cur'd, her torments eaſed.

100

And ſay, in him ſuch hope and truſt ſhe hath,
That in his powres ſhe feares no ſhame nor ſcorne,
Tell him thus much, and what ſo ere he ſath,
Vnfold no more, but make a quicke returne,
I (for this place is free from harme and ſcath)
Within this valley will meanewhile ſoiorne,
Thus ſpake the Princeſſe: and her ſeruant trew
To execute the charge impoſed, flew;

101

And was receiu'd (he ſo diſcreetly wrought)
Firſt of the watch, that guarded in their place;
Before the wounded Prince, than was he brought:
Who heard his meſſage kinde, with gentle grace,
Which told, he left him toſſing in his thought
A thouſand doubts, and turn'd his ſpeedie pace
To bring his Ladie and his miſtreſſe word,
She might be welcome to that courteous Lord.

102

But ſhe, impatient, to whoſe deſire
Greeuous and harmefull ſeem'd each little ſtay,
Recounts his ſteps, and thinks, now drawes he nire,
Now enters in, now ſpeakes, now comes his way;
And that which greeu'd her moſt, the carefull ſquire
Leſſe ſpeedie ſeem'd, than ere before that day;
Laſtly ſhe forward rode with loue to guide,
Vntill the Chriſtian tents at hand ſhe ſpide.

103

Inueſted in her ſtarrie vaile, the night
In her kinde armes embraced all this round,
The ſiluer moone from ſea vpriſing bright
Spred froſtie pearle on the canded ground:
And *Cinthia* like for beauties glorious light,
The loue-ſicke Nymph threw gliſtring beames around,
And counſellors of her old loue, ſhe made
Thoſe vallies dumbe, that ſilence, and that ſhade.

104

Beholding then the campe (quoth ſhe) O faire
And caſtle-like pauilions, richly wrought!
From you how ſweet me thinketh blowes the aire,
How comforts it my hart, my ſoule, my thought?
Through heau'ns faire grace from gulfe of ſad deſpaire
My toſſed barke, to port well nie is brought:
In you I ſeeke redreſſe for all my harmes,
Reſt, midſt your weapons; peace, amongſt your armes.

105

Receiue me than and let me mercie finde,
As gentle loue aſſureth me I ſhall,
Among you had I entertainment kinde,
When firſt I was the Prince *Tancredies* thrall:
I couet not (led by ambition blinde)
You ſhould me in my fathers throne enſtall,
Might I but ſerue in you my Lord ſo deare,
That my content, my ioy, my comfort weare.

106

Thus parled ſhe (poore ſoule) and neuer feared
The ſudden blow of fortunes cruell ſpight,
She ſtood where *Phebes* ſplendant beame appeared
Vpon her ſiluer armour double bright,
The place about her round the ſhining cleered,
Of that pure white wherein the Nymph was dight:
The Tigreſſe great (that on her helmet laid)
Bore witnes where ſhe went, and where ſhe ſtaid.

107

(So as her fortune would)a Chriſtian band
Their ſecret ambuſh there had cloſely framed,
Led by two brothers of Italia land,
Yong *Polipherne* and *Alicandro* named,
Theſe with their forces watched to withſtand
Thoſe that brought vittailes to their foes vntamed,
And kept that paſſage; them *Erminia* ſpide,
And fled as faſt as her ſwift ſteed could ride.

108

But *Polipherne* (before whoſe watrie eies,
His aged father ſtrong *Clorinda* ſlew)
When that bright ſheeld and ſiluer helme he ſpies,
The Championeſſe he thought he ſaw and knew;
Vpon his hidden mates for aide he cries,
Gainſt his ſuppoſed foe,and forth he flew,
As he was raſh,and heedleſſe in his wrath,
Bending his lance,thou art but dead he ſath.

109

As when a chaſed hinde her courſe doth bend
To ſeeke by ſoile to finde ſome eaſe or good,
Whether from craggie rocke the ſpring deſcend,
Or ſoftly glide within the ſhadie wood;
If there the dogs ſhe meet,where late ſhe wend
To comfort her weake lims in cooling flood,
Againe ſhe flies ſwift as ſhe fled at firſt,
Forgetting weakneſſe,wearineſſe,and thirſt.

110

So ſhe,that thought to reſt her wearie ſpright,
And quench the endleſſe thirſt of ardent loue,
With deare embracements of her Lord and knight,
But ſuch as marriage rites ſhould firſt approue,
When ſhe beheld her foe with weapon bright
Threat'ning her death,his haſtie courſer moue,
Her loue,her Lord,her ſelfe abandoned,
She ſpurr'd her ſpeedie ſteed,and ſwift ſhe fled.

111

Erminia fled,ſcantly the tender graſſe
Her *Pegaſus* with his light footeſteps bent,
Her maidens beaſt for ſpeed did likewiſe paſſe;
Yet diuers waies (ſuch was their feare)they went:
The ſquire who all too late return'd (alas)
With tardie newes from Prince *Tancredies* tent,
Fled likewiſe,when he ſaw his miſtreſſe gone,
It booted not to ſoiourne there alone.

112

But *Alicandro* wiſer than the reſt,
Who this ſuppos'd *Clorinda* ſaw likewiſe,
To follow her yet was he nothing preſt,
But in his ambuſh ſtill and cloſe he lies,
A meſſenger to *Godfrey* he addreſt,
That ſhould him of this accident aduiſe,
How that his brother chas'd with naked blade
Clorindas ſelfe, or elſe *Clorindas* ſhade:

113

Yet that it was, or that it could be ſhe,
He had ſmall cauſe or reaſon to ſuppoſe,
Occaſion great and weightie muſt it be,
Should make her ride by night among her foes:
What *Godfrey* willed that obſerued he,
Aud with his ſoldiers lay in ambuſh cloſe:
Theſe newes through all the Chriſtian armie went,
In euerie cabbin talkt, and euerie tent.

114

Tancred, whoſe thoughts the ſquire had fild with doubt,
By his ſweet words, ſuppos'd now, hearing this,
Alas, the virgin came to ſeeke me out,
And for my ſake her life in danger is;
Himſelfe foorthwith he ſingled from the rout,
And rode in haſte, though halfe his armes he mis,
Among thoſe ſandie fields and valleis greene,
To ſeeke his loue, he gallopte faſt vnſeene.

The ſeuenth Booke of Godfrey *of Bulloigne.*

The argument.

A ſhepherd faire Erminia *entertaines,*
Whom whilſt Tancredie *ſeekes in vaine to finde,*
He is entrapped in Armidaes *traines:*
Raimond *with ſtrong* Argantes *is aſſignde*
To fight, an Angell to his aide he gaines:
Sathan that ſees the Pagans furie blinde,
And haſtie wrath turne to his loſſe and harme,
Doth raiſe new tempeſt, vprore and allarme.

Erminias

1

ERminiaes ſteed (this while) his miſtreſſe bore
Through forreſts thicke among the ſhadie treene,
Her feeble hand the bridle raines forlore,
Halfe in a ſwoune ſhe was for feare I weene;
But her ſlit courſer ſpared nere the more,
To beare her through the deſart woods vnſeene
Of her ſtrong foes, that chas'd her through the plaine,
And ſtill purſu'd, but ſtill purſu'd in vaiue.

2

Like as the wearie hounds at laſt retire,
Windleſſe, diſpleaſed, from the fruitleſſe chace,
When the ſlie beaſt Tapiſht in buſh and brire,
No art nor paines can rowſe out of his place:
The Chriſtian knights ſo full of ſhame and ire
Returned backe, with faint and wearie pace;
Yet ſtill the fearefull Dame fled, ſwift as winde,
Nor euer ſtaid, nor euer lookt behinde.

3

Through thicke and thinne, all night, all day, ſhe driued,
Withouten comfort, companie or guide,
Her plaints and teares with euery thought reuiued,
She heard and ſaw her greefes, but nought beſide:
But when the ſunne his burning chariot diued
In *Thetis* waue, and wearie teame vntide,
On Iordans ſandie banks her courſe ſhe ſtaid
At laſt, there downe ſhe light, and downe ſhe laid.

4

Her teares, her drinke; her food, her ſorrowings,
This was her diet that vnhappie night:
But ſleepe (that ſweet repoſe and quiet brings)
To eaſe the greefes of diſcontented wight,
Spred foorth his tender, ſoft, and nimble wings,
In his dull armes foulding the virgin bright;
And loue, his mother, and the graces kept
Strong watch and warde, while this faire Ladie ſlept.

5

The birds awakte her with their morning ſong,
Their warbling muſicke pearſt her tender eare,
The murmuring brookes and whiſtling windes among
The ratling boughes, and leaues, their parts did beare;
Her eies vnclos'd beheld the groues along
Of ſwaines and ſhepherd groomes, that dwellings weare;
And that ſweet noiſe, birds, winds and waters ſent,
Prouokte againe the virgin to lament.

Her

6

Her plaints were interrupted with a ſound,
That ſeem'd from thickeſt buſhes to proceed,
Some iolly ſhepherd ſung a luſtie round,
And to his voice had tun'd his oaten reed;
Thither ſhe went, an old man there ſhe found,
(At whoſe right hand his little flocke did feed)
Set making baskets, his three ſonnes among,
That learn'd their fathers art, and learn'd his ſong.

7

Beholding one in ſhining armes appeare
The ſeelie man and his were ſore diſmaid;
But ſweet *Erminia* comforted their feare,
Her ventall vp, her viſage open laid,
You happie folke, of heau'n beloued deare,
Worke on (quoth ſhe) vpon your harmeleſſe traid,
Theſe dreadfull armes I beare no warfare bring
To your ſweet toile, nor thoſe ſweet tunes you ſing.

8

But father, ſince this land, theſe townes and towres,
Deſtroied are with ſword, with fire and ſpoile,
How may it be vnhurt, that you and yours
In ſafetie thus, applie your harmeleſſe toile?
My ſonne (quoth he) this poore eſtate of ours
Is euer ſafe from ſtorme of warlike broile;
This wilderneſſe doth vs in ſafetie keepe,
No thundring drum, no trumpet breakes our ſleepe.

9

Haply iuſt heau'ns defence and ſhield of right,
Doth loue the innocence of ſimple ſwaines,
The thunderbolts on higheſt mountaines light,
And ſeld or neuer ſtrike the lower plaines;
So kings haue cauſe to feare *Bellonaes* might,
Not they whoſe ſweat and toile their dinner gaines,
Nor euer greedie ſoldier was entiſed
By pouertie, neglected and deſpiſed.

10

O pouertie, chiefe of the heau'nly brood,
Dearer to me than wealth or kingly crowne!
No wiſh for honour, thirſt of others good,
Can moue my hart, contented with mine owne:
We quench our thirſt with water of this flood,
Nor feare we poiſon ſhould therein be throwne;
Theſe little flocks of ſheepe and tender goates
Giue milke for food, and wooll to make vs coates.

11

We little wiſh, we need but little wealth,
From cold and hunger vs to cloath and feed;
Theſe are my ſonnes, their care preſerues from ſtealth
Their fathers flocks, nor ſeruants moe I need:
Amid theſe groues I walke oft for my health,
And to the fiſhes, birds and beaſtes giue heed,
How they are fed, in forreſt, ſpring and lake,
And their contentment for enſample take.

12

Time was (for each one hath his doting time)
(Theſe ſiluer locks were golden treſſes than)
That countrie life I hated as a crime,
And from the forreſts ſweet contentment ran,
To Memphis ſtately pallace would I clime,
And there became the mightie Caliphes man,
And though I but a ſimple gardner weare,
Yet could I marke abuſes, ſee and heare.

13

Entiſed on with hope of future gaine,
I ſuffred long what did my ſoule diſpleaſe;
But when my youth was ſpent, my hope was vaine,
I felt my natiue ſtrength at laſt decreaſe;
I gan my loſſe of luſtie yeeres complaine,
And wiſht I had enioy'd the countries peace;
I bod the court farewell, and with content
My later age here haue I quiet ſpent.

14

While thus he ſpake, *Erminia* huſht and ſtill
His wiſe diſcourſes heard, with great attention,
His ſpeeches graue thoſe idle fancies kill,
Which in her troubled ſoule bred ſuch diſſention;
After much thought reformed was her will,
Within thoſe woods to dwell was her intention,
Till fortune ſhould occaſion new afford,
To turne her home to her deſired Lord.

15

She ſaid therefore, O ſhepherd fortunate!
That troubles ſome didſt whilom feele and proue,
Yet liueſt now in this contented ſtate,
Let my miſhap thy thoughts to pitie moue,
To entertaine me as a willing mate
In ſhepherds life, which I admire and loue;
Within theſe pleaſant groues perchance my hart,
Of her diſcomforts, may vnload ſome part.

16

If gold or wealth of moſt eſteemed deare,
If iewels rich, thou diddeſt hold in priſe,
Such ſtore thereof, ſuch plentie haue I heare,
As to a greedie minde might well ſuffice:
With that downe trickled many a ſiluer teare,
Two chriſtall ſtreames fell from her watrie eies;
Part of her ſad misfortunes than ſhe told,
And wept, and with her wept that ſhepherd old.

17

With ſpeeches kinde, he gan the virgin deare
Towards his cottage gently home to guide;
His aged wife there made her homely cheare,
Yet welcomde her, and plaſt her by her ſide.
The Princeſſe dond a poore paſtoraes geare,
A kerchiefe courſe vpon her head ſhe tide;
But yet her geſtures and her lookes (I geſſe)
Were ſuch, as ill beſeem'd a ſhepherdeſſe.

18

Not thoſe rude garments could obſcure, and hide,
The heau'nly beautie of her angels face,
Nor was her princely ofspring damnifide,
Or ought diſparag'de, by thoſe labours bace;
Her little flocks to paſture would ſhe guide,
And milke her goates, and in their folds them place,
Both cheeſe and butter could ſhe make, and frame
Her ſelfe to pleaſe the ſhepherd and his dame.

19

But oft, when vnderneath the greene-wood ſhade
Her flocks lay hid from *Phebus* ſcorching raies,
Vnto her knight ſhe ſongs and ſonnets made,
And them engrau'd in barke of beech and baies;
She told how *Cupid* did her firſt inuade,
How conquer'd her, and ends with *Tancreds* praiſe:
And when her paſſions writ ſhe ouer-red,
Againe ſhe mourn'd, againe ſalt teares ſhe ſhed.

20

You happie trees for euer keepe (quoth ſhee)
This wofull ſtorie in your tender rinde,
Another day vnder your ſhade may bee,
Will come to reſt againe ſome louer kinde;
Who if theſe trophies of my greefes he ſee,
Shall feele deere pitie pearſe his gentle minde;
With that ſhe ſigh'd and ſaid, too late I prooue
There is no troath in fortune, truſt in loue.

21

Yet may it be(if gracious heau'ns attend
The earneſt ſuit of a diſtreſſed wight)
At my entreat they will vouchſafe to ſend
To theſe huge deſarts that vnthankfull knight,
That when to earth the man his eies ſhall bend,
And ſees my graue,my tombe,and aſhes light,
My wofull death,his ſtubborne hart may moue,
With teares and ſorrowes to reward my loue.

22

So,though my life hath moſt vnhappie beene,
At leaſt yet ſhall my ſpirit dead be bleſt,
My aſhes cold ſhall buried on this greene,
Enioy that good this bodie nere poſſeſt.
Thus ſhe complained to the ſenſeleſſe treene,
Floods in her eies and fires were in her breſt;
But he for whom theſe ſtreames of teares ſhe ſhed,
Wandred far off(alas)as chance him led.

23

He follow'd on the footſteps he had traced,
Till in high woods and forreſts old he came,
Where buſhes, thornes and trees ſo thicke were placed,
And ſo obſcure the ſhadowes of the ſame,
That ſoone he loſt the tract wherein he paced;
Yet went he on,which way he could not ame,
But ſtill attentiue was his longing eare,
If noiſe of horſe, or noiſe of armes he heare.

24

If with the breathing of the gentle winde,
An aſpen leafe but ſhaked on the tree,
If bird or beaſt ſtird in the buſhes blinde,
Thither he ſpurr'd,thither he rode to ſee;
Out of the wood by *Cinthiaes* fauour kinde,
At laſt (with trauaile great and paines)got hee,
And following on a little path,he hard
A rumbling ſound,and haſted thitherward.

25

It was a fountaine from the liuing ſtone,
That powred downe cleree ſtreames,in noble ſtore,
Whoſe conduit pipes(vnited all in one)
Throughout a rockie chanell gaſtly rore,
Here *Tancred* ſtaid,and call'd,yet anſwer'd none,
Saue babbling Eccho,from the crooked ſhore;
And there the wearie knight at laſt eſpies,
The ſpringing day-light red and white ariſe.

26

He ſighed ſore, and guiltleſſe heau'n gan blame,
That wiſht ſucceſſe to his deſires denide,
And ſharpe reuenge proteſted for the ſame,
If ought but good his miſtreſſe faire betide;
Than wiſht he to returne the way he came,
Although he wiſt not by what path to ride,
And time drew nere when he againe muſt fight,
With proud *Argantes*, that vaine-glorious knight.

27

His ſtalworth ſteed the champion ſtout beſtroad,
And pricked faſt to finde the way he loſt,
But through a valley as he muſing road,
He ſaw a man, that ſeem'd for haſte a poſt,
His horne was hung betweene his ſhoulders broad,
As is the guiſe with vs: *Tacredie* croſt
His way, and gently praid the man to ſay,
To *Godfreys* campe how he ſhould finde the way.

28

Sir (in the Italian language) anſwer'd hee,
I ride where noble *Boemond* hath me ſent:
The Prince thought this his vncles man ſhould bee,
And after him his courſe with ſpeed he bent,
A fortreſſe ſtately built at laſt they ſee,
Bout which a muddie ſtinking lake there went,
There they arriu'd, when *Titan* went to reſt
His wearie lims, in nights vntroubled neſt.

29

The currer gaue the fort a warning blaſt;
The draw-bridge was let downe by them within:
If thou a Chriſtian be (quoth he) thou maſt
Till *Phebus* ſhine againe, here take thine Inne,
The Countie of Coſenza (three daies paſt)
This caſtle from the Turks did nobly winne.
The Prince beheld the piece, which ſcite and art
Impregnable had made on euery part.

30

He fear'd within a pile ſo fortified,
Some ſecret treaſon or enchantment lay,
But had he knowne euen there he ſhould haue died,
Yet ſhould his lookes no ſigne of feare bewray;
For where ſo euer will or chance him guied,
His ſtrong victorious hand ſtill made him way;
Yet for the combat he muſt ſhortly make,
No new aduentures liſt he vndertake.

31

Before the caſtle, in a medow plaine
Beſide the bridges end, he ſtaid and ſtood,
Nor was entreated by the ſpeeches vaine
Of his falſe guide, to paſſe beyond the flood.
Vpon the bridge appear'd a warlike ſwaine,
From top to toe all clad in armour good,
Who brandiſhing a broad and cutting ſword,
Thus threat'ned death with many an idle word:

32

O thou, whom chance or will brings to the ſoile,
Where faire *Armida* doth the ſcepter guide,
Thou canſt not flie, of armes thy ſelfe deſpoile,
And let thy hands with iron chaines be tide;
Enter and reſt thee from thy wearie toile,
Within this dungeon ſhalt thou ſafe abide,
And neuer hope againe to ſee the day,
Or that thy haire for age ſhall turne to gray,

33

Except thou ſweare her valiant knights to aid
Againſt thoſe traitors of the Chriſtian crew.
Tancred at this diſcourſe a little ſtaid,
His armes, his geſture and his voice he knew;
It was *Rambaldo*, who for that falſe maid,
Forſooke his countrie, and religion trew,
And of that fort defender chiefe became,
And thoſe vile cuſtomes ſtabliſht in the ſame.

34

The warrior anſwer'd (bluſhing red for ſhame)
Curſed Apoſtate, and vngracious wight,
I am that *Tancred*, who defend the name
Of Chriſt, and haue beene ay his faithfull knight;
His rebell foes can I ſubdue and tame,
As thou ſhalt finde before we end this fight;
And thy falſe hart cleft with this vengefull ſword,
Shall feele the ire of thy forſaken Lord.

35

When that great name *Rambaldoes* eares did fill,
He ſhooke for feare, and looked pale for dread,
Yet proudly ſaid, *Tancred* thy hap was ill
To wander hither where thou art but dead,
Where nought can helpe, thy courage, ſtrength and skill,
To *Godfrey* will I ſend thy curſed head,
That he may ſee, how for *Armidaes* ſake,
Of him and of his Chriſt a ſcorne I make.

36

This ſaid; the day to ſable night was turned,
That ſcant one could anothers armes deſcrie,
But ſoone an hundreth lampes and torches burned,
That cleared all the earth and all the skie;
The caſtell ſeem'd a ſtage with lights adorned,
On which men play ſome pompous tragedie;
Within a tarras ſat on high the Queene,
And heard and ſaw, and kept her ſelfe vnſeene.

37

The noble Baron whet his courage hot,
And buskt him boldly to the dreadfull fight;
Vpon his horſe long while he taried not,
Bicauſe on foot he ſaw the Pagan knight,
Who vnderneath his truſtie ſheeld was got,
His ſword was drawne, clos'd was his helmet bright;
Gainſt whom the Prince marcht on a ſtately pace,
Wrath in his voice, rage in his eies and face.

38

His foe, his furious charge not well abiding,
Trauerſt his ground, and ſtarted here and there,
But he (though faint and wearie both with riding)
Yet followed faſt and ſtill oppreſt him nere,
And on what ſide he felt *Rambaldo* ſliding,
On that his forces moſt imployed were;
Now at his helme, now at his hawberke bright,
He thundred blowes, now at his face and ſight.

39

Againſt thoſe members battrie chiefe he maketh,
Wherein mans life keepes chiefeſt reſidence;
At his proud threats the Gaſcoigne warriour quaketh,
An vncouth feare appalled euery ſence,
To nimble ſhifts the knight himſelfe betaketh,
And skippeth here and there for his defence;
Now with his targe, now with his truſtie blade,
Againſt his blowes he good reſiſtance made.

40

Yet no ſuch quickneſſe for defenee he vſed,
As did the Prince to worke him harme and ſcath;
His ſheeld was cleft in twaine, his helmet bruſed,
And in his blood his other armes did bath;
On him he heaped blowes, with thruſts confuſed,
And more or leſſe each ſtroke annoy'd him hath;
He fear'd, and in his troubled boſome ſtroue,
Remorſe of conſcience, ſhame, diſdaine and loue.

41

At laſt ſo careleſſe, foule deſpaire him made,
He ment to proue his fortune ill or good,
His ſhield caſt downe, he tooke his helpleſſe blade
In both his hands, which yet had drawne no blood,
And with ſuch force vpon the Prince he lade,
That neither plate nor maile the blow withſtood,
The wicked ſteele ſeaz'd deepe in his right ſide,
And with his ſtreaming blood his baſes dide:

42

Another ſtroke he lent him on the brow,
So great that lowdly roong the ſounding ſteele;
Yet pearſt he not the helmet with the blow,
Although the owner twiſe or thriſe did reele.
The Prince (whoſe lookes his ſdainfull anger ſhow)
Now meant to vſe his puiſſance euery deele,
He ſhakt his head and craſht his teeth for ire,
His lips breath'd wrath, eies ſparkled ſhining fire.

43

The Pagan wretch no longer could ſuſtaine
The dreadfull terror of his fierce aſpect,
Againſt the threat'ned blow he ſaw right plaine,
No tempred armour could his life protect,
He leapt aſide, the ſtroke fell downe in vaine,
Againſt a pillour neere the bridge erect,
Thence flaming fire and thouſand ſparks out ſtart,
And kill with feare the coward Pagans hart.

44

Toward the bridge the fearefull Painim fled,
And in ſwift flight, his hope of life repoſed;
Himſelfe faſt after Lord *Tancredie* ſped,
And now in equall pace almoſt they cloſed,
When all the burning lampes extinguiſhed
The ſhining fort his goodly ſplendure loſed,
And all thoſe ſtars on heau'ns blew face that ſhone,
With *Cinthiaes* ſelfe, diſpeared were and gone.

45

Amid thoſe witchcrafts and that ouglie ſhade,
No further could the Prince purſue the chace,
Nothing he ſaw, yet forward ſtill he made,
With doubtfull ſteps, and ill aſſured pace;
At laſt his foot vpon a threſhold trade,
And ere he wiſt he entred had the place;
With gaſtly noiſe the doore leaues ſhut behinde,
And clos'd him faſt in priſon darke and blinde.

46

As in our ſeas in the Commachian bay,
A ſeelie fiſh(with ſtreames encloſed)ſtriueth,
To ſhun the furie and auoid the ſway
Wherewith the currant,in that whirlepoole,driueth;
Yet ſeeketh all in vaine,but findes no way
Out of that watrie priſon,where ſhe diueth;
For with ſuch force there be the tides in brought,
There entreth all that will,thence iſſueth nought:

47

This priſon ſo entrapt that valiant knight,
Of which the gate was fram'd by ſubtile traine,
To cloſe without the helpe of humane wight,
So ſure,none could vndoe the leaues againe;
Againſt the doores he bended all his might,
But all his forces were imploy'd in vaine,
At laſt a voice gan to him lowdly call,
Yeeld thee (quoth it) thou art *Armidaes* thrall.

48

Within this dungeon buried ſhalt thou ſpend
The res'due of thy wofull daies and yeares;
The champion liſt not more with words contend,
But in his hart kept cloſe his griefes and feares,
He blamed loue, chance gan he reprehend,
And gainſt enchantment huge complaints he reares.
It were ſmall loſſe,ſoftly he thus begunne,
To loſe the brightnes of the ſhining ſunne;

49

But I alas,the golden beame forgoe
Of my far brighter ſunne; nor can I ſay
If theſe poore eies ſhall ere be bleſſed ſoe,
As once againe to vew that ſhining ray:
Then thought he on his proud Circaſſian foe,
And ſaid,ah! how ſhall I performe that fray?
He (and the world with him)will *Tancred* blame,
This is my griefe,my fault,mine endleſſe ſhame.

50

While thoſe high ſpirits of this champion good,
With loue and honours care are thus oppreſt,
While he torments himſelfe, *Argantes* wood,
Waxt wearie of his bed and of his reſt,
Such hate of peace,and ſuch deſire of blood,
Such thirſt of glorie,boiled in his breſt;
That though he ſcant could ſtir or ſtand vpright,
Yet long'd he for th'appointed day to fight.

51

The night which that expected day fore-went,
Scantly the Pagan clos'd his eies to sleepe,
He told how night her sliding howers spent,
And rose ere springing day began to peepe;
He call'd for armour, which incontinent
Was brought, by him that vs'd the same to keepe,
That harnesse rich, old *Aladine* him gaue,
A worthie present for a champion braue:

52

He dond them on, nor long their riches eied,
Nor did he ought with so great weight incline,
His wonted sword vpon his thigh he tied,
The blade was old and tough, of temper fine.
As when a comet far and wide descried,
In scorne of *Phebus* midst bright hean'n doth shine,
And tidings sad of death and mischiefe brings
To mightie Lords, to monarches, and to kings:

53

So shone the Pagan in bright armour clad,
And roll'd his eies great swolne with ire and blood,
His dreadfull gestures threat'ned horror sad,
And ouglie death vpon his forehead stood;
Not one of all his squires the courage had
T'approch their maister in his angrie mood,
Aboue his head he shooke his naked blade,
And gainst the subtile aire vaine battaile made.

54

That Christian theefe (quoth he) that was so bold
To combat me in hard and single fight,
Shall wounded fall inglorious on the mold,
His locks with clods of blood and dust bedight,
And liuing shall with watrie eies behold
How from his backe I teare his harnesse bright,
Nor shall his dying words me so entreat,
But that Ile giue his flesh to dogs for meat.

55

Like as a bull when prickt with iealousie,
He spies the riuall of his hot desire,
Through all the fields doth bellow, rore and crie,
And with his thund'ring voice augments his ire,
And threat'ning battaile to the emptie skie,
Teares with his horne, each tree, plant, bush and brire,
And with his foot casts vp the sand on hight,
Defying his strong foe to deadly fight:

Such

56

Such was the Pagans furie, ſuch his crie,
An herald call'd he than, and thus he ſpake;
Goe to the campe, and in my name, defie
The man that combats for his *Ieſus* ſake;
This ſaid, vpon his ſteed he mounted hie,
And with him did his noble pris'ner take,
The towne he thus forſooke, and on the greene
He ran, as mad or franticke he had beene.

57

A bugle ſmall he winded lowd and ſhrill,
That made reſound the fields and valleis neare,
Lowder than thunder from Olimpus hill
Seemed that dreadfull blaſt to all that heare:
The Chriſtian Lords of proweſſe, ſtrength and skill,
Within th'imperiall tent aſſembled weare,
The herald there in boaſting termes deſide
Tancredie firſt, and all that durſt beſide.

58

With ſober cheere *Godfredo* lookt about,
And view'd at leaſure euery Lord and knight;
But yet for all his lookes not one ſtept out,
With courage bold, to vndertake the fight:
Abſent were all the Chriſtian champious ſtout,
No newes of *Tancred* ſince his ſecret flight;
Boemond far off, and baniſht from the crew,
Was that ſtrong Prince, who proud *Gernando* ſlew:

59

And eeke thoſe tenne which choſen were by lot,
And all the worthies of the campe beſide,
After *Armida* falſe were follow'd hot,
When night was come their ſecret flight to hide;
The reſt their hands and harts that truſted not,
Bluſhed for ſhame, yet ſilent ſtill abide;
For none there was that ſought to purchaſe fame,
In ſo great perill, feare exiled ſhame.

60

The angrie Duke their feare diſcouer'd plaine,
By their pale lookes and ſilence, from each part,
And as he mooued was with iuſt diſdaine,
Theſe words he ſaid, and from his ſeat vpſtart:
Vnworthie life I iudge that coward ſwaine,
To hazard it euen now that wants the hart,
When this vile Pagan with his glorious boaſt,
Diſhonours and defies Chriſts ſacred hoaſt.

61

But let my campe ſit ſtill in peace and reſt,
And my liues hazard at their eaſe behold,
Come bring me here my faireſt armes and beſt;
And they were brought ſooner than could be told.
But gentle *Raimond*, in his aged breſt
Who had mature aduiſe, and counſell old,
Than whom in all the campe were none or few
Of greater might, before *Godfredo* drew,

62

And grauely ſaid, Ah let it not betide,
On one mans hand to venture all this hoſt!
No priuate ſoldier thou, thou art our guide,
If thou miſcarrie all our hope were loſt,
By thee muſt Babel fall and all her pride;
Of our true faith thou art the prop and poſt,
Rule with thy ſcepter, conquer with thy word,
Let other combats make with ſpeare and ſword.

63

Let me this Pagans glorious pride aſſwage,
Theſe aged armes can yet their weapons vſe,
Let other ſhun *Bellonaes* dreadfull rage,
Theſe ſiluer locks ſhall not *Raimondo* ſcuſe:
Oh that I were in prime of luſtie age,
Like you, that this aduenture braue refuſe,
And dare not once lift vp your coward eies,
Gainſt him that you and Chriſt himſelfe defies!

64

Or as I was, when all the Lords of fame
And Germaine Princes great ſtood by to vew,
In *Conrades* court (the ſecond of that name)
When *Leopold* in ſingle fight I ſlew;
A greater praiſe I reaped by the ſame,
So ſtrong a foe in combat to ſubdue,
Than he ſhould doe, who all alone ſhould chace,
Or kill a thouſand of theſe Pagans bace.

65

Within theſe armes, had I that ſtrength againe,
This boaſting Painim had not liu'd till now,
Yet in this breſt doth courage ſtill remaine;
For age or yeeres theſe members ſhall not bow;
And if I be in this encounter ſlaine,
Scotfree *Argantes* ſhall not ſcape, I vow;
Giue me mine armes, this battaile ſhall with praiſe
Augment mine honour, got in yonger daies.

The

66

The iolly Baron old thus brauely ſpake,
His words are ſpurres to vertue; euery knight
That ſeem'd before to tremble and to quake,
Now talked bold, enſample hath ſuch might;
Each one the battaile fierce would vndertake,
Now ſtroue they all who ſhould begin the fight;
Baldwine and *Roger* both, would combat faine,
Stephen, Guelpho, Gernier and the *Gerrards* twaine:

67

And *Pyrrhus*, who with helpe of *Boemonds* ſword,
Proud Antioch by cunning ſleight oppreſt;
The battaile eeke with many a lowly word,
Ralph, Roſimond, and *Eberard* requeſt,
A Scotiſh, an Iriſh, and an Engliſh Lord,
Whoſe lands the ſea diuides far from the reſt;
And for the fight did likewiſe humbly ſue,
Edward and his *Gildippes*, louers true.

68

But *Raimond* more then all the reſt doth ſue,
Vpon that Pagan fierce to wreake his ire,
Now wants he nought of all his armours due
Except his helme, that ſhone like flaming fire.
To whom *Godfredo* thus; O mirrour true
Of antique worth! thy courage doth inſpire
New ſtrength in vs, of *Mars* in thee doth ſhine
The art, the honour and the diſcipline.

69

If tenne like thee of valour and of age,
Among theſe legions I could haply finde,
I ſhould the heat of Babels pride aſſwage,
And ſpread our faith from Thule to furtheſt Inde;
But now I pray thee calme thy valiant rage,
Reſerue thy ſelfe till greater need vs binde,
And let the reſt each one write downe his name,
And ſee whom fortune chooſeth to this game,

70

Or rather ſee whom Gods high iudgement taketh,
To whom is chance and fate and fortune ſlaue:
Raimond his earneſt ſuit not yet forſaketh,
His name writ with the res'due would he haue,
Godfrey himſelfe in his bright helmet ſhaketh
The ſcroules, with names of all the champions braue,
They drew, and red the firſt whereon they hit,
Wherein was *Raimond* Earle of Tholouſe writ.

71

His name with ioy and mightie ſhoutes they bliſs;
The reſt allow his choiſe, and fortune praiſe,
New vigor bluſhed through thoſe lookes of his:
It ſeem'd he now reſum'd his youthfull daies,
Like to a ſnake whoſe ſlough new changed is,
That ſhines like gold againſt the ſunnie raies:
But *Godfrey* moſt approu'd his fortune hie,
And wiſht him honour, conqueſt, victorie.

72

Then from his ſide he tooke his noble brand,
And giuing it to *Raimond*, thus he ſpake;
This is the ſword wherewith in Saxon land,
The great *Rubello* battaile vs'd to make,
From him I tooke it fighting hand to hand,
And tooke his life with it, and many a lake
Of blood with it I haue ſhed ſince that day,
With thee God grant it proue as happie may.

73

Of theſe delaies meane-while impatient,
Argantes threat'neth lowd and ſternly cries,
O glorious people of the Occident,
Behold him here that all your hoſt defies:
Why comes not *Tancred*, whoſe great hardiment,
With you is pris'd ſo deere? pardie he lies
Still on his pillow, and preſumes the night
Againe may ſhield him from my powre and might.

74

Why than ſome other come, by band and band
Come all, come forth on horſebacke, come on foot,
If not one man dares combat hand to hand,
In all the thouſands of ſo great a rout:
See where the tombe of *Maries* ſonne doth ſtand,
March thither warriors bold, what makes you dout?
Why run you not, there for your ſinnes to weepe,
Or to what greater need theſe forces keepe?

75

Thus ſcorned by that heathen Sarracine,
Were all the ſoldiers of Chriſts ſacred name:
Raimond (while others at his words repine)
Burſt forth in rage, he could not beare this ſhame,
For fire of courage brighter far doth ſhine,
If challenges and threats augment the ſame;
So that, vpon his ſteed he mounted light,
Which *Aquilino* for his ſwiftnes hight.

This

76

This Iennet was by Tagus bred; for oft
The breeder of theſe beaſts to war aſſinde,
When firſt on trees burgen the bloſſomes ſoft,
Prickt forward with the ſting of fertile kinde,
Againſt the aire caſt vp her head aloft,
And gath'reth ſeed ſo from the fruitfull winde,
And thus conceauing of the gentle blaſt,
(A wonder ſtrange and rare) ſhe foales at laſt.

77

And had you ſeene the beaſt, you would haue ſaid
The light and ſubtill winde his father was;
For if his courſe vpon the ſands he maid,
No ſigne was left what way the beaſt did pas;
Or if he menag'd were, or if he plaid,
He ſcantly bended downe the tender gras:
Thus mounted rode the Earle, and as he went,
Thus prai'd, to heau'n his zealous lookes vp bent,

78

O Lord, that diddeſt ſaue, keepe and defend
Thy ſeruant *Dauid*, from *Golias* rage,
And broughteſt that huge giant to his end,
Slaine by a faithfull childe, of tender age;
Like grace (O Lord) like mercie now extend,
Let me this vile blaſphemous pride aſſwage,
That all the world may to thy glorie know,
Old men and babes thy foes can ouerthrow.

79

Thus prai'd the Countie, and his praiers deare
Strength'ned with zeale, with godlines and faith,
Before the throne of that great Lord appeare,
In whoſe ſweet grace is life, death in his wraith,
Among his armies bright and legions cleare,
The Lord an angell good ſelected haith,
To whom the charge was giuen to garde the knight,
And keepe him ſafe from that fierce Pagans might.

80

The angell good, appointed for the guard
Of noble *Raimond* from his tender eild,
That kept him than, and kept him afterward,
When ſpeare and ſword he able was to weild,
Now when his great creators will he hard,
That in this fight he ſhould him chiefly ſheild,
Vp to a towre ſet on a rocke he flies,
Where all the heau'nly armes and weapons lies:

There

81

There ſtands the lance wherewith great *Michael* ſlew
The aged dragon in a bloodie fight,
There are the dreadfull thunders forged new,
With ſtormes and plagues that on poore ſinners light;
The maſſie trident maiſt thou pendant vew,
There on a golden pinne hung vp on hight,
Wherewith ſometimes he ſmites this ſolid land,
And throwes down towns & towres theron which ſtand.

82

Among the bleſſed weapons there which ſtands
Vpon a diamond ſhield his lookes he bended,
So great that it might couer all the lands,
Twixt Caucaſus and Atlas hils extended;
With it the Lords deere flocks and faithfull bands,
The holy kings and cities are defended;
The ſacred Angell tooke this target ſheene,
And by the Chriſtian champion ſtood vnſeene.

83

But now the walles and turrets round about,
Both yong and old with many thouſands fill;
The king *Clorinda* ſent and her braue rout,
To keepe the field, ſhe ſtaid vpon the hill:
Godfrey likewiſe ſome Chriſtian bands ſent out,
Which arm'd and rankt in good aray ſtood ſtill,
And to their champions emptie let remaine
Twixt either troope a large and ſpacious plaine.

84

Argantes looked for *Tancredie* bold,
But ſaw an vncouth foe at laſt appeare,
Raimond rode on, and what he askt him, told,
Better thy chance, *Tancred* is now elſe-wheare,
Yet glorie not of that, my ſelfe behold
Am come prepar'd, and bid thee battaile heare,
And in his place, or for my ſelfe, to fight,
Loe here I am, who ſcorne thy heath'niſh might.

85

The Pagan caſt a ſcornefull ſmile, and ſaid,
But where is *Tancred*, is he ſtill in bed?
His lookes late ſeem'd to make high heau'n affraid,
But now for dread he is or dead or fled,
But were earthes center or the deepe ſea maid
His lurking hole, it ſhould not ſaue his hed.
Thou lieſt, he ſaies, to ſay ſo braue a knight
Is fled from thee, who thee exceedes in might.

86

The angrie Pagan ſaid, I haue not ſpilt
My labour then, if thou his place ſupplie,
Goe, take the field, and lets ſee how thou wilt
Maintaine thy fooliſh words and that braue lie;
Thus parled they to meet in equall tilt,
Each tooke his aime at others helme on hie,
Eu'n in the ſight his foe good *Raimond* hit,
But ſhakt him not, he did ſo firmely ſit.

87

The fierce Circaſſian miſſed of his blowe,
A thing which ſeld befell the man before,
The angell by vnſeene his force did knowe,
And far awrie the poinant weapon bore,
He burſt his lance againſt the ſand belowe,
And bit his lips for rage, and curſt and ſwore,
Againſt his foe return'd he ſwift as winde,
Halfe mad in armes a ſecond match to finde;

88

Like to a ram that buttes with horned head,
So ſpurr'd he forth his horſe with deſp'rate race:
Raimond at his right hand let ſlide his ſtead,
And as he paſt ſtrooke at the Pagans face;
He turn'd againe the Earle nothing dread,
Yet ſtept aſide and to his rage gaue place,
And on his helme with all his ſtrength gan ſmite,
Which was ſo hard his courtlax could not bite.

89

The Sarracine imploi'd his art and force,
To gripe his foe within his mightie armes;
But he auoided nimbly with his horſe,
He was no prentiſe in thoſe fierce allarmes,
About him made he many a winding corſe,
No ſtrength, no ſleight the ſubtile warriour harmes,
His nimble ſteed obeid his ready hand,
And where he ſtept no print left in the ſand.

90

As when a captaine doth beſiege ſome hold,
Set in a mariſh or high on a hill,
And trieth waies and wiles a thouſand fold,
To bring the piece ſubiected to his will;
So far'd the Countie with the Pagan bold,
And when he did his head and breſt none ill,
His weaker partes he wiſely gan aſſaile,
And entrance ſearched oft twixt maile and maile;

91

At laſt he hit him on a place or twaine,
That on his armes the red blood trickled downe,
And yet himſelfe vntouched did remaine,
No naile was broke, no plume cut from his crowne;
Argantes raging ſpent his ſtrength in vaine,
Waſte were his ſtrokes, his thruſts were idle throwne,
Yet preas'd he on, and doubled ſtill his blowes,
And where he hits he neither cares nor knowes.

92

Among a thouſand blowes the Sarracine
At laſt ſtroake one, when *Raymond* was ſo neare,
That not the ſwiftnes of his Aquiline
Could his deere Lord from that huge danger beare:
But loe (at hand vnſeene was helpe diuine,
Which ſaues when worldly comforts none appeare)
The angell on his targe receiu'd that ſtroke,
And on that ſhield *Argantes* ſword was broke.

93

The ſword was broke, therein no wonder lies,
If earthly tempred mettall could not hold,
Againſt that target forg'd aboue the skies,
Downe fell the blade in peeces on the mold,
The proud Circaſſian ſcant beleeu'd his eies,
Though nought were left him but the hilts of gold,
And full of thoughts amaz'd a while he ſtood,
Wondring the Chriſtians armour was ſo good.

94

The brittle web of that rich ſword he thought,
Was broke through hardnes of the Counties ſheeld;
And ſo thought *Raimond*, who diſcou'red nought,
What ſuccour heau'n did for his ſafetie yeeld:
But when he ſaw the man gainſt whom he fought,
Vnweaponed, ſtill ſtood he in the feeld;
His noble hart eſteem'd the glorie light,
At ſuch aduantage if he ſlew the knight.

95

Goe fetch, he would haue ſaid, another blade,
When in his hart a better thought aroſe,
How for Chriſtes glorie he was champion made,
How *Godfrey* had him to this combat choſe,
The armies honour on his ſhoulder lade,
To hazards new he liſt not that expoſe;
While thus his thoughts debated on the cace,
The hilts *Argantes* hurled at his face.

96

And forward spurr'd his mounture fierce withall,
Within his armes longing his foe to straine,
Vpon whose helme the heauie blowe did fall,
And bent well nie the mettall to his braine:
But he, whose courage was heroicall,
Leapt by and makes the Pagans onset vaine,
And woundes his hand, which he outstretched saw,
Fiercer than eagles talent, lions paw.

97

Now here now there on euery side he road,
With nimble speed, and spurr'd now out now in,
And as he went and came still laid on load
Where Lord *Argantes* armes were weake and thin,
All that huge force which in his armes aboad,
His wrath, his ire, his great desire to win,
Against his foe together all he bent,
And heau'n and fortune furthred his intent.

98

But he, whose courage for no perill failes,
Well arm'd and better harted, scornes his powre,
Like a tall ship when spent are all her sailes,
Which still resists the rage of storme and showre,
Whose mightie ribs fast bound with bands and nailes,
Withstands fierce *Neptunes* wrath, for many an howre,
And yeelds not vp her brused keele to windes,
In whose sterne blasts no ruth nor grace she findes.

99

Argantes such thy present danger was,
When Sathan stirr'd to aide thee at thy need,
In humane shape he forg'd an airie mas,
And made the shade a body seeme indeed;
Well might the spirit for *Clorinda* pas,
Like her it was, in armour and in weed,
In stature, beautie, countenance and face,
In lookes, in speech, in gesture and in pace.

100

And for the sprite should seeme the same indeed,
From where she was whose show and shape it had,
Towards the wall it road with faigned speed,
Where stood the people all dismaid and sad
To see their knight of helpe haue so great need,
And yet the law of armes all helpe forbad.
There in a turret sat a soldier stout
To watch, and at a loope-hole peeped out;

101

The ſpirit ſpake to him call'd *Oradine,*
The nobleſt archer then that handled bow,
O *Oradin* (quoth ſhe) who ſtraight as line
Canſt ſhoot, and hit each marke ſet high or low,
If yonder knight (alas) be ſlaine in fine,
As likeſt is, great ruth it were you know,
And greater ſhame, if his victorious foe
Should with his ſpoiles triumphant homeward goe.

102

Now proue thy skill, thine arrowes ſharpe head dip
In yonder theeuiſh French-mans guiltie blood,
I promiſe thee thy ſoueraigne ſhall not ſlip,
To giue thee large rewards for ſuch a good;
Thus ſaid the ſprite: the man did laugh and skip
For hope of future gaine, nor longer ſtood,
But from his quiuer huge a ſhaft he hent,
And ſet it in his mightie bowe new bent,

103

Twanged the ſtring, out flew the quarell long,
And through the ſubtile aire did ſinging pas,
It hit the knight the buckles rich among,
Wherewith his pretious girdle faſt'ned was,
It bruſed them and pearſt his hawberke ſtrong,
Some little blood downe trickled on the gras;
Light was the wound; the angell by vnſeene,
The ſharpe head blunted of the weapon keene.

104

Raimond drew forth the ſhaft (as much behoued)
And with the ſteele, his blood out ſtreaming came,
With bitter words his foe he than reproued,
For breaking faith, to his eternall ſhame.
Godfrey whoſe carefull eies from his beloued
Were neuer turned, ſaw and markt the ſame,
And when he vew'd the wounded Countie bleed,
He ſigh'd, and feared, more perchance than need;

105

And with his words and with his threat'ning eies,
He ſtirr'd his captaines to reuenge that wrong;
Forthwith the ſpurred courſer forward hies,
Within their reſts put were their lances long,
From either ſide a ſquadron braue out flies,
And boldly made a fierce encounter ſtrong,
The raiſed duſt to ouerſpread begunne
Their ſhining armes, and far more ſhining ſunne.

106

Of breaking speares, of ringing helme and shield,
A dreadfull rumour roard on euery side,
There lay an horse, another through the field
Ran masterlesse, dismounted was his guide;
Here one lay dead, there did another yeeld,
Some sigh'd, some sobb'd, some praied and some cride;
Fierce was the fight, and longer still it lasted,
Fiercer and fewer, still themselues they wasted.

107

Argantes nimbly leapt amid the throng,
And from a soldier wrung an iron mace,
And breaking through the ranks and ranges long,
Therewith he passage made himselfe and place,
Raimond he sought, the thickest prease among,
To take reuenge for late receiu'd disgrace,
A greedie woolfe he seem'd, and would asswage
With *Raimonds* blood his hunger and his rage.

108

The way he found not easie as he would,
But fierce encounters put him oft to paine,
He met *Ormanno* and *Rogero* bould,
Of Balnauile, *Guie*, and the *Gerards* twaine;
Yet nothing might his rage and haste withhould,
These worthies stroue to stop him, but in vaine,
With these strong lets increased still his ire,
Like riuers stopt, or closely smouldred fire.

109

He slew *Ormanno*, wounded *Guie*, and laid
Rogero lowe, among the people slaine,
On euery side new troopes the man inuaid,
Yet all their blowes were waste, their onsets vaine.
But while *Argantes* thus his prises plaid,
And seem'd alone this skirmish to sustaine,
The Duke his brother call'd and thus he spake,
Goe with thy troope, fight for thy Sauiours sake;

110

There enter in where hottest is the fight,
Thy force against the left wing strongly bend,
This said, so braue an onset gaue the knight,
That many a Painim bold there made his end:
The Turks too weake seem'd to sustaine his might,
And could not from his powre their liues defend,
Their ensignes rent and broke was their array,
And men and horse on heapes together lay.

Orethrowne

111

Orethrowne likewiſe away the right wing ran,
Nor was there one againe that turn'd his face,
Saue bold *Argantes*, elſe fled euery man,
Feare droue them thence on heapes, with headlong chace:
He ſtaid alone, and battaile new began,
Fiue hundreth men, weapon'd with ſword and mace,
So great reſiſtance neuer could haue made,
As did *Argantes* with his ſingle blade:

112

The ſtrokes of ſwords and thruſts of many a ſpeare,
The ſhocke of many a iuſt, he long ſuſtained,
He ſeem'd of ſtrength enough this charge to beare,
And time to ſtrike now here now there he gained,
His armours broke, his members bruſed weare,
He ſweat and bled, yet courage ſtill he fained;
But now his foes vpon him preas'd ſo faſt,
That with their weight they bore him backe at laſt.

113

His backe againſt this ſtorme at length he turned,
Whoſe headlong furie bore him backward ſtill,
Not like to one that fled, but one that murned
Bicauſe he did his foes no greater ill,
His threat'ning eies like flaming torches burned,
His courage thirſted yet more blood to ſpill,
And euery way and euery meane he ſought,
To ſtay his flying mates, but all for nought.

114

This good he did, while thus he plaid his part,
His bands and troopes at eaſe, and ſafe, retired;
Yet coward dread lacks order, feare wants art,
Deafe to attend, commanded or deſired.
But *Godfrey* that perceiu'd in his wiſe hart,
How his bold knights to victorie aſpired,
Freſh ſoldiers ſent, to make more quicke purſuit,
And helpe to gather conqueſts pretious fruit.

115

But this (alas) was not th'appointed day,
Set downe by heau'n to end this mortall war,
The weſtren Lords this time had borne away
The priſe, for which they trauail'd had ſo far,
Had not the diuels (that ſaw the ſure decay
Of their falſe kingdome by this bloodie war)
At once made heau'n and earth with darknes blinde,
And ſtird vp tempeſts, ſtormes and bluſtring winde.

Heau'ns

116

Heau'ns glorious lampe wrapt in an ouglie vaile
Of ſhadowes darke, was hid from mortall eie,
And hels grim blacknes did bright skies aſſaile,
On euerie ſide the fierie light'nings flie,
The thunders roare, the ſtreaming raine and haile
Powre downe, and make that ſea which earſt was drie,
The tempeſts rend the Oakes and Cedars brake,
And make not trees, bnt rocks and mountaines ſhake.

117

The raine, the lightning and the raging winde,
Bet in the French-mens eies, with hideous force,
The ſoldiers ſtaid amaz'd in hart and minde,
The terror ſuch ſtopped both man and horſe,
Surpriſed with this euill no way they finde,
Whither for ſuccour to direct their corſe.
But wiſe *Clorinda* ſoone th'aduantage ſpied,
And ſpurring forth thus to her ſoldiers cried:

118

You hardie men at armes behold (quoth ſhee)
How heau'n, how iuſtice in our aide doth fight,
Our viſages are from this tempeſt free,
Our hands at will may weild our weapons bright,
The furie of this friendly ſtorme you ſee
Vpon the foreheads of our foes doth light,
And blindes their eies, then let vs take the tide,
Come follow me, good fortune be our guide.

119

This ſaid, againſt her foes on rode the Dame,
And turn'd their backs againſt the winde and raine,
Vpon the French with furious rage ſhe came,
And ſcorn'd thoſe idle blowes they ſtroke in vaine;
Argantes at the inſtant did the ſame,
And them who chaſed him now chas'd againe,
Nought but his fearefull backe, each Chriſtian ſhowes
Againſt the tempeſt, and againſt their blowes.

120

The cruell haile and deadly wounding blade,
Vpon their ſhoulders ſmote them as they fled,
The blood new ſpilt while thus they ſlaughter made,
The water falne from skies had died red,
Among the murdred bodies *Pyrrhus* lade,
And valiant *Raiphe* his hart blood there out bled,
The firſt ſubdu'd by ſtrong *Argantes* might,
The ſecond conqu'red by that virgin knight.

Thus

121

Thus fled the French, and them purſu'd in chace
The wicked ſprites and all the Syrian traine:
But gainſt their force and gainſt the fell menace
Of haile and winde, of tempeſt and of raine,
Godfrey alone turn'd his audacious face,
Blaming his Barons for their feare ſo vaine,
Himſelfe the campe gate boldly ſtood to keepe,
And ſau'd his men within his trenches deepe,

122

And twiſe vpon *Argantes* proud he flew,
And beat him backward maugre all his might,
And twiſe his thirſtie ſword he did imbrew
In Pagans blood where thickeſt was the fight;
At laſt himſelfe with all his folke withdrew,
And that daies conqueſt gaue the virgin bright,
Which got, ſhe home retir'd and all her men,
And thus ſhe chas'd this lion to his den.

123

Yet ceaſed not the furie and the ire
Of theſe huge ſtormes, of winde, of raine and haile,
Now was it darke, now ſhone the light'ning fire,
The winde and water euery place aſſaile,
No banke was ſafe, no rampire left intire,
No tent could ſtand, when beame and cordage faile,
Winde, thunder, raine, all gaue a dreadfull ſound,
And with that muſicke deaft the trembling ground.

The eight Booke of Godfrey *of Bulloigne.*

The argument.

A meſſenger to Godfrey *ſage doth tell*
The Prince of Denmarks valour, death and end:
Th' Italians truſting ſignes vntrue too well,
Thinke their Rinaldo *ſlaine: the wicked fend*
Breedes furie in their breſts, their boſomes ſwell
With ire and hate, and war and ſtrife forth ſend:
They threaten Godfrey, *he praies to the Lord,*
And calmes their furie with his looke and word.

Now

1

NOw were the skies of ſtormes and tempeſts cleered,
Lord *AEolus*, ſhut vp his windes in hold,
The ſiluer mantled morning freſh appeared,
With roſes crown'd, and buskind high with gold:
The ſpirits yet which had theſe tempeſts reared,
Their malice would ſtill more and more vnfold;
And one of them that *Aſtragor* was named,
His ſpeeches thus, to foule *Alecto* framed.

2

Alecto, ſee, we could not ſtop nor ſtay
The knight that to our foes new tidings brings,
Who from the hands eſcapt (with life away)
Of that great Prince, chiefe of all Pagan kings,
He comes, the fall of his ſlaine Lord to ſay,
Of death and loſſe he tels, and ſuch ſad things,
Great newes he brings, and greateſt danger is,
Bertoldoes ſonne ſhall be call'd home for this.

3

Thou know'ſt what would befall, beſtir thee than;
Preuent with craft, what force could not withſtand,
Turne to their euill the ſpeeches of the man,
With his owne weapon wound *Godfredoes* hand;
Kindle debate, infect with poyſon wan
The Engliſh, Switzer and Italian band,
Great tumults moue, make braules and quarrels rife,
Set all the campe on vprore and at ſtrife.

4

This act beſeemes thee well, and of the deed
Much maiſt thou boaſt, before our Lord and king,
Thus ſaid the ſprite: perſwaſion ſmall did need,
The monſter grants to vndertake the thing.
Meane-while the knight whoſe comming thus they dreed,
Before the campe his wearie lims doth bring,
And well nie breathleſſe, warriors bold (he cride)
Who ſhall conduct me to your famous guide?

5

An hundreth ſtroue the ſtrangers guide to bee,
To harken newes the knights by heapes aſſemble,
The man fell lowly downe vpon his knee,
And kiſt the hand that made proud Babel tremble;
Right puiſſant Lord, whoſe valiant actes (quoth hee)
The ſands and ſtarres in number beſt reſemble,
Would God ſome gladder newes I might vnfold,
And there he paws'd, and ſigh'd; then thus he told:

6

Sweno the king of Denmarks only haire,
The ſtay and ſtaffe of his declining eild,
Longed to be among theſe ſquadrons faire,
Who for Chriſtes faith here ſerue with ſpeare and ſheild,
No wearineſſe, no ſtormes of ſea or aire,
No ſuch contents as crownes and ſcepters yeild,
No deere entreaties of ſo kinde a ſire,
Could in his boſome quench that glorious fire.

7

He thirſted ſore to learne this warlike art
Of thee, great Lord and maſter of the ſame,
And was aſhamed in his noble hart,
That neuer act he did deſerued fame;
Beſides, the newes and tidings from each part
Of yong *Rinaldoes* worth, and praiſes came;
But that which moſt his courage ſtirred haith
Is zeale, religion, godlineſſe and faith.

8

He haſted forward than without delay,
And with him tooke of knights a choſen band,
Directly toward Thrace we tooke the way,
To Bizance old, chiefe fortreſſe of that land,
There the Greeke monarch gently praid him ſtay,
And there an herald ſent from you we fand,
How Antioch was wonne, who firſt declar'd,
And how defended nobly afterward.

9

Defended gainſt *Corbana* valiant knight,
That all the Perſian armies had to guide,
And brought ſo many ſoldiers bold to fight,
That void of men he left that kingdome wide,
He told thine actes, thy wiſdome and thy might,
And told the deedes of many a Lord beſide,
His ſpeech at length to yong *Rinaldo* paſt
And told his great atchieuements, firſt and laſt:

10

And how this noble campe of yours, of late
Beſieged had this towne, and in what ſort,
And how you praid him to participate
Of the laſt conqueſt, of this noble fort.
In hardie *Sweno* opened was the gate
Of worthie anger, by this braue report,
So that each hower ſeemed fiue yeeres long,
Till he were fighting, with theſe Pagans ſtrong.

And

11

And while the herald told your fights and fraies,
Himſelfe of cowardiſe reprou'd he thought,
And him, to ſtay that counſels him, or praies,
He heares not, or (elſe heard) regardeth nought,
He feares no perils, but (whil'ſt he delaies)
Leaſt this laſt worke without his helpe be wrought:
In this his doubt, in this his danger lies,
No hazard elſe he feares, no perill ſpies.

12

Thus haſting on, he haſted on his death,
Death that to him and vs was fatall guide,
The riſing morne appeared yet vneath,
When he and we were arm'd, and fit to ride,
The neereſt way ſeem'd beſt, ore hoult and heath
We went, through deſarts waſte and forreſts wide,
The ſtreetes and waies he openeth as he goes,
And ſets each land, free from intruding foes.

13

Now want of food, now dang'rous waies we finde,
Now open war, now ambuſh cloſely laid;
Yet paſt we forth, all perils left behinde,
Our foes or dead, or run away affraid,
Of victorie ſo happie blew the winde,
That careleſſe all, and heedleſſe to it maid:
Vntill one day his tents he hapt to reare,
To Paleſtine when we approched neare,

14

There did our ſcoutes returne, and bring vs newes
That dreadfull noiſe of horſe and armes they heare,
And that they deem'd by ſundrie ſignes and ſhewes,
There was ſome mightie hoſt of Pagans neare.
At theſe ſad tidings many chang'd their hewes,
Some looked pale for dread, ſome ſhooke for feare,
Only our noble Lord was altred nought,
In looke, in face, in geſture or in thought.

15

But ſaid, a crowne prepare you to poſſeſſe
Of martyrdome, or happie victorie;
For this I hope, for that I wiſh no leſſe,
Of greater merit, and of greater glorie.
Brethren, this campe will ſhortly be I geſſe,
A temple, ſacred to our memorie,
To which the holy men of future age,
To vew our graues ſhall come in pilgrimage.

This

16

This ſaid, he ſet the watch in order right
To garde the campe, along the trenches deepe,
And as he armed was, ſo euery knight
He willed on his backe his armes to keepe.
Now had the ſtilneſſe of the quiet night
Drown'd all the world in ſilence and in ſleepe,
When ſuddenly we heard a dreadfull ſound,
Which deaft the earth, and tremble made the ground:

17

Arme, arme they cride, Prince *Sweno* at the ſame,
Gliſtring in ſhining ſteele leapt formoſt out,
His viſage ſhone, his noble lookes did flame,
With kindled brand of courage bold and ſtout,
When loe the Pagans to aſſault vs came,
And with huge numbers hemm'd vs round about,
A forreſt thicke of ſpeares about vs grew,
And ouer vs a cloud of arrowes flew:

18

Vneuen the fight, vnequall was the fray,
Our enimies were twenty men to one,
On euery ſide the ſlaine and wounded lay,
Vnſeene, where nought but gliſtring weapons ſhone:
The number of the dead could no man ſay,
So was the place with darknes ouergone,
The night her mantle blacke vpon vs ſpreedes,
Hiding our loſſes, and our valiant deedes.

19

But hardie *Sweno*, midſt the other traine,
By his great actes was well deſcride I wote,
No darknes could his valours day light ſtaine,
Such wondrous blowes on euery ſide he ſmote;
A ſtreame of blood, a banke of bodies ſlaine,
About him made a bulwarke and a mote,
And when ſo ere he turn'd his fatall brand,
Dread in his lookes, and death ſat in his hand,

20

Thus fought we till the morning bright appeared,
And ſtrowed roſes on the azure skie,
But when her lampe had nights thicke darknes cleared,
Wherein the bodies dead did buried lie,
Then our ſad cries to heau'n for greefe we reared,
Our loſſe apparant was, for we deſcrie
How all our campe deſtroied was almoſt,
And all our people well nie ſlaine and loſt.

21

Of thouſands twaine an hundreth ſcant ſuruiued,
When *Sweno* murdred ſaw each valiant knight,
I know not if his hart in ſunder riued,
For deare compaſſion, of that wofull ſight;
He ſhew'd no change, but ſaid, ſince ſo depriued
We are of all our friends by chance of fight,
Come follow them, the path to heau'n their blood
Marks out, now angels made, of martyrs good.

22

This ſaid, and glad I thinke of death at hand,
The ſignes of heau'nly ioy ſhone through his eies,
Of Sarracines againſt a mightie band,
With feareleſſe hart, and conſtant breſt he flies;
No ſteele could ſhield them from his cutting brand,
But whom he hits without recure he dies,
He neuer ſtroke but feld or kild his foe,
And wounded was himſelfe from top to toe.

23

Not ſtrength, but courage now, preſeru'd on liue
This hardie champion, fortreſſe of our faith,
Stroken he ſtrikes, ſtill ſtronger more they ſtriue,
The more they hurt him, more he doth them ſcaith,
When towards him a furious knight can driue,
Of members huge, fierce lookes, and full of wraith,
That with the aide of many a Pagan crew,
After long fight, at laſt Prince *Sweno* ſlew.

24

Ah heauie chance! downe fell the valiant yuth,
Nor mongſt vs all did one ſo ſtrong appeare,
As to reuenge his death, that this is truth,
By his deere blood and noble bones I ſweare,
That of my life I had nor care nor ruth,
No wounds I ſhonn'd, no blowes I would off beare,
And had not heau'n my wiſhed end denied,
Eu'n there I ſhould, and willing ſhould haue died.

25

Aliue I fell among my fellowes ſlaine,
Yet wounded ſo that each one thought me dead,
Nor what our foes did ſince can I explaine,
So ſore amazed was my hart and head;
But when I opened firſt mine eies againe,
Nights curtaine blacke vpon the earth was ſpread,
And through the darknes to my feeble ſight,
Appear'd the twinkling of a ſlender light.

Not

26

Not ſo much force or iudgement in me lies,
As to diſcerne things ſeene and not miſtake,
I ſaw like them, who ope and ſhut their eies
By turnes, now halfe aſleepe, now halfe awake,
My bodie eeke another torment tries,
My wounds began to ſmart, my hurtes to ake;
For euery ſore, each member pinched was, (gras.
With nights ſharpe aire, heau'ns froſt, and earthes cold

27

But ſtill the light approched neare and neare,
And with the ſame a whiſpring murmur ronne,
Till at my ſide arriued both they weare,
When I to ſpread my feeble eies begonne:
Two men behold in veſtures long appeare,
With each a lampe in hand, who ſaid, O ſonne
In that deare Lord who helpes his ſeruants, truſt,
Who ere they aske grants all things to the iuſt.

28

This ſaid, each one his ſacred bleſſing flings
Vpon my coarſe, with broad out ſtretched hand,
And mumbled hymnes and pſalmes and holy things,
Which I could neither heare, nor vnderſtand;
Ariſe (quoth they) with that as I had wings,
All whole and ſound I leapt vp from the land,
O miracle, ſweet, gentle, ſtrange and trew!
My lims new ſtrength receiu'd, and vigour new.

29

I gazde on them like one, whoſe hart denai'th
To thinke that donne, he ſees ſo ſtrangely wrought;
Till one ſaid thus, O thou of little faith,
What doubts perplex thy vnbeleeuing thought?
Each one of vs a liuing bodie haith,
We are Chriſtes choſen ſeruants, feare vs nought,
Who to auoid the worlds allurements vaine,
In wilfull penance, hermits poore remaine.

30

Vs meſſengers to comfort thee elect
That Lord hath ſent that rules both heau'n and hell;
Who often doth his bleſſed will effect,
By ſuch weake meanes, as wonder is to tell;
He will not that this body lie neglect,
Wherein ſo noble ſoule did lately dwell,
To which againe when it vpriſen is,
It ſhall vnited be, in laſting blis.

31

I ſay Lord *Swenoes* corpes, for which prepar'd
A tombe there is according to his worth,
By which his honour ſhall be far declar'd,
And his iuſt praiſes ſpred from ſouth to north:
But lift thine eies vp to the heauens ward,
Marke yonder light that like the ſunne ſhines forth,
That ſhall direct thee with thoſe beames ſo cleare,
To finde the bodie of thy maiſter deare.

32

With that I ſaw from *Cinthias* ſiluer face,
Like to a falling ſtar a beame downe ſlide,
That bright as golden line markt out the place,
And lightned with cleere ſtreames the forreſt wide,
So *Latmos* ſhone when *Phebe* left the chace,
And laid her downe by her *Endimions* ſide;
Such was the light, that well diſcerne I could
His ſhape, his wounds, his face (though dead) yet bould.

33

He lay not groueling now, but as a knight
That euer had to heauenly things deſire,
So towards heau'n the Prince lay bolt vpright,
Like him, that vpward ſtill ſought to aſpire,
His right hand cloſed held his weapon bright,
Readie to ſtrike and execute his ire,
His left vpon his breſt was humbly laid,
That men might know, that while he dide he praid.

34

Whil'ſt on his wounds with bootleſſe teares I wept,
That neither helped him, nor eas'd my care,
One of thoſe aged fathers to him ſtept,
And forſt his hand that needleſſe weapon ſpare:
This ſword (quoth he) hath yet good token kept,
That of the Pagans blood he drunke his ſhare,
And bluſheth ſtill, he could not ſaue his Lord,
Rich, ſtrong and ſharpe, was neuer better ſword.

35

Heau'n therefore will not, though the Prince be ſlaine,
Who vſed earſt to weild this pretious brand,
That ſo braue blade vnuſed ſhould remaine;
But that it paſſe from ſtrong, to ſtronger hand,
Who with like force can weild the ſame againe,
And longer ſhall in grace of fortune ſtand,
And with the ſame ſhall bitter vengeance take,
On him that *Sweno* ſlew, for *Swenoes* ſake.

36

Great *Soliman* kill'd *Sweno*, *Soliman*
For *Swenoes* ſake, vpon this ſword muſt die.
Here take the blade and with it haſte thee than
Thither where *Godfrey* doth encamped lie,
And feare not thou that any ſhall or can
Or ſtop thy way, or lead thy ſteps awrie;
For he that doth thee on this meſſage ſend,
Thee with his hand ſhall guide, keepe and defend.

37

Arriued there it is his bleſſed will,
With true report that thou declare and tell
The zeale, the ſtrength, the courage, and the skill
In thy beloued Lord, that late did dwell,
How for Chriſtes ſake he came his blood to ſpill,
And ſample left to all of doing well,
That future ages may admire his deed,
And courage take when his braue end they reed.

38

It reſteth now, thou know that gentle knight,
That of this ſword ſhall be thy maſters haire,
It is *Rinaldo* yong, with whom in might
And martiall skill, no champion may compaire,
Giue it to him and ſay; the heauens bright
Of this reuenge to him commit the caire.
While thus I liſt'ned what this old man ſaid,
A wonder new from further ſpeech vs ſtaid;

39

For there whereas the wounded body lay,
A ſtately tombe with curious worke (behold)
And wond'rous art was built out of the clay,
Which riſing round the carkas did enfold,
With words engrauen in the marble gray,
The warriours name, his worth and praiſe that told,
On which I gazing ſtood, and often read
That epitaph of my deere maſter dead.

40

Among his ſoldiers (quoth the hermit) heare
Muſt *Swenoes* corpes remaine in marble cheſt,
While vp to heau'n are flowne their ſpirits deare,
To liue in endleſſe ioy for euer bleſt,
His funerall thou haſt with many a teare
Accompaned, its now high time to reſt,
Come be my gueſt, vntill the morning ray
Shall light the world againe, then take thy way.

41

This ſaid, he led me ouer holts and hags,
Through thornes and buſhes ſcant my legs I drew,
Till vnderneath an heape of ſtones and crags
At laſt he brought me to a ſecret mew,
Among the beares, wilde boares, the wolues and ſtags,
There dwelt he ſafe with his diſciple trew,
And fear'd no treaſon, force, nor hurt at all,
His guiltleſſe conſcience was his caſtels wall.

42

My ſupper, rootes; my bed, was moſſe and leaues;
But wearineſſe in little reſt found eaſe:
But when the purple morning night bereaues
Of late vſurped rule, on lands and ſeas,
His loathed couch each wakefull hermite leaues,
To pray roſe they, and I, for ſo they pleaſe,
I congee tooke when ended was the ſame,
And hitherward, as they aduis'd me, came.

43

The Dane his wofull tale had done, when thus
The good Prince *Godfrey* anſwer'd him, ſir knight,
Thou bringeſt tidings ſad and dolorous,
For which our heauie campe laments of right,
Since ſo braue troopes and ſo deere friends to vs,
One howre hath ſpent, in one vnluckie fight;
And ſo appeared hath thy maiſter ſtout,
As lightning doth, now kindled, now quencht out.

44

But ſuch a death and end exceedeth all
The conqueſts vaine of realmes, or ſpoiles of gold,
Nor aged Romes proud ſtately capitall,
Did euer triumph yet like theirs behold,
They ſit in heau'n on thrones celeſtiall,
Crowned with glorie, for their conqueſt bold,
Where each his hurtes I thinke to other ſhowes,
And glorie in thoſe bloodie wounds and blowes.

45

But thou who haſt part of thy race to ronne,
With haps and hazards of this world itoſt,
Reioice, for thoſe high honours they haue wonne,
Which cannot be by chance or fortune croſt:
But for thou askeſt for *Bertoldoes* ſonne,
Know, that he wandreth, baniſht from this hoſt,
And till of him new tidings ſome man tell,
Within this campe I deeme it beſt thou dwell.

46

These words of theirs in many a soule renewed
The sweet remembrance of faire *Sophias* childe,
Some with salt teares for him their cheekes bedewed,
Least euill betide him mongst the Pagans wilde,
And euery one his valiant prowesse shewed,
And of his battailes stories long compilde,
Telling the Dane his actes and conquests past,
Which made his eares amaz'd, his hart agast.

47

Now when remembrance of the youth had wrought
A tender pitie in each softned minde,
Behold returned home with all they cought,
The bands that were to forrage late assinde,
And with them in abundance great they brought
Both flockes and herds of euery sort and kinde,
And corne although not much, and hay to feed
Their noble steads and coursers when they need.

48

They also brought of misaduenture sad
Tokens and signes, seem'd too apparant trew,
Rinaldoes armour frusht and hackt they had,
Oft pearsed through, with blood besmeared new,
About the campe, (for alwaies rumors bad,
Are furthest spred) these wofull tidings flew,
Thither assembled straight both hie and low,
Longing to see what they were loth to know.

49

His heauie hawberke was both seene and knowne,
And his broad shield, wherein displaied flies
The bird, that proues her chickens for her owne,
By looking gainst the sun with open eies,
That shield was to the Pagans often showne
In many a hard and hardie enterpries,
But now with many a gash and many a stroke,
They see (and sigh to see it) frusht and broke.

50

While all his soldiers whispred vnder hand,
And here and there the fault and cause doe lay,
Godfrey before him called *Ardiprand*
Captaine of those that brought of late this pray,
A man who did on points of vertue stand,
Blameless in words, and true what ere he say,
Say (quoth the Duke) where you this armour had,
Hide not the truth, but tell it good or bad.

51

He anſwer'd him, as far from hence thinke I
As on two daies a ſpeedie poſt well rideth,
To Gaza ward a little plaine doth lie,
It ſelfe among the ſteepie hils which hideth,
Through it ſlow falling from the mountaines hie,
A rolling brooke twixt buſh and bramble glideth,
Clad with thick ſhade of boughes of broad leau'd treene,
Fit place for men to lie in wait vnſeene.

52

Thither, to ſeeke ſome flocks or heards, we went
Perchance cloſe hid vnder the greene wood ſhaw,
And found the ſpringing graſſe with blood beſprent,
A warriour tumbled in his blood we ſaw,
His armes though duſtie, bloodie, hackt and rent,
Yet well we knew, when neere the coarſe we draw;
To which (to view his face) in vaine I ſtarted,
For from his bodie his faire head was parted;

53

His right hand wanted eeke, with many a wound
The trunke through pearſed was from backe to breſt,
A little by his emptie helme we found
The ſiluer Eagle ſhining on his creſt,
To ſpie at whom to aske we gazed round,
A churle towards vs his ſteps addreſt,
But when vs armed by the coarſe he ſpide,
He ran away his fearfull face to hide,

54

But we porſu'd him, tooke him, ſpake him faire,
Till comforted at laſt he anſwere made,
How that the day before, he ſaw repaire
A band of ſoldiers from that forreſts ſhade,
Of whom one caried by the golden haire
A head, but late cut off with murdring blade,
The face was faire and yong, and on the chin
No ſigne of beard to bud did yet begin.

53

And how in ſindall wrapt away he bore
That head with him hung at his ſaddle bow,
And how the murtherers by the armes they wore,
For ſoldiers of our campe he well did know;
The carkaſſe I diſarm'd and weeping ſore,
Bicauſe I gueſt who ſhould that harneſſe owe;
Away I brought it, but firſt order gaue,
That noble body ſhould be laid in graue.

56

But if it be his trunke whom I beleeue,
A nobler tombe his worth deſerueth well,
This ſaid good *Aliprando* tooke his leeue,
Of certaine troath he had no more to tell.
Sore ſigh'd the Duke, ſo did theſe newes him greeue,
Feares in his hart, doubts in his boſome dwell,
He earnd to know, to finde, and learne the truth,
And puniſh would them that had ſlaine the yuth.

57

But now the night deſpred her lazie wings,
Ore the broad fields of heau'ns bright wilderneſſe,
Sleepe the ſoules reſt, and eaſe of carefull things,
Buried in happie peace, both more and leſſe,
Thou *Argillan* alone, whom ſorrow ſtings
Still wakeſt, muſing on great deedes I geſſe,
Nor ſuffreſt in thy watchfull eies to creepe,
The ſweet repoſe, of milde and gentle ſleepe.

58

This man was ſtrong of lims, and all his ſaies
Were bold, of readie toong, and working ſpright,
Nere Trento borne, bred vp in braules and fraies,
In iarres, in quarrels, and in ciuill fight,
For which exil'd, the hils and publike waies
He fill'd with blood, and robb'ries day and night,
Vntill to Aſiaes wars at laſt he came,
And boldly there he ſeru'd, and purchas'd fame.

59

He clos'd his eies at laſt when day drew neare,
Yet ſlept he not, but ſenſeleſſe lay oppreſt,
With ſtrange amazednes, and ſodaine feare,
Which falſe *Alecto* breathed in his breſt,
His working powres within deluded weare,
Stone ſtill he quiet lay, yet tooke no reſt,
For to his thought the feend her ſelfe preſented,
And with ſtrange viſions his weake braine tormented.

60

A murdred bodie huge beſide him ſtood,
Of head and right hand both, but lately ſpoiled,
His left hand bore the head, whoſe viſage good,
Both pale and wan, with duſt and gore defoiled,
Yet ſpake, though dead, with whoſe ſad words, the blood
Forth at his lips, in huge abundance boiled,
Flie *Argillan* from this falſe campe flie far,
Whoſe guide, a traitor; captaines, murdrers ar.

61

Godfrey hath murdred me by treaſon vile,
What fauour than hope you my truſtie frends?
His villaine hart is full of fraud and guile,
To your deſtruction all his thoughts he bends,
Yet if thou thirſt,of praiſe for noble ſtile,
If in thy ſtrength thou truſt,thy ſtrength that ends
All hard aſſaies,flie not,firſt with his blood
Appeaſe my ghoſt wandring by *Lethe* flood;

62

I will thy weapon whet, enflame thine ire,
Arme thy right hand,and ſtrengthen euery part.
This ſaid;euen while ſhe ſpake ſhe did inſpire
With furie,rage,and wrath his troubled hart:
The man awakte,and from his eies like fire
The poys'ned ſparks of headſtrong madnes ſtart,
And armed as he was forth is he gone,
And gath'red all th'Italian bands in one.

63

He gath'red them where lay the armes that late
Were good *Rinaldoes*; then with ſemblance ſtout,
And furious words, his fore conceiued hate
In bitter ſpeeches,thus he vomits out;
Is not this people barb'rous and ingrate,
In whom troath findes no place,faith takes no rout?
Whoſe thirſt vnquenched is of blood and gold,
Whom no yoke boweth,bridle none can hold.

64

So much we ſuffred haue theſe ſeu'n yeeres long,
Vnder this ſeruile and vnworthie yoke,
That thorow Rome and Italie our wrong
A thouſand yeeres hereafter ſhall be ſpoke:
I count not how Cilicias kingdome ſtrong,
Subdued was by Prince *Tancredies* ſtroke,
Nor how falſe *Baldwine* him that land bereaues
Of vertues harueſt,fraud there reapt the ſheaues:

65

Nor ſpeake I how each howre, at euery need
Quicke,ready,reſolute at all aſſaies,
With fire and ſword we haſted forth with ſpeed,
And bore the brunt of all their fights and fraies;
But when we had perform'd and done the deed,
At eaſe and leaſure they diuide the praies,
We reaped nought but trauaile for our toile,
Their was the praiſe,the realmes,the gold,the ſpoile.

Yet

66

Yet all this ſeaſon were we willing blinde,
Offended, vnreueng'd, wrong'd, but vnwroken,
Light greefes could not prouoke our quiet minde,
But now (alas) the mortall blow in ſtroken,
Rinaldo haue they ſlaine, and law of kinde,
Of armes, of nations and of high heau'n broken,
Why doth not heau'n kill them with fire and thunder?
To ſwallow them why cleaues not earth aſunder?

67

They haue *Rinaldo* ſlaine the ſword and ſheeld
Of Chriſtes true faith, and vnreueng'd he lies,
Still vnreuenged lieth in the feeld
His noble corpes, to feed the crowes and pies:
Who murdred him? who ſhall vs certaine yeeld?
Who ſees not that although he wanted eies?
Who knowes not how th'Italian chiualrie
Proud *Godfrey*, and falſe *Baldwine* both enuie?

68

What need we further proofe? heau'n, heau'n I ſweare,
Will not conſent herein we be beguiled,
This night I ſaw his murdred ſprite appeare,
Pale, ſad and wan, with wounds and blood defiled,
A ſpectacle full both of greefe and feare,
Godfrey for murdring him, the ghoſt reuiled.
I ſaw it was no dreame, before mine eies,
How ere I looke, ſtill ſtill me thinkes it flies.

69

What ſhall we doe? ſhall we be gouern'd ſtill,
By this falſe hand, contaminate with blood?
Or elſe depart and trauaile forth, vntill
To Euphrates we come, that ſacred flood?
Where dwels a people voide of martiall skill,
Whoſe cities rich, whoſe land is fat and good,
Where kingdoms great we may at eaſe prouide,
Far from theſe French mens malice, from their pride.

70

Than let vs goe, and no reuengement take
For this braue knight, though it lie in our power,
No, no, that courage rather newly wake,
Which neuer ſleepes in feare and dread one hower,
And this peſtifrous ſerpent, poys'ned ſnake,
Of all our knights that hath deſtroi'd the flower,
Firſt let vs ſlay, and his deſerued end
Enſample make to him that kils his frend.

71

I will, I will, if your couragious force,
Dareth ſo much as it can well performe,
Teare out his curſed hart without remorſe?
The neaſt of treaſon falſe and guile enorme.
Thus ſpake the angrie knight, with headlong corſe
The reſt him followed like a furious ſtorme,
Arme, arme, they cride, to armes the ſoldiers ran,
And as they ron, arme, arme, cride euery man.

72

Mongſt them *Alecto* ſtrowed waſtefull fire,
Enuenoming the harts of moſt and leaſt,
Follie, diſdaine, madnes, ſtrife, rancour, ire,
Thirſt to ſhed blood, in euery breſt encreaſt,
This ill ſpread far, and till it ſet on fire
With rage, th'Italian lodgings neuer ceaſt,
From thence vnto the Switzers campe it went,
And laſt infected euery Engliſh tent.

73

Not publike loſſe of their beloued knight,
Alone ſtirr'd vp their rage and wrath vntamed,
But fore-conceiued greefes, and quarrels light,
Their ire ſtill nouriſhed, and ſtill enflamed,
Awaked was each former cauſe of ſpright,
The Frenchmen cruell and vniuſt they named,
And with bold threats they made their hatred knowne,
Hate ſeeld kept cloſe, and oft vnwiſely ſhowne:

74

Like boyling liquor in a ſeething pot,
That fumeth, ſwelleth hie, and bubbleth faſt,
Till ore the brimmes among the embers hot,
Part of the broth and of the ſcum it caſt,
Their rage and wrath thoſe few appeaſed not,
In whom of wiſdome yet remain'd ſome taſt,
Camillo, William, Tancred were away,
And all whoſe greatnes might their madnes ſtay.

75

Now headlong ran to harneſſe in this heat
Theſe furious people, all on heapes confuſed,
The roaring trumpets battaile gan to threat,
As it in time of mortall war is vſed,
The meſſengers ran to *Godfredo* great,
And bod him arme, while on this noiſe he muſed,
And *Baldwin* firſt well clad in iron hard,
Stept to his ſide, a ſure and faithfull gard.

Their

76

Their murmurs heard, to heau'n he lift his eine
As was his wont, to God for aide he fled;
O Lord, thou knoweſt this right hand of mine
Abhorred euer ciuill blood to ſhed,
Illumine their darke ſoules with light diuine,
Repreſſe their rage, by helliſh furie bred,
The innocencie of my guiltleſſe minde
Thou know'ſt, and make theſe know, with furie blinde.

77

This ſaid, he felt infuſed in each vaine,
A ſacred heat from heau'n aboue diſtilled,
A heat in man that courage could conſtraine,
That his graue looke with awfull boldneſſe filled,
Well garded forth he went to meet the traine
Of thoſe that would reuenge *Rinaldo* killed;
And though their threats he heard, and ſaw them bent
To armes on euery ſide, yet on he went.

78

Aboue his hawberke ſtrong a cote he ware,
Embrodred faire with pearle and rich ſtone,
His hands were naked, and his face was bare,
Wherein a lampe of maieſtie bright ſhone;
He ſhooke his golden mace wherewith he dare
Reſiſt the force of his rebellious fone:
Thus he appear'd, and thus he gan them teach
In ſhape an angell, and a God in ſpeach:

79

What fooliſh words? what threats be theſe I heare?
What noiſe of armes? who dares theſe tumults moue?
Am I ſo honour'd? ſtand you ſo in feare?
Where is your late obedience? where your loue?
Of *Godfreys* falſhood who can witnes beare?
Who dare or will theſe accuſations proue?
Perchance you looke I ſhould entreaties bring,
Sue for your fauours, or excuſe the thing.

80

Ah God forbid, theſe lands ſhould heare or ſee
Him ſo diſgraſt, at whoſe great name they quake;
This ſcepter and my noble actes for mee,
A true defence before the world can make:
Yet for ſharpe iuſtice gouerned ſhall bee
With clemencie, I will no veng'ance take
For this offence, but for *Rinaldoes* loue,
I pardon you, hereafter wiſer proue.

81

But *Argillanoes* guiltie blood ſhall waſh
This ſtaine away, who kindled this debate,
And led by haſtie rage and furie raſh,
To theſe diſorders firſt vndid the gate:
While thus he ſpoke the lightning beames did flaſh
Out of his eies of maieſtie and ſtate,
That *Argillan* (who would haue thought it) ſhooke
For feare and terrour, conqu'red with his looke.

82

The reſt with vndiſcreet and fooliſh wrath
Who threatned late, with words of ſhame and pride,
Whoſe hands ſo ready were to harme and ſcath,
And brandiſhed bright ſwords on euery ſide;
Now huſht and ſtill attend what *Godfrey* ſath,
With ſhame and feare their baſhfull lookes they hide,
And *Argillan* they let in chaines be bound,
Although their weapons him enuiron'd round.

83

So when a lion ſhakes his dreadfull maine,
And beates his taile, with courage proud and wroth,
If his commander come, who firſt tooke paine
To tame his youth, his loftie creſt downe go'th,
His threats he feareth and obaies the raine
Of thraldome baſe, and ſeruiceage, though loth,
Nor can his ſharpe teeth nor his armed pawes,
Force him rebell againſt his rulers lawes.

84

Fame is a winged warriour they beheild,
With ſemblant fierce and furious looke that ſtood,
And in his left hand had a ſplendant ſheild,
Wherewith he couered ſafe their chieftaine good,
His other hand a naked ſword did weild,
From which diſtilling fell the lukewarme blood,
The blood pardie of many a realme and towne,
Whereon the Lord his wrath had powred downe.

85

Thus was the tumult (without bloodſhed) ended,
Their armes laid downe, ſtrife into exile ſent,
Godfrey his thoughts to greater actions bended,
And homeward to his rich pauilion went,
For to aſſault the fortreſſe he entended,
Before the ſecond or third day were ſpent;
Meane-while his timber wrought he oft ſuruaid,
Whereof his rammes and engins great he maid.

The ninth Booke of Godfrey *of Bulloigne.*

The argument.

Alecto false great Soliman *doth moue*
By night the Christians in their tents to kill:
But God who their intents saw from aboue,
Sends Michael *downe from his sacred hill:*
The spirits foule to hell the angell droue;
The knights deliu'red from the witch at will
Destroy the Pagans, scatter all their host:
The Soldan flies when all his bands are lost.

1

THe grisly childe of *Herebus* the grim,
(Who saw these tumults done and tempests spent,
Gainst streame of grace who euer stroue to swim,
And all her thoughts against heau'ns wisdome bent)
Departed now, bright *Titans* beames were dim,
And fruitfull lands waxt barren as she went,
She sought the rest of her infernall crew,
New stormes to raise, new broiles, and tumults new.

2

She (that well wist her sisters had entised,
By their false artes, far from the Christian host,
Tancred, Rinaldo, and the rest, best prised
For martiall skill, for might esteemed most)
Said, (of these discords and these strifes aduised)
Great *Soliman,* when day his light hath lost,
These Christians shall assaile with sodaine war,
And kill them all, while thus they striue and iar.

3

With that where *Soliman* remain'd she flew,
And found him out with his Arabian bands,
Great *Soliman,* of all Christes foes vntrew,
Boldest of courage, mightiest of his hands,
Like him was none of all that earth-bred crew
That heaped mountaines on th'Aemonian sands,
Of Turkes he soueraigne was, and Nice his seat,
Where late he dwelt, and rul'd that kingdome great.

4

The lands forenenſt the Greekiſh ſhore he held,
From Sangars mouth to crookt Meanders fall,
Where they of Phrygia, Miſia, Lidia dweld,
Bythinias townes, and Pontus cities all:
But when the harts of Chriſtian Princes ſweld,
And roſe in armes to make proud Aſia thrall,
Thoſe lands were wonne where he did ſcepter weild,
And he twiſe beaten was, in pitched feild.

5

When fortune oft he had in vaine aſſaid,
And ſpent his forces, which auaild him nought,
To Egypts king himſelfe he cloſe conuaid;
Who welcomd him as he could beſt haue thought,
Glad in his hart and inly well appaid,
That to his court ſo great a lord was brought:
For he decreed his armies huge to bring,
To ſuccour Iuda land, and Iudaes king.

6

But (ere he open war proclam'de) he would
That *Soliman* ſhould kindle firſt the fire,
And with huge ſummes of falſe entiſing gould,
Th'Arabian theeues he ſent him forth to hire,
While he the Aſian Lords and Morians bould
Vnites; the Soldan wonne to his deſire
Thoſe outlawes, ready aie for gold to fight:
The hope of gaine hath ſuch alluring might.

7

Thus made their captaine, to deſtroy and burne
In Iuda land he entred is ſo far,
That all the waies whereby he ſhould returne,
By *Godfreys* people, kept and ſtopped ar,
And now he gan his former loſſes murne,
This wound had hit him on an elder ſcar,
On great aduentures ronne his hardie thought,
But not aſſur'de, he yet reſolu'd on nought.

8

To him *Alecto* came, and ſemblant bore
Of one, whoſe age was great, whoſe lookes were graue,
Whoſe cheekes were bloodleſſe, and whoſe locks were hore,
Muſtachoes ſtrouting long, and chin cloſe ſhaue,
A ſteepled Turbant, on her head ſhe wore,
Her garment ſide, and by her ſide, her glaue,
Her guilden quiuer at her ſhoulders hong,
And in her hand a bow was, ſtiffe and ſtrong.

9

We haue (quoth ſhe) through wilderneſſes gone,
Through ſterill ſands, ſtrange paths, and vncouth waies,
Yet ſpoile or bootie haue we gotten none,
Nor victorie, deſeruing fame or praiſe.
Godfrey meane-while to ruine ſticke and ſtone
Of this faire towne, with battrie ſore, aſſaies;
And if a while we reſt, we ſhall behold
This glorious citie ſmoking lie in mold.

10

Are ſheepe coates burnt, or praies of ſheepe or kine,
The cauſe why *Soliman* theſe bands did arme?
Canſt thou that kingdome lately loſt of thine
Recouer thus, or thus redreſſe thy harme?
No, no, when heau'ns ſmall candles next ſhall ſhine,
Within their tents giue them a bold allarme;
Beleeue *Araſpes* old, whoſe graue aduice
Thou haſt in exile prou'd, and prou'd in Nice.

11

He feareth nought, he doubts no ſodaine broile,
From theſe ill armed, and worſe harted, bands,
He thinks this people, vs'd to rob and ſpoile,
To ſuch exploit dares not lift vp their hands;
Vp than and with thy courage put to foile
This feareleſſe campe, while thus ſecure it ſtands.
This ſaid, her poyſon in his breſt ſhe hides,
And than to ſhapeleſſe aire vnſeene, ſhe glides.

12

The Soldan cride, O thou, which in my thought
Encreaſed haſt, my rage and furie ſo,
Nor ſeem'ſt a wight of mortall mettall wrought,
I follow thee, where ſo thee liſt to goe,
Mountaines of men by dint of ſword downe brought
Thou ſhalt behold, and ſeas of red blood floe
Where ere I goe; only be thou my guide,
When ſable night the azure skies ſhal hide.

13

When this was ſaid, he muſtred all his crew,
Reprou'd the cowards, and allow'd the bould:
His forward campe, inſpir'd with courage new,
Was readie dight to follow, where he would:
Alectoes ſelfe the warning trumpet blew,
And to the winde his ſtandard great vnrould,
Thus on they marched, and thus on they went,
Of their approach their ſpeed the newes preuent.

14

Alecto left them, and her perſon dight,
Like one, that came ſome tidings new to tell:
It was the time, when firſt the riſing night
Her ſparkling dimonds, powreth forth to ſell,
When (into Sion come) ſhe marched right
Where Iudais aged tyrant vs'd to dwell,
To whom of *Solimans* deſignment bold,
The place, the manner, and the time ſhe told.

15

Their mantle darke the griſly ſhadowes ſpred,
Stained with ſpots of deepeſt ſanguine hew,
Warme drops of blood, on earthes blacke viſage ſhed,
Supplide the place of pure and pretious dew,
The moone and ſtars for feare of ſprites were fled,
The ſhriking gobblings each where howling flew,
The Furies roare, the ghoſts and Fairies yell,
The earth was fild with deuils, and emptie hell.

16

The Soldan fierce (through all this horror) went
Toward the campe of his redouted foes,
The night was more than halfe conſum'd and ſpent;
Now headlong downe the weſtren hill ſhe goes,
When diſtant ſcant a mile from *Godfreys* tent
He let his people there a while repoſe,
And victail'd them, and then he boldly ſpoke
Theſe words, which rage and courage might prouoke:

17

See there a campe, full ſtuft of ſpoiles and praies,
Not halfe ſo ſtrong, as falſe report recordeth;
See there the ſtore-houſe, where their captaine laies
Our treaſures ſtolne, where Aſiaes wealth he hordeth;
Now chance the ball vnto our racket plaies,
Take than the vantage which good lucke affordeth,
For all their armes, their horſes, gold and treaſure
Are ours, ours without loſſe, harme or diſpleaſure.

18

Nor is this campe that great victorious hoſt
That ſlew the Perſian Lords, and Nice hath wonne;
For thoſe in this long war are ſpent and loſt,
Theſe are the dregs, the wine is all out ronne,
And theſe few left, are drown'd and dead almoſt
In heauie ſleepe, the labour halfe is donne,
To ſend them headlong to *Auernus* deepe,
For little differs death and heauie ſleepe.

Come,

19

Come, come, this ſword the paſſage open ſhall
Into their campe, and on their bodies ſlaine
We will paſſe ore their rampire and their wall;
This blade, as ſithes cut downe the fields of graine,
Shall cut them ſo, Chriſtes kingdome now ſhall fall,
Aſia her freedome; you ſhall praiſe obtaine:
Thus he enflam'd his ſoldiers to the fight,
And led them on through ſilence of the night.

20

The Sentinell by ſtar light (loe) deſcride
This mightie Soldan, and his hoſt draw neare,
Who found not as he hopte the Chriſtians guide
Vnware, ne yet vnready was his geare:
The ſcout when this huge armie they deſcride
Ran backe, and gan with ſhoutes the larum reare,
The watch ſtart vp and drew their weapons bright,
And buskt them bold to battaile and to fight.

21

Th'Arabians wiſt they could not come vnſeene,
And therefore lowd their iarring trumpets ſound,
Their yelling cries to heau'n vp heaued beene,
The horſes thundred on the ſolid ground,
The mountaines roared, and the valleies greene,
The Eccho ſighed from the caues around,
Alecto with her brand (kindled in hell)
Tokened to them, in *Dauids* towre that dwell.

22

Before the reſt forth prickt the Soldan faſt,
Againſt the watch, not yet in order iuſt,
As ſwift as hideous *Boreas* haſtie blaſt
From hollow rocks when firſt his ſtormes out bruſt,
The raging floods, that trees and rocks downe caſt,
Thunders, that townes and towres driue to duſt:
Earthquakes, to teare the world in twaine that threat,
Are nought, compared to his furie great.

23

He ſtroke no blow, but that his foe he hit;
And neuer hit, but made a greeuous wound:
And neuer wounded, but death followed it;
And yet no perill, hurt or harme he found,
No weapon on his hard'ned helmet bit,
No puiſſant ſtroke his ſenſes once aſtound,
Yet like a bell his tinkling helmet rong,
And thence flew flames of fire and ſparks among.

Himſelfe

24

Himſelfe well nie had put the watch to flight,
A iollie troope of French men ſtrong and ſtout,
When his Arabians came by heapes to fight,
Couering (like raging floods) the fields about;
The beaten Chriſtians ran away full light,
The Pagans (mingled with the flying rout)
Entred their campe, and filled (as they ſtood)
Their tents with ruine, ſlaughter, death and blood.

25

High on the Soldans helme enamel'd laid
An hideous dragon, arm'd with many a ſcale,
With iron pawes, and leathren wings diſplaid,
Which twiſted on a knot her forked taile,
With triple toong it ſeem'd ſhe hiſt and braid,
About her iawes the froth and venome traile,
And as he ſtirr'd, and as his foes him hit,
So flames to caſt, and fire ſhe ſeem'd to ſpit.

26

With this ſtrange light, the Soldan fierce appeared
Dreadfull to thoſe that round about him beene,
As to poore ſailers (when huge ſtormes are reared)
With lightning flaſh the raging ſeas are ſeene,
Some fled away, bicauſe his ſtrength they feared,
Some bolder gainſt him bent their weapons keene,
And froward night (in euils and miſchiefes pleaſed)
Their dangers hid, and dangers ſtill encreaſed.

27

Among the reſt (that ſtroue to merite praiſe)
Was old *Latinus*, borne by Tibers banke,
To whoſe ſtout hart (in fights and bloodie fraies)
For all his eeld, baſe feare yet neuer ſanke;
Fiue ſonnes he had, the comforts of his daies,
That from his ſide in no aduenture ſhranke,
But long before their time, in iron ſtrong
They clad their members, tender, ſoft and yong.

28

The bold enſample of their fathers might
Their weapons whetted, and their wrath encreaſt,
Come let vs goe (quoth he) where yonder knight
Vpon our ſoldiers makes his bloodie feaſt,
Let not their ſlaughter once your harts affright,
Where danger moſt appeares, there feare it leaſt;
For honour dwels in hard attemptes (my ſonnes)
And greateſt praiſe, in greateſt perill, wonnes.

Her

29

Her tender brood the forrests sauage queene
(Ere on their crestes their rugged maines appeare,
Before their mouthes by nature armed beene,
Or pawes haue strength a seelie lambe to teare)
So leadeth forth to pray, and makes them keene,
And learnes by her ensample, nought to feare
The hunter, in those desart woods that takes
The lesser beastes, whereon his feast he makes.

30

The noble father and his hardie crew
Fierce *Soliman* on euery side inuade,
At once all sixe vpon the Soldan flew,
With lances sharpe, and strong encounters made,
His broken speare the eldest boy downe threw,
And boldly (ouer boldly) drew his blade,
Wherewith he stroue (but stroue therewith in vaine)
The Pagans stead (vnmarked) to haue slaine.

31

But as a mountaine or a cape of land
Assail'd with stormes and seas on euery side,
Doth vnremoued, stedfast, still withstand
Storme, thunder, lightning, tempest, winde and tide:
The Soldan so withstood *Latinus* band,
And vnremou'd did all their iustes abide,
And of that hapless youth (who hurt his stead)
Downe to the chin he cleft in twaine the head.

32

Kinde *Aramante* (who saw his brother slaine)
To hold him vp stretcht forth his friendly arme,
O fooliſh kindnes, and O pitie vaine,
To adde our proper losse, to others harme!
The Prince let fall his sword and cut in twaine
(About his brother twinde) the childes weake arme,
Downe from their saddles both together slide,
Together mourn'd they, and together dide.

33

That done, *Sabinos* lance with nimble force
He cut in twaine, and gainst the stripling bold
He spurr'd his stead, that vnderneath his horse
The hardie infant tumbled on the mold,
Whose soule (out squeased from his brused corse)
With ougly painfulnes forsooke her hold,
And deepely mourn'd, that of so sweet a cage
She left the blisse, and ioyes of youthfull age.

34

But *Picus* yet and *Laurence* were on liue,
Whom at one birth their mother faire brought out,
A paire whoſe likenes made the parents ſtriue
Oft which was which, and ioyed in their dout:
But what their birth did vndiſtinguiſht giue,
The Soldans rage made knowne, for *Picus* ſtout
Headleſſe at one huge blow he laid in duſt,
And through the breſt his gentle brother thruſt.

35

Their father, (but no father now, alas!
When all his noble ſonnes at once were ſlaine)
In their fiue deathes ſo often murdred was,
I know not how his life could him ſuſtaine,
Except his hart were forg'd of ſteele or bras,
Yet ſtill he liu'd, pardie, he ſaw not plaine
Their dying lookes, although their deathes he knoes,
It is ſome eaſe, not to behold our woes.

36

He wept not, for the night her curtaine ſpred
Betweene his cauſe of weeping and his eies,
But ſtill he mourn'd and on ſharpe veng'ance fed,
And thinkes he conquers, if reueng'd he dies;
He thirſtes the Soldans heath'niſh blood to ſhed,
And yet his owne at leſſe then nought doth priſe,
Nor can he tell whether he leifer would,
Or die himſelfe, or kill the Pagan bould.

37

At laſt, is this right hand (quoth he) ſo weake,
That thou diſdainſt gainſt me to vſe thy might?
Can it nought doe? can this toong nothing ſpeake
That may prouoke thine ire, thy wrath, and ſpight?
With that he ſtroke (his anger great to wreake)
A blowe, that pearſt the maile and mettall bright,
And in his flanke ſet ope a flood-gate wide,
Whereat the blood out ſtreamed from his ſide.

38

Prouoked with his crie, and with that blowe
The Turke vpon him gan his blade diſcharge,
He cleft his breſt-plate, hauing firſt pearſt throwe
(Lined with ſeu'n bulles hides) his mightie targe,
And ſheath'd his weapon in his guts belowe,
Wretched *Latinus* at that iſſue large,
And at his mouth, powr'd out his vitall blood,
And ſprinkled with the ſame his murdred brood.

On

39

On Appenine like as a ſturdie tree,
Againſt the windes that makes reſiſtance ſtout,
If with a ſtorme it ouerturned bee,
Falles downe and breakes the trees and plants about;
So *Latine* fell, and with him felled hee
And ſlew the neareſt of the Pagans rout,
A worthie end, fit for a man of fame,
That dying, ſlew; and conqu'red, ouercame.

40

Meane-while the Soldan ſtroue his rage interne
To ſatisfie with blood of Chriſtians ſpild,
Th'Arabians hartned by their captaine ſterne,
With murder euery tent and cabbin fild,
Henry the Engliſh knight, and *Olipherne*,
O fierce *Draguto* by thy hands were kild!
Gilbert and *Phillip* were by *Ariadene*
Both ſlaine, both borne vpon the banks of Rhene.

41

Albazar with his mace *Erneſto* ſlew,
Vnder *Algazell Engerlan* downe fell,
But the huge murder of the meaner crew,
Or maner of their deathes, what toong can tell?
Godfrey, when firſt the heathen trumpets blew,
Awakt, which heard, no feare could make him dwell,
But he and his were vp and arm'd ere long,
And marched forward with a ſquadron ſtrong,

42

He that well heard the rumour and the crie,
And markt the tumult ſtill grow more and more,
Th'Arabian theeues he iudged by and by
Againſt his ſoldiers made this battaile ſore;
For that they forraid all the countries nie,
And ſpoil'd the fields, the Duke knew well before,
Yet thought he not they had the hardiment
So to aſſaile him in his armed tent.

43

All ſodainly he heard (while on he went)
How to the citie ward arme, arme, they cride,
The noiſe vpreared to the firmament
With dreadfull howling fild the valleies wide:
This was *Clorinda*, whom the king forth ſent
To battaile, and *Argantes* by her ſide.
The Duke (this heard) to *Guelpho* turn'd, and prai'd
Him, his lieutenant be, and to him ſaid:

You

44

You heare this new alarme from yonder part,
That from the towne breakes out with ſo much rage,
Vs needeth much your valour and your art
To calme their furie, and their heate to ſwage;
Goe thither then, and with you take ſome part
Of theſe braue ſoldiers of mine equipage,
While with the res'due of my champions bold
I driue theſe wolues againe out of our fold.

45

They parted (this agreed on them betweene)
By diuers pathes, Lord *Guelpho* to the hill,
And *Godfrey* haſted where th' Arabians keene,
His men like ſeelie ſheepe deſtroy and kill;
But as he went his troopes encreaſed beene,
From euery part the people flocked ſtill,
That now growne ſtrong enough, he proched nie
Where the fierce Turke caus'd many a Chriſtian die.

46

So from the top of Veſulus the cold,
Downe to the ſandie valleies, tumbleth Poe,
Whoſe ſtreames the further from their fountaine rold
Still ſtronger wax, and with more puiſſance goe;
And horned like a bull his forehead bold
He liftes, and ore his broken banks doth floe,
And with his hornes to pearſe the ſea aſſaies,
To which he profreth war, not tribute paies.

47

The Duke his men faſt flying did eſpie,
And thither ran, and thus (diſpleaſed) ſpake,
What feare is this? O whither doe you flie?
See who they be that this purſuit doe make,
A hartleſſe band, that dare no battell trie,
Who woundes before dare neither giue nor take,
Againſt them turne your ſterne eies threatning ſight,
An angrie looke will put them all to flight.

48

This ſaid, he ſpurred forth where *Soliman*
Deſtroi'd Chriſtes vineyard like a ſauage bore,
Through ſtreames of blood, through duſt and dirt, he ran,
Ore heapes of bodies wallowing in their gore,
The ſquadrons cloſe his ſword to ope began,
He brake their ranks, behinde, beſide, before,
And (where he goes) vnder his feet he treades
The armed Sarracines, and barbed ſteades.

49

This ſlaughter-houſe of angrie *Mars* he paſt,
Where thouſands dead, halfe dead, and dying weare.
The hardy Soldan ſaw him come in haſt,
Yet neither ſtept aſide nor ſhrunke for feare,
But buskt him bold to fight, aloft he caſt
His blade, prepar'd to ſtrike, and ſtepped neare,
These noble Princes twaine (ſo fortune wrought)
From the worlds ends here met, and here they fought:

50

With vertue, furie; ſtrength with courage ſtroue,
For Aſias mightie empire, who can tell
With how ſtrange force their cruell blowes they droue?
How ſore their combat was, how fierce, how fell?
Great deedes they wrought, each others harneſſe cloue;
Yet ſtill in darknes (more the ruth) they dwell.
The night their actes her blacke vaile couered vnder,
Their actes whereat the ſunne, the world might wonder.

51

The Chriſtians (by their guides enſample) harted,
Of their beſt armed made a ſquadron ſtrong,
And to defend their chieftaine forth they ſtarted:
The Pagans alſo ſau'd their knight from wrong,
Fortune her fauours twixt them eu'nly parted,
Fierce was th'encounter, bloodie, doubtfull, long,
These wonne, thoſe loſt; theſe loſt, thoſe wonne againe,
The loſſe was equall, eu'n the numbers ſlaine.

52

With equall rage as when the ſouthren winde
Meeteth in battaile ſtrong the northren blaſt,
The ſea and aire to neither is reſinde,
But cloud gainſt cloud, and waue gainſt waue they caſt:
So from this skirmiſh neither part declinde,
But fought it out, and kept their footings faſt,
And oft with furious ſhocke together ruſh, (cruſh.
And ſhield gainſt ſhield, and helme gainſt helme they

53

The battaile eeke to Sion ward grew hot,
The ſoldiers ſlaine the hardie knights were kild,
Legions of ſprites from Limboes priſons got,
The emptie aire the hils and valleies fild,
Harting the Pagans that they ſhrinked not,
Till where they ſtood their deareſt blood they ſpild,
And with new rage, *Argantes* they inſpire,
Whoſe heate no flames, whoſe burning need no fire.

54

Where he came in he put to ſhamefull flight
The fearefull watch, and ore the trenches leapt,
Eu'n with the ground he made the rampires hight,
And murdred bodies in the ditch vp heapt,
So that his greedie mates with labour light,
Amid the tents, a bloodie harueſt reapt:
Clorinda went the proud Circaſſian bie,
So from a piece two chained bullets flie.

55

Now fled the French men, when in luckie howre
Arriued *Guelpho*, and his helping band,
He made them turne againſt this ſtormie ſhowre,
And with bold face their wicked foes withſtand.
Sternly they fought, that from their wounds downe powre
The ſtreames of blood, and ronne on either hand:
The Lord of heauen meane-while vpon this fight,
From his hie throne bent downe his gracious ſight.

56

From whence, with grace and goodnes compaſt round,
He ruleth, bleſſeth, keepeth all he wrought,
Aboue the aire, the fire, the ſea and ground,
Our ſenſe, our wit, our reaſon and our thought,
Where perſons three (with powre and glorie crown'd)
Are all one God, who made all things of nought,
Vnder whoſe feete (ſubiected to his grace)
Sit nature, fortune, motion, time and place.

57

This is the place, from whence like ſmoke and duſt
Of this fraile world the wealth, the pompe and powre,
He toſſeth, tumbleth, turneth as he luſt,
And guides our life, our death, our end and howre:
No eie (how euer vertuous, pure and iuſt)
Can vew the brightnes of that glorious bowre,
On euery ſide the bleſſed ſpirits bee,
Equall in ioies, though diffring in degree.

58

With harmonie of their celeſtiall ſong
The pallace ecchoed from the chambers pure,
At laſt he *Michael* call'd (in harneſſe ſtrong
Of neuer yeelding dimonds armed ſure)
Behold (quoth he) to doe deſpite and wrong
To that deere flocke my mercie hath in cure,
How ſathan from hels lothſome priſon ſends
His ghoſts, his ſprites, his furies and his fends.

59

Goe bid them all depart, and leaue the caire
Of war to ſoldiers, as doth beſt pertaine:
Bid them forbeare t'infect the earth and aire,
To darken heau'ns faire light, bid them refraine;
Bid them to *Acherons* blacke flood repaire,
Fit houſe for them, the houſe of greefe and paine,
There let their king himſelfe and them torment,
So I command, goe tell them mine intent.

60

This ſaid, the winged warriour lowe inclinde
At his creators feet with reu'rence dew;
Then ſpred his golden feathers to the winde,
And ſwift as thought away the angell flew,
He paſt the light, and ſhining fire aſſinde
The glorious ſeat of his ſelected crew,
The mouer firſt and circle Chriſtalline,
The firmament, where fixed ſtars all ſhine.

61

Vnlike in working than, in ſhape and ſhow,
At his left hand, *Saturne* he left and *Ioue*,
And thoſe vntruly errant call'd I trow,
Since he erres not, who them doth guide and moue:
The fields he paſſed then, whence haile and ſnow,
Thunder and raine fall downe from cloudes aboue,
Where heat and cold, drineſſe and moiſture ſtriue,
Whoſe wars all creatures kill, and ſlaine, reuiue.

62

The horrid darknes and the ſhadowes dunne
Diſperſed he with his eternall wings,
The flames (which from his heau'nly eies outrunne)
Beguilde the earth, and all her ſable things;
After a ſtorme ſo ſpreadeth forth the ſunne
His raies, and bindes the cloudes in golden ſtrings,
Or in the ſtilneſſe of a moone-ſhine eauen,
A falling ſtar ſo glideth downe from heauen.

63

But when th'infernall troope he proched neare,
That ſtill the Pagans ire and rage prouoke,
The angell on his wings himſelfe did beare,
And ſhooke his lance, and thus at laſt he ſpoke;
Haue you not learned yet to know and feare
The Lords iuſt wrath, and thunders dreadfull ſtroke?
Or in the torments of your endleſſe ill,
Are you ſtill fierce, ſtill proud, rebellious ſtill?

64

The Lord hath ſworne to breake the iron bands
The braſen gates of Sions fort which cloſe,
Who is it that his ſacred will withſtands?
Againſt his wrath who dares himſelfe oppoſe?
Goe hence you curſt to your appointed lands,
The realmes of death, of torments, and of woes,
And in the deepes of that infernall lake
Your battailes fight, and there your triumphes make,

65

There tyranniſe vpon the ſoules you finde
Condemn'd to woe, and double ſtill their paines,
Whereſome complaine, where ſome their teeth doe grinde,
Some howle and weepe, ſome clinke their iron chaines:
This ſaid, they fled, and thoſe that ſtaid behinde
With his ſharpe lance he driueth and conſtraines,
They ſighing left the lands, his ſiluer ſheepe
Where *Heſperus* doth lead, doth feed, doth keepe,

66

And towards hell their lazie wings diſplay,
To wreake their malice on the damned goſtes,
The birds that follow *Titans* hotteſt ray,
Paſſe not by ſo great flocks to warmer coſtes,
Nor leaues by ſo great numbers fall away,
When winter nips them with his new-come froſtes,
The earth (deliu'red from ſo foule annoy)
Recall'd her beautie, and reſum'd her ioy.

67

But not for this (in fierce *Argantes* breſt)
Leſs'ned the rancour or decai'd the ire,
Although *Alecto* left him to infeſt,
With the hot brands of her infernall fire,
His armed head with his ſharpe blade he bleſt,
And thoſe thicke ranks which ſeemed moſt intire
He broke, the ſtrong, the weake, the high, the low,
Were equallized by his murdring blow.

68

Not far from him, amid the blood and duſt,
Heads, armes, and legs *Clorinda* ſtrowed wide,
Her ſword through *Berengarios* breſt ſhe thruſt,
Quite through his hart where life doth chiefly bide,
And that fell blow ſhe ſtroke ſo ſure and iuſt,
That at his backe his blood and life forth glide,
Euen in the mouth ſhe ſmote *Albinus* than,
And cut in twaine the viſage of the man;

69

Gerniers right hand ſhe from his arme deuided,
Whereof but late ſhe had receiu'd a wound,
The hand his ſword ſtill held, although not guided,
The fingers (halfe on liue) ſtirr'd on the ground,
So from a ſerpent ſlaine the taile deuided
Moues in the graſſe, rolleth and tumbleth round.
The Championeſſe ſo wounded left the knight,
And gainſt *Achilles* turn'd her weapon bright:

70

Vpon his necke light that vnhappie blowe
And cut the ſinewes and the throte in twaine,
The head fell downe vpon the earth belowe,
And ſoil'd with duſt the viſage on the plaine;
The headleſſe trunke (a wofull thing to knowe)
Still in the ſaddle ſeated did remaine,
Vntill his ſtead (that felt the raines at large)
With leapes and flings that burden did diſcharge.

71

While thus this faire and fierce *Bellona* ſlew
The weſtren Lords, and put their troopes to flight,
Gildippes raged mongſt the Pagan crew,
And low in duſt laid many a worthie knight:
Like was their ſexe, their beautie and their hew,
Like was their youth, their courage and their might;
Yet fortune would they ſhould the battaile trie,
Of mightier foes, for both were fram'd to die.

72

Yet wiſht they oft, and ſtroue in vaine to meet,
So great betwixt them was the preaſe and throng.
But hardie *Guelpho* gainſt *Clorinda* ſweet
Ventred his ſword, to worke her harme and wrong,
And with a cutting blow ſo did her greet,
That from her ſide the blood ſtream'd downe along;
But with a thruſt an anſwer ſharpe ſhe made,
And twixt his ribs colour'd ſome-deale her blade.

73

Lord *Guelpho* ſtroke againe, but hit her not,
For ſtrong *Oſmida* haply paſſed bie,
And not meant him, anothers wound he got,
That cleft his front in twaine aboue his eie:
Neare *Guelpho* now the battaile waxed hot,
For all the troopes he led gan thither hie,
And thither drew eeke many a Painim knight,
That fierce, ſterne, bloodie, deadly waxt the fight.

74

Meane-while the purple morning peeped ore
The eaſtren threſhold,to our halfe of land,
And *Argillano* in this great vprore
From priſon looſed was,and what he fand,
Thoſe armes he hent,and to the field them bore,
Reſolu'd to take his chance what came to hand,
And with great actes amid the Pagan hoſt
Would winne againe his reputation loſt.

75

As a fierce ſtead ſcapte from his ſtall at large,
Where he had long beene kept for warlike need,
Runnes through the fieldes vnto the flowrie marge
Of ſome greene forreſt,where he vs'de to feed,
His curled maine his ſhoulders broad doth charge,
And from his loftie creſt doth ſpring and ſpreed,
Thunder his feet,his noſtrels fire breath out,
And with his neie the world reſoundes about:

76

So *Argillan* ruſht forth,ſparkled his eies,
His front high lifted was,no feare therein,
Lightly he leapes and skips,it ſeemes he flies,
He left no ſigne in duſt imprinted thin,
And comming nere his foes,he ſternly cries,
(As one that forſt not all their ſtrength a pin,
You outcaſts of the world,you men of nought,
What hath in you this boldneſſe newly wrought?

77

Too weake are you to beare an helme or ſheild,
Vnfit to arme your breſt in iron bright,
You runne halfe naked,trembling through the feild,
Your blowes are feeble and your hope in flight,
Your factes and all the actions that you weild,
The darknes hides,your bulwarke is the night,
Now ſhe is gone,how will your fights ſucceed?
Now better armes and better harts you need.

78

While thus he ſpoke he gaue a cruell ſtroke
Againſt *Algazells* throte with might and maine;
And as he would haue anſwer'd him,and ſpoke,
He ſtopt his words,and cut his iawes in twaine;
Vpon his eies death ſpred his miſtie cloke,
A chilling froſt congealed euery vaine,
He fell,and with his teeth the earth he tore,
Raging in death,and full of rage before.

Then

79

Then by his puiſſance mightie *Saladine*,
Proud *Agricalt* and *Muleaſſes* dide,
And at one wondrous blow his weapon fine,
Did *Adiazell* in two parts deuide,
Then through the breſt he wounded *Ariadine*,
Whom dying with ſharpe taunts he gan deride,
He lifting vp vneath his feeble eies,
To his proud ſcornes thus anſw'reth, ere he dies:

80

Not thou(who ere thou art)ſhall glorie long
Thy happie conqueſt in my death, I trow,
Like chance awaites thee from a hand more ſtrong,
Which by my ſide will ſhortly lay thee low:
He ſmilde, and ſaid, of mine howre ſhort or long
Let heau'n take care; but here meane-while die thow,
Paſture for woolues and crowe, on him his fout
He ſet, and drew his ſword and life both out.

81

Among this ſquadron rode a gentle page,
The Soldans minion, darling and delite,
On whoſe faire chin the ſpring-time of his age
Yet bloſſom'd out her flowres, ſmall or lite;
The ſweat (ſpred on his cheekes with heat and rage)
Seem'd pearles or morning dewes, on lillies white,
The duſt therein vprold, adorn'd his haire,
His face ſeem'd fierce and ſweet, wrathfull and faire.

82

His ſtead was white, and white as pureſt ſnow
That falles on tops of aged Appenine,
Lightning and ſtorme are not ſo ſwift I trow
As he, to run, to ſtop, to turne and twine,
A dart his right hand ſhaked, preſt to throw,
His curtlax by his thigh, ſhort, hooked, fine,
And brauing in his Turkiſh pompe he ſhone,
In purple robe, ore fret with gold and ſtone.

83

The hardie boy(while thirſt of warlike praiſe
Bewitched ſo his vnaduiſed thought)
Gainſt euery band his childiſh ſtrength aſſaies,
And little danger found, though much he ſought,
Till *Argillan* (that watcht fit time alwaies
In his ſwift turnes to ſtrike him as he fought)
Did vnawares his ſnowe-white courſer ſlay,
And vnder him his maiſter tumbling lay:

84

And gainſt his face (where loue and pitie ſtand,
To pray him that rich throne of beautie ſpare)
The cruell man ſtretcht forth his murdring hand,
To ſpoile thoſe gifts, whereof he had no ſhare:
It ſeem'd remorſe and ſenſe was in his brand,
Which lighting flat, to hurt the lad forbare;
But all for nought, gainſt him the point he bent,
That (what the edge had ſpared) pearſt and rent.

85

Fierce *Soliman*, that with *Godfredo* ſtriued
Who firſt ſhould enter conqueſts glorious gate,
Left off the fray, and thither headlong driued,
When firſt he ſaw the lad in ſuch eſtate;
He brake the preaſe and ſoone enough arriued
To take reuenge, but to his aide too late,
Bicauſe he ſaw his *Lesbine* ſlaine and loſt,
Like a ſweet flower nipt with vntimely froſt:

86

He ſaw waxe dim the ſtarre-light of his eies,
His iuorie necke vpon his ſhoulders fell,
In his pale lookes kinde pities image lies,
That death eu'n mourn'd, to heare his paſſing bell,
His marble hart ſuch ſoft impreſſion tries,
That midſt his wrath, his manly teares outwell,
Thou weepeſt (*Soliman*) thou that beheild
Thy kingdoms loſt, and not one teare couldſt yeild.

87

But when the murdrers ſword he hapt to vew
Dropping with blood of his *Lesbino* dead,
His pitie vaniſht, ire and rage renew,
He had no leaſure bootleſſe teares to ſhead;
But with his blade on *Argillano* flew,
And cleft his ſhield, his helmet, and his head,
Downe to his throte; and worthie was that blow
Of *Soliman*, his ſtrength and wrath to ſhow:

88

And not content with this, downe from his horſe
He light, and that dead carkas rent and tore,
Like a fierce dog that takes his angrie corſe
To bite the ſtone, which had him hit before.
O comfort vaine! for greefe of ſo great force,
To wound the ſenſeleſſe earth, that feeles no ſore.
But mightie *Godfrey* gainſt the Soldans traine
Spent not (this while) his force and blowes in vaine.

89

A thouſand hardie Turkes afront he had
In ſturdie iron arm'd from head to fout,
Reſolu'd in all aduentures good or bad,
In actions wiſe, in execution ſtout,
Whom *Soliman* into Arabia lad
When from his kingdome he was firſt caſt out,
Where liuing wilde with their exiled guide,
To him in all extremes they faithfull bide;

90

All theſe in thickeſt order ſure vnite,
For *Godfreys* valour ſmall or nothing ſhranke,
Corcutes firſt he on the face did ſmite,
Then wounded ſtrong *Roſteno* in the ſlanke,
At one blowe *Selims* head he ſtroke off quite,
Then both *Roſſanoes* armes, in euery ranke
The boldeſt knights (of all that choſen crew)
He felled, maimed, wounded, hurt and ſlew.

91

While thus he killed many a Sarracine,
And all their fierce aſſaults vnhurt ſuſtained,
Ere fortune wholy from the Turks decline,
While ſtill they hoped much, though ſmall they gained,
Behold a cloud of duſt, wherein doth ſhine
Lightning of war, in midſt thereof contained,
Whence vnawares burſt forth a ſtorme of ſwords,
Which tremble made the Pagan knights and Lords.

92

Theſe fiftie champions were, mongſt whom there ſtands
(In ſiluer field) the enſigne of Chriſtes death,
If I had mouthes and toongs as *Briareus* hands,
If voice as iron tough, if iron breath,
What harme this troope wrought to the heathen bands,
What knights they ſlew, I could recount vneath,
In vaine the Turks reſiſt, th' Arabians flie;
For if they flie, th'are ſlaine; if fight, they die.

93

Feare, crueltie, griefe, horrour, ſorrow, paine,
Ronne through the field, diſguis'd in diuers ſhapes,
Death might you ſee triumphant on the plaine,
Drowning in blood him that from blowes eſcapes.
The king meane-while with parcell of his traine,
Comes haſtly out, and for ſure conqueſt gapes,
And from a banke whereon he ſtood beheild,
The doubtfull hazard of that bloodie feild.

But

94

But when he ſaw the Pagans ſhrinke away,
He ſounded the retreat, and gan deſire
His meſſengers in his behalfe to pray
Argantes and *Clorinda* to retire;
The furious couple both at once ſaid nay,
Eu'n drunke with ſhedding blood, and mad with ire,
At laſt they went and to recomfort thought,
And ſtay their troopes from flight, but all for nought.

95

For who can gouerne cowardiſe or feare?
Their hoſt already was begon to flie,
They caſt their ſhields and cutting ſwords arreare,
As not defended, but made ſlow thereby,
A hollow dale the cities bulwarks neare,
From weſt to ſouth out ſtretched long doth lie,
Thither they fled, and in a miſt of duſt,
Towards the walles they ronne, they throng, they thruſt.

96

While downe the banke diſordred thus they ran,
The Chriſtian knights huge ſlaughter on them maide;
But when to clime the other hill they gan,
Old *Aladine* came fiercely to their aide:
On that ſteepe bray Lord *Guelpho* would not than
Hazard his folke, but there his ſoldiers ſtaide,
And ſafe within the cities walles the king
The reliques ſmall of that ſharpe fight did bring:

97

Meane-while the Soldan in this lateſt charge
Had done as much, as humane force was able,
All ſweat and blood appear'd his members large,
His breath was ſhort, his courage waxt vnſtable,
His arme grew weake, to beare his mightie targe,
His hand to rule his heauie ſword vnable,
Which bruis'd, not cut, ſo blunted was the blade,
It loſt the vſe for which a ſword was made.

98

Feeling his weakneſſe, he gan muſing ſtand,
And in his troubled thought this queſtion toſt,
If he himſelfe ſhould murder with his hand,
(Bicauſe none elſe ſhould of his conqueſt boſt)
Or he ſhould ſaue his life, when on the land
Lay ſlaine the pride of his ſubdued hoſt,
At laſt to fortunes power (quoth he) I yeild,
And on my flight let her her trophies beild.

99

Let *Godfrey* vew my flight, and ſmile to ſee
This mine vnworthie ſecond baniſhment,
For arm'd againe ſoone ſhall he heare of mee,
From his proud head th'vnſetled crowne to rent,
For (as my wrongs) my wrath eterne, ſhall bee,
And euery howre (the bow of war new bent)
I will ariſe againe, a foe, fierce, bold,
Though dead, though ſlaine, though burnt to aſhes cold.

The tenth Booke of Godfrey *of Bulloigne.*

The argument.

Iſmen *from ſleepe awakes the Soldan great,*
And into Sion brings the Prince by night,
Where the ſad king ſits fearfull on his ſeat,
Whom he emboldneth and excites to fight:
Godfredo *heares his Lords and knights repeat*
How they eſcapt Armidaes *wrath and ſpight:*
Rinaldo *knowne to liue,* Peter *foreſaies*
His ofſprings vertue, good deſarts and praies.

1

A Gallant ſtead (while thus the Soldan ſaid)
Came trotting by him, without Lord or guide,
Quickly his hand vpon the raines he laid,
And weake and wearie climbed vp to ride;
The ſnake (that on his creſt hot fire out braid,
Was quite cut off, his helme had loſt the pride,
His coate was rent, his harneſſe hackt and cleft,
And of his kingly pompe no ſigne was left.

2

As when a ſauage woolfe chas'd from the fold
(To hide his head) runnes to ſome holt or wood,
Who though he filled haue while it might hold
His greedy panch, yet hungreth after food,
With ſanguine toong forth of his lips out rold
About his iawes that lickes vp ſome and blood;
So from this bloodie fray the Soldan hied,
His rage vnquencht, his wrath vnſatisfied.

3

And (as his fortune would) he ſcaped free
From thouſand arrowes which about him flew,
From ſwords and lances, inſtruments that bee
Of certaine death, himſelfe he ſafe withdrew,
Vnknowne, vnſeene, diſguiſed, trauail'd hee
By deſart pathes, and waies but vs'd by few,
And rode reuoluing in his troubled thought
What courſe to take, and yet reſolu'd on nought.

4

Thither at laſt he ment to take his way,
Where Egypts king aſſembled all his hoſt,
To ioine with him, and once againe aſſay
To winne by fight, by which ſo oft he loſt:
Determin'd thus he made no longer ſtay,
But thither ward ſpurr'd forth his ſteed in poſt,
Nor need he guide, the way right well he could,
That leades to ſandie plaines of Gaza ould.

5

Nor though his ſmarting wounds torment him oft,
His body weake and wounded backe and ſide,
Yet reſted he, nor once his armour doft,
But all day long ore hils and dales doth ride:
But when the night caſt vp her ſhade aloft,
And all earthes colours ſtrange in ſables dide
He light, and as he could his wounds vpbound,
And I hooke ripe dates downe from a palme he found.

6

On them he ſupped, and amid the feild
To reſt his wearie lims a while he ſought,
He made his pillow of his broken ſheild,
To eaſe the griefes of his diſtempred thought,
But little eaſe could ſo hard lodging yeild,
His wounds ſo ſmarted that he ſlept right nought,
And (in his breſt) his proud hart rent in twaine,
Two inward vultures, ſorrow and diſdaine.

7

At length when midnight with her ſilence deepe
Did heau'n and earth huſht, ſtill and quiet make,
Sore watcht and wearie, he began to ſteepe
His cares and ſorrowes in obliuions lake,
And in a little, ſhort, vnquiet ſleepe
Some ſmall repoſe his fainting ſpirits take,
But (while he ſlept) a voice graue and ſeueare
At vnawares thus thundred in his eare:

8

O *Soliman*! thou far renowmed king
Till better ſeaſon ſerue, forbeare thy reſt;
A ſtranger doth thy lands in thraldome bring,
Nice is a ſlaue, by Chriſtian yoke oppreſt,
Sleepeſt thou here, forgetfull of this thing,
That here thy friends lie ſlaine, not laid in cheſt?
Whoſe bones beare witnes of thy ſhame and ſcorne,
And wilt thou idly here attend the morne?

9

The king awakt, and ſaw before his eies
A man whoſe preſence ſeemed graue and old,
A writhen ſtaffe his ſteps vnſtable guies,
Which ſeru'd his feeble members to vphold,
And what art thou? (the Prince in ſcorne replies)
What ſprite to vexe poore paſſengers ſo bold,
To breake their ſleepe? or what to thee belongs
My ſhame, my loſſe, my veng'ance, or my wrongs?

10

I am the man; of thine intent (quoth hee)
And purpoſe new, that ſure coniecture hath,
And better than thou weeneſt know I thee,
I proffer thee my ſeruice and my faith,
My ſpeeches therefore ſharpe and biting bee,
Bicauſe quicke words the whetſtones are of wrath,
Accept in gree (my Lord) the words I ſpoke,
As ſpurres thine ire and courage to prouoke.

11

But now to viſit Egypts mighty king,
Vnleſſe my iudgement faile you are prepar'd,
I propheſie about a needleſſe thing
You ſuffer ſhall a voiage long and hard:
For though you ſtay the monarch great will bring
His new aſſembled hoſt to Iuda ward,
No place of ſeruice there, no cauſe of fight,
Nor gainſt our foes to vſe your force and might.

12

But if you follow me, within this wall
(With Chriſtian armes hemm'd in on euery ſide)
Withouten battaile, fight or ſtroke at all,
(Eu'n at noone day) I will you ſafely guide,
Where you delight, reioice and glorie ſhall
In perils great, to ſee your proweſſe tride.
That noble towne you may preſerue and ſhield,
Till Egypts hoſt come to renue the field.

13

While thus he parled of this aged gueſt,
The Turke the words and lookes did both admire,
And from his hautie eies and furious breſt
He laid apart his pride, his rage and ire,
And humbly ſaid, I willing am and preſt
To follow where thou leadeſt (reuerend ſire)
And that aduiſe beſt fits my angrie vaine,
That tels of greareſt perill, greateſt paine.

14

The old man prais'd his words, and for the aire
His late receiued wounds to worſe diſpoſes,
A quinteſſence therein he powred faire,
That ſtops the bleeding, and inciſion cloſes:
Beholding than before *Apolloes* chaire
How freſh *Aurora* violets ſtraw'd and roſes,
Its time he ſaies to wend, for *Titan* bright
To wonted labour, ſommons euery wight.

15

And to a chariot (that beſide did ſtand)
Aſcended he, and with him *Soliman*,
He tooke the raines, and with a maiſtring hand
Ruled his ſteades and whipt them now and than,
The wheeles or horſes feet vpon the land
Had left no ſigne nor token where they ran,
The courſers pant and ſmoke with lukewarme ſweat,
And (foming creame) their iron mouthfuls eat.

16

The aire about them round (a wondrous thing)
It ſelfe on heapes in ſolid thicknes drew,
The chariot hiding and enuironing
The ſubtile miſt no mortall eie could vew,
And yet no ſtone from engin caſt or ſling
Could pearſe the cloud, it was of proofe ſo trew;
Yet ſeene it was to them within which ride,
And heau'n and earth without, all cleere beſide.

17

His beetle browes the Turke amazed bent,
He wrinkled vp his front, and wildly ſtared
Vpon the cloud and chariot, as it went,
For ſpeed to *Cinthias* carre right well compared:
The other ſeeing his aſtoniſhment
How he bewondred was, and how he fared,
All ſodainly by name the Prince gan call,
By which awaked thus he ſpoke withall.

Who

18

Who ere thou art aboue all worldly wit
That haſt theſe high and wondrous maruailes wrought,
And know'ſt the deepe intents which hidden ſit
In ſecret cloſet of mans priuate thought,
If in thy skilfull hart this lore be writ
To tell th'euent of things to end vnbrought;
Then ſay, what iſſue and what end the ſtarres
Allot to Aſias troubles, broiles and warres.

19

But tell me firſt thy name, and by what art
Thou doſt theſe wonders ſtrange, aboue our skill;
For full of maruaile is my troubled hart,
Tell then and leaue me not amazed ſtill.
The wiſard ſmil'd and anſw'red, in ſome part
Eaſie it is to ſatisfie thy will,
Iſmen I hight, call'd an enchanter great,
Such skill haue I in magikes ſecret feat.

20

But that I ſhould the ſure euents vnfold
Of things to come, or deſtinies foretell,
Too raſh is your deſire, your wiſh too bold,
To mortall hart ſuch knowledge neuer fell;
Our wit and ſtrength on vs beſtow'd I hold,
To ſhunne th'euils and harmes, mongſt which we dwell,
They make their fortune who are ſtout and wiſe,
Wit rules the heau'ns, diſcretion guides the skies.

21

That puiſſant arme of thine that well can rend
From *Godfreys* brow the new vſurped crowne,
And not alone protect, ſaue and defend
From his fierce people, this beſieged towne,
Gainſt fire and ſword with ſtrength and courage bend,
Aduenture, ſuffer, truſt, tread perils downe,
And to content and to encourage thee,
Know this, which I as in a cloud foreſee.

22

I gueſſe (before the ouer-gliding ſonne
Shall many yeeres meet out by weekes and daies)
A Prince that ſhall in fertill Egypt wonne
Shall fill all Aſia with his proſp'rous fraies;
I ſpeake not of his actes in quiet donne,
His policie, his rule, his wiſdomes praiſe,
Let this ſuffice, by him theſe Chriſtians ſhall
In fight ſubdued flie, and conquered fall.

23

And their great empire and vſurped ſtate
Shall ouerthrowne in duſt and aſhes lie,
Their woſull remnant in an angle ſtrate
Compaſt with ſea themſelues ſhall fortifie,
From thee ſhall ſpring this Lord of war and fate,
Whereto great *Soliman* gan thus replie;
O happie man to ſo great praiſe ibore,
Thus he reiois'd, but yet enuied more;

24

And ſaid, let chance with good or bad aſpect
Vpon me looke as ſacred heau'ns decree,
This hart to her I neuer will ſubiect,
Nor euer conqu'red ſhall ſhe looke on mee;
The moone her chariot ſhall awrie direct,
Ere from this courſe I will diuerted bee,
While thus he ſpake it ſeem'd he breathed fire,
So fierce his courage was, ſo hot his ire.

25

Thus talked they, till they arriued beene
Nie to the place where *Godfreys* tents were reared,
There was a woſull ſpectacle iſeene,
Death in a thouſand ougly formes appeared,
The Soldan changed hew for greeſe and teene,
On that ſad booke his ſhame and loſſe he leared,
Ah with what griefe his men, his friends he found,
And ſtandards proud, inglorious lie on ground!

26

And ſaw on viſage of ſome well knowne frend
(In foule deſpite) a raſcall French man tread,
And there another ragged peaſant rend
The armes and garments from ſome champion dead,
And there with ſtately pompe by heapes they wend,
And Chriſtians ſlaine rolle vp in webs of lead;
Laſtly the Turks and ſlaine Arabians (brought
On heapes) he ſaw them burne with fire to nought.

27

Deepely he ſighed, and with naked ſword
Out of the coach he leaped in the mire,
But *Iſmen* call'd againe the angrie Lord,
And with graue words appeas'd his fooliſh ire.
The Prince content remounted at his word,
Towards a hill on droue the aged ſire,
And haſting forward vp the banke they paſſe,
Till far behinde the Chriſtian leaguer was.

There

28

There they alight and tooke their way on fout,
The emptie chariot vaniſht out of ſight,
Yet ſtill the cloud enuiron'd them about,
At their left hand downe went they from the hight
Of Sions hill, till they approcht the rout,
On that ſide where to weſt he looketh right,
There *Iſmen* ſtaied and his eie-ſight bent
Vpon the buſhie rocks, and thither went.

29

A hollow caue was in the craggie ſtone,
Wrought out by hand a number yeeres tofore,
And for of long that way had walked none,
The vault was hid with plants and buſhes hore,
The wiſard ſtooping in thereat to gone,
The thornes aſide and ſcratching brambles bore,
His right hand ſought the paſſage through the cleft,
And for his guide he gaue the Prince his left.

30

What (quoth the Soldan) by what priuie mine?
What hidden vault behooues it me to creepe?
This ſword can finde a better way than thine,
Although our foes the paſſage garde and keepe.
Let not (quoth he) thy princely foote repine
To tread this ſeeret path, though darke and deepe;
For great king *Herod* vs'd to tread the ſame,
He that in armes had whilome ſo great fame.

31

This paſſage made he, when he would ſuppreſſe
His ſubiects pride, and them in bondage hold;
By this he could from that ſmall fortereſſe
Antonia call'd, of *Antonie* the bold,
Conuay his folke vnſeene of more and leſſe
Eu'n to the middeſt of the temple old,
Thence, hither; where theſe priuie waies begin,
And bring vnſeene whole armies out and in.

32

But now ſaue I in all this world liues none
That knowes the ſecret of this darkſome place,
Come then where *Aladine* ſits on his throne,
With Lords and princes ſet about his grace,
He feareth more then fitteth ſuch an one,
Such ſignes of doubt ſhew in his cheere and face;
Fitly you come, heare, ſee, and keepe you ſtill,
Till time and ſeaſon ſerue, then ſpeake your fill.

33

This ſaid, that narrow entrance paſt the knight,
(So creepes a camell through a needles eie)
And through the waies as black as darkeſt night
He followed him, that did him rule and guie;
Strait was the way at firſt, withouten light,
But further in did further amplifie;
So that vpright walked at eaſe the men
Ere they had paſſed halfe that ſecret den,

34

A priuie doore *Iſmen* vnlockt at laſt,
And vp they clombe a little vſed ſtaire,
Thereat the day a feeble beame in caſt,
Dimme was the light, and nothing cleere the aire;
Out of the hollow caue at length they paſt,
Into a goodly hall, high, broad and faire,
Where crown'd with gold and all in purple clad
Sate the ſad king, among his nobles ſad.

35

The Turke (cloſe in his hollow cloud imbard)
Vnſeene, at will did all the preaſe behold,
Theſe heauie ſpeeches of the king he hard,
Who thus from loftie ſiege his pleaſure told;
My Lords, laſt day our ſtate was much empard,
Our friends were ſlaine, kild were our ſoldiers bold,
Great helpes and greater hopes are vs bereft,
Nor ought but aide from Egypt land is left:

36

And well you ſee far diſtant is that aid,
Vpon our heeles our danger treadeth ſtill,
For your aduiſe was this aſſemblie maid,
Each what he thinketh ſpeake, and what he will.
A whiſper ſoft aroſe when this was ſaid,
As gentle winds the groues with murmur fill,
But with bold face, high lookes and merrie cheare
Argantes roſe, the reſt their talke forbeare.

37

O worthie ſoueraigne (thus began to ſay
The hardie yong man to the tyrant wiſe)
What words be theſe? what feares doe you diſmay?
Who knowes not this, you need not our aduiſe?
But on our hands your hope of conqueſt lay,
And, for no loſſe true vertue damnifies,
Make her our ſhield, pray her vs ſuccours giue,
And without her let vs not wiſh to liue.

Nor

38

Nor ſay I this for that I ought miſdeeme
That Egypts promis'd ſuccours faile vs might,
Doubtfull of my great maiſters words to ſeeme,
To me were neither lawfull, iuſt, nor right:
I ſpeake theſe words, for ſpurres I them eſteeme
To waken vp each dull and fearfull ſpright,
And make our harts reſolu'd to all aſſaies,
To winne with honour or to die with praiſe.

39

Thus much *Argantes* ſaid, and ſaid no more,
(As if the caſe were cleere of which he ſpoke.)
Orcano roſe, of princely ſtem ibore,
Whoſe preſence mongſt them bore a mightie ſtroke,
A man eſteemed well in armes of yore;
But now was coupled new in marriage yoke,
Yong babes he had, to fight which made him loth,
He was a husband and a father both.

40

My Lord (quoth he) I will not reprehend
The earneſt zeale of this audacious ſpeach,
From courage ſprong, which ſeld is cloſe ipend
In ſwelling ſtomacke without violent breach;
And though to you our good Circaſſian frend,
In termes too bold and feruent oft doth preach,
Yet hold I that for good, in warlike feat
For his great deedes reſpond his ſpeeches great.

41

But if it you beſeeme (whom grauer age
And long experience hath made wiſe and ſlie)
To rule the heat of youth and hardie rage,
Which ſomewhat haue miſled this knight awrie,
In equall ballance ponder than and gage
Your hopes far diſtant, with your perils nie;
This townes old walles and rampires new compare,
With *Godfreys* forces, and his engins rare.

42

But (if I may ſay what I thinke vnblamed)
This towne is ſtrong, by nature, ſcite and art,
But engins huge and inſtruments are framed
Gainſt theſe defences by our aduerſe part,
Who thinkes him moſt ſecure is eatheſt ſhamed;
I hope the beſt, yet feare vnconſtant *Mart*,
And with this ſiege if we be long vp pent,
Famine I doubt, our ſtore will all be ſpent.

43

For all that ſtore of cattell and of graine
Which yeſterday within theſe walles you brought,
While your proud foes triumphant through the plaine
On nought but ſhedding blood, and conqueſt thought,
Too little is this citie to ſuſtaine,
To raiſe the ſiege, vnleſſe ſome meanes be ſought;
And it muſt laſt, till the prefixed howre,
That it be rais'd by Egypts aide and powre.

44

But what if that appointed day they mis?
Or elſe (ere we expect) what if they came?
The victorie yet is not ours for this,
Oh ſaue this towne from ruine, vs from ſhame!
With that ſame *Godfrey* ſtill our warfare is,
Theſe armies, ſoldiers, captaines are the ſame,
Who haue ſo oft amid the duſtie plaine,
Turks, Perſians, Syrians and Arabians ſlaine:

45

And thou *Argantes* wotteſt what they bee,
Oft haſt thou fled from that victorious hoſt,
Thy ſhoulders often haſt thou let them ſee,
And in thy feet hath beene thy ſauegard moſt,
Clorinda bright and I fled eeke with thee,
None than his fellowes had more cauſe to boſt,
Nor blame I any; for in euery fight
We ſhewed courage, valour, ſtrength and might:

46

And though this hardie knight the certaine threat
Of neare approching death to heare diſdaine;
Yet to this ſtate of loſſe and danger great,
From this ſtrong foe I ſee the tokens plaine;
No fort how ſtrong ſo ere by art or ſeat,
Can hinder *Godfrey* why he ſhould not raine:
This makes me ſay (to witnes heau'n I bring)
Zeale, to this ſtate; loue, to my Lord and king.

47

The king of Tripolie was well aduiſed
To purchaſe peace and ſo preſerue his crowne:
But *Soliman* (who *Godfreys* loue deſpiſed)
Is either dead or deepe in priſon throwne;
Elſe fearefull is he run away diſguiſed,
And ſcant his life is left him for his owne,
And yet with gifts, with tribute and with gold,
He might in peace his empire ſtill haue hold.

Thus

48

Thus ſpake *Orcanes*, and ſome inkling gaue
In doubtfull words of that he would haue ſaid,
To ſue for peace or yeeld himſelfe a ſlaue,
He durſt not openly his king perſwade:
But at thoſe words the Soldan gan to raue,
And gainſt his will wrapt in the cloud he ſtaid,
Whom *Iſmen* thus beſpake, how can you beare
Theſe words, my Lord? or theſe reproches heare?

49

Oh let me ſpeake (quoth he) with ire and ſcorne
I burne, and gainſt my will thus hid I ſtay!
This ſaid, the ſmokie cloud was cleft and torne,
Which like a vaile vpon them ſtretched lay,
And vp to open heau'n forthwith was borne,
And left the Prince in vew of lightſome day,
With princely looke amid the preaſe he ſhin'de,
And on a ſodaine, thus declar'd his minde.

50

Of whom you ſpeake behold the Soldan here,
Neither affraid nor ron away for dread,
And that theſe ſlanders, lies and fables were,
This hand ſhall proue vpon that cowards head,
I, who haue ſhed a ſea of blood well nere,
And heapt vp mountaines high of Chriſtians dead,
I in their campe who ſtill maintain'd the fray,
(My men all murdred) I that ron away.

51

If this, or any coward vile beſide,
Falſe to his faith and countrie, dares replie;
And ſpeake of concord with yond men of pride,
By your good leaue (ſir king) here ſhall he die,
The lambes and wolues ſhall in one fold abide,
The doues and ſerpents in one neſt ſhall lie,
Before one towne vs and theſe Chriſtians ſhall
In peace and loue, vnite within one wall.

52

While thus he ſpoke, his broad and trenchant ſword
His hand held high aloft, in threatning guiſe;
Dombe ſtood the knights, ſo dreadfull was his word;
A ſtorme was in his front, fire in his eies,
He turn'd at laſt to Sions aged Lord,
And calm'd his viſage ſterne in humbler wiſe:
Behold (quoth he) good Prince, what aide I bring,
Since *Soliman* is ioyn'd with Iudaes king.

King

53

King *Aladine* from his rich throne vpſtart,
And ſaid, oh how I ioy thy face to vew,
My noble friend! it leſs'neth in ſome part
My greefe, for ſlaughter of my ſubiects trew,
My weake eſtate to ſtabliſh come thou art,
And maiſt thine owne againe in time renew,
If heau'ns conſent: with that the Soldan bold
In deere embracements did he long enfold.

54

Their greetings done, the king reſinde his throne
To *Soliman*, and ſet himſelfe beſide,
In a rich ſeat adorn'd with gold and ſtone,
And *Iſmen* ſage did at his elbow bide,
Of whom he askt what way they two had gone,
And he declar'd all what had them betide:
Clorinda bright to *Soliman* addreſt
Her ſalutations firſt, then all the reſt.

55

Among them roſe *Ormuſſes* valiant knight,
Whom late the Soldan with a conuoy ſent,
And when moſt hot and bloodie was the fight,
By ſecret pathes and blinde by-waies he went,
Till aided by the ſilence and the night
Safe in the cities walles himſelfe he pent,
And there refreſht with corne and cattell ſtore
The pined ſoldiers, famiſht nie before.

56

With ſurly count'nance and diſdainfull grace
Sullen and ſad, ſate the Circaſſian ſtout,
Like a fierce lion grombling in his place,
His firie eies that turnes and rolles about;
Nor durſt *Orcanes* vew the Soldans face,
But ſtill vpon the floore did pore and tout:
Thus with his Lords and peeres in counſelling,
The Turkiſh monarch ſate with Iudaes king.

57

Godfrey this while gaue victorie the raine,
And following her the ſtreits he opened all;
Then for his ſoldiers and his captaines ſlaine,
He celebrates a ſtately funerall,
And told his campe within a day or twaine
He would aſſault the cities mightie wall,
And all the heathen there enclos'd doth threat,
With fire and ſword, with death and danger great.

And

58

And for he had that noble ſquadron knowne,
In the laſt fight which brought him ſo great aid,
To be the Lords and Princes of his owne,
Who followed late the ſlie entiſing maid,
And with them *Tancred* (who had late beene throwne
In priſon deepe, by that falſe witch betrai'd)
Before the hermit and ſome priuate frends,
For all thoſe worthies, Lords and knights, he ſends;

59

And thus he ſaid, ſome one of you declare
Your fortunes, whether good or to be blamed,
And to aſſiſt vs with your valours rare,
(In ſo great need) how was your comming framed?
They bluſh and on the ground amazed ſtare,
(For vertue is of little guilt aſhamed)
At laſt the Engliſh Prince with count'nance bold,
The ſilence broke, and thus their errors told:

60

We (not elect to that exploit by lot)
With ſecret flight from hence our ſelues withdrew,
Following falſe *Cupid*, I denie it not,
Entiſed forth by loue, and beauties hew,
A iealous fire burnt in our ſtomackes hot,
And by cloſe waies we paſſed leaſt in vew,
Her words, her lookes (alas I know too late)
Nurſed our loue, our iealouſie, our hate.

61

At laſt we gan approach that wofull clime,
Where fire and brimſtone downe from heau'n was ſent,
To take reuenge for ſinne and ſhamefull crime
Gainſt kinde commit, by thoſe who nould repent;
A lothſome lake of brimſtone, pitch and lime,
Oregoes thar land, earſt ſweet and redolent,
And when it moues, thence ſtinch and ſmoke vp flies,
Which dim the welkin, and infect the skies.

62

This is the lake in which yet neuer might
Ought that hath weight ſinke to the bottome downe,
But like to corke, to leaues or feathers light,
Stones, iron, men there fleet, and neuer drowne,
Therein a caſtle ſtands, to which by ſight
But ore a narrow bridge no way is knowne,
Hither vs brought, here welcomd vs the witch,
The houſe within was ſtately, pleaſant, ritch.

63

The heau'ns were cleere, and wholſome was the aire,
High trees, ſweet medowes, waters pure and good;
For there in thickeſt ſhade of Mirtles faire
A chriſtall ſpring powr'd out a ſiluer flood;
Amid the herbes, the graſſe and flowres rare,
The falling leaues downe pattred from the wood;
The birds ſung hymnes of loue, yet ſpeake I nought
Of gold and marble rich, and richly wrought.

64

Vnder the curtaine of the greene-wood ſhade,
Beſide the brooke, vpon the veluet graſſe,
In maſſie veſſell of pure ſiluer made,
A banket rich and coſtly furniſht was,
All beaſtes, all birds beguil'd by fowlers trade,
All fiſh were there in floods or ſeas that paſſe,
All dainties made by art, and at the table
An hundreth virgins ſeru'd, for husbands able.

65

She with ſweet words and falſe entiſing ſmiles,
Infuſed loue among the dainties ſet,
And with empoys'ned cups our ſoules beguiles,
And made each knight himſelfe, and God forget:
She roſe, and turn'd againe within ſhort whiles,
With changed lookes where wrath and anger met,
A charming rod, a booke with her ſhe brings,
On which ſhe mumbled ſtrange and ſecret things.

66

She red, and change I felt my will and thought,
I long'd to change my life, and place of biding,
That vertue ſtrange in me no pleaſure wrought,
I leapt into the flood my ſelfe there hiding,
My legs and feet both into one were brought,
Mine armes and hands into my ſhoulders ſliding,
My skin was full of ſcales, like ſhields of bras,
Now made a fiſh, where late a knight I was.

67

The reſt with me like ſhape, like garments wore,
And diu'de with me in that quickſiluer ſtreame,
Such minde (to my remembrance) then I bore,
As when on vaine and fooliſh things men dreame;
At laſt our ſhape it pleas'd her to reſtore,
Then full of wonder and of feare we ſeame,
And with an irefull looke the angrie maid
Thus threat'ned vs, and made vs thus affraid.

68

You ſee (quoth ſhe) my ſacred might and skill,
How you are ſubiect to my rule and powre,
In endleſſe thraldome damned if I will,
I can torment and keepe you in this towre,
Or make you birdes, or trees on craggie hill,
To bide the bitter blaſtes of ſtorme and ſhowre;
Or harden you to rocks on mountaines old,
Or melt your fleſh and bones to riuers cold:

69

Yet may you well auoid mine ire and wraith,
If to my will your yeelding harts you bend,
You muſt forſake your Chriſtendome and faith,
And gainſt *Godfredo* falſe my crowne defend.
We all refus'd, for ſpeedie death each prai'th,
Saue falſe *Rambaldo*, he became her frend,
We in a dungeon deepe were helpleſſe caſt,
In miſerie and iron chained faſt.

70

Then (for alone they ſay falles no miſhap)
Within ſhort while Prince *Tancred* thither came,
And was vnwares, ſurpriſed in the trap:
But there ſhort while we ſtaid, the wilie dame
In other foldes our miſchiefes would vpwrap.
From *Hidraort* an hundreth horſemen came,
Whoſe guide a Baron bold to Egypts king
Should vs diſarm'd, and bound in fetters, bring:

71

Now on our way the way to death we ride,
But prouidence diuine thus for vs wrought,
Rinaldo (whoſe high vertue is his guide
To great exploits, exceeding humane thought)
Met vs, and all at once our garde deſide,
And ere he left the fight to earth them brought,
And in their harneſſe arm'd vs in the place,
Which late were ours, before our late diſgrace.

72

I, and all theſe, the hardie champion knew,
We ſaw his valour, and his voice we hard;
Then is the rumor of his death vntrew,
His life is ſafe, good fortune long it gard,
Three times the golden ſunne hath riſen new,
Since vs he left and rode to Antioch ward;
But firſt his armours broken, hackt and cleft,
Vnfit for ſeruice there he doft and left.

73

Thus ſpake the Briton prince, with humble cheare
The Hermit ſage to heau'n caſt vp his eine,
His colour and his count'nance changed weare,
With heauenly grace his lookes and viſage ſhine,
Rauiſnt with zeale his ſoule approched neare
The ſeat of angels pure, and ſaints diuine,
And there he learnd of things and haps to come
To giue foreknowledge true, and certaine dome;

74

At laſt he ſpoke (in more then humane ſound)
And told what things his wiſedome great foreſaw,
And at his thundring voice the folke around
Attentiue ſtood, with trembling and with awe:
Rinaldo liues, he ſaid, the tokens found
From womens craft their falſe beginnings draw,
He liues and heau'n will long preſerue his daies,
To greater glorie, and to greater praiſe.

75

Theſe are but trifles yet, though Aſias kings
Shrinke at his name and tremble at his vew,
I well foreſee he ſhall do greater things,
And wicked emprours conquer and ſubdew;
Vnder the ſhadow of his eagles wings,
Shall holie church preſerue hir ſacred crew,
From *Cæſars* bird he ſhall the fable traine
Plucke off, and breake her talons ſharpe in twaine.

76

His childrens children at his hardineſſe,
And great attempts ſhall take enſample faire,
From emperours vniuſt in all diſtreſſe
They ſhall defend the ſtate of *Peters* chaire,
To raiſe the humble vp, pride to ſuppreſſe,
To helpe the innocents ſhall be their caire.
This bird of Eaſt, ſhall flie with conqueſt great,
As farre as moone giues light, or ſunne giues heat;

77

Her eies behold the truth and pureſt light,
And thunders downe in *Peters* aide ſhee brings,
And where for Chriſt and chriſtian faith men fight,
There foorth ſhee ſpreadeth hir victorious wings,
This vertue Nature giues hir and this night,
Then lure her home, for on her preſence hings
The happie end of this great enterpries,
So heau'n decrees, and ſo command the skies.

78

Theſe words of his, of Prince *Rinaldoes* death
Out of their troubled harts, the feare had raced;
In all this ioy yet *Godfrey* ſmil'd vneath,
In his wiſe thought ſuch care and heed was placed.
But now from deepes of regions vnderneath
Nights vaile aroſe, and ſunnes bright luſter chaced,
When all full ſweetly in their cabbins ſlept,
Saue he, whoſe thoughts his eies ſtill open kept.

The eleuenth Booke of Godfrey *of Bulloigne.*

The argument.

With graue proceſſion, ſongs and pſalmes deuout
Heau'ns ſacred aide the Chriſtian Lords inuoke;
That done, they ſcale the wall which kept them out;
The fort is almoſt wonne, the gates nie broke:
Godfrey *is wounded by* Clorinda *ſtout,*
And loſt is that daies conqueſt by the ſtroke;
The Angell cures him, he returnes to fight,
But loſt his labour for day loſt his light.

1

THe Chriſtian armies great and puiſſant guide,
T'aſſault the towne that all his thoughts had bent,
Did ladders, rammes, and engins huge prouide,
When reuerent *Peter* to him grauely went,
And drawing him with ſober grace aſide,
With words ſeuere thus told his high intent;
Right wel (my Lord) theſe earthly ſtrengthes you moue,
But let vs firſt begin from heau'n aboue:

2

With publike praier, zeale, and faith deuout,
The aide, aſſiſtance, and the helpe obtaine
Of all the bleſſed of the heau'nly rout,
With whoſe ſupport you conqueſt ſure may gaine;
Firſt let the prieſtes before thine armies ſtout,
With ſacred hymnes their holy voices ſtraine,
And thou and all thy Lords and peeres with thee,
Of godlineſſe and faith enſamples bee.

3

Thus ſpake the hermit graue in words ſeueare:
Godfrey allow'd his counſell, ſage and wiſe,
Of Chriſt the Lord (quoth he) thou ſeruant deare,
I yeeld to follow thy diuine aduiſe,
And while the Princes I aſſemble heare,
The great proceſſion, ſongs and ſacrifice,
With Biſhop *William*, thou and *Ademare*,
With ſacred and with ſolemne pompe, prepare.

4

Next morne the Biſhops twaine, the heremite,
And all the clarks and prieſts of leſſe eſtate,
Did in the middeſt of the campe vnite
Within a place for praier conſecrate,
Each prieſt adorn'd was in a ſurpleſſe white,
The Biſhops dond their albes and copes of ſtate,
Aboue their rockets button'd faire before,
And miters on their heads, like crownes they wore.

5

Peter alone (before) ſpred to the winde
The glorious ſigne of our ſaluation great,
With eaſie pace the quire come all behinde,
And hymnes and pſalmes in order true repeat,
With ſweet reſpondence in harmonious kinde
Their humble ſong the yeelding aire doth beat;
Laſtly together went the reuerend pare
Of prelates ſage, *William* and *Ademare*:

6

The mighty Duke came next, as Princes do,
Without companion, marching all alone,
The Lords and captaines came by two and two,
The ſoldiers for their garde were arm'd each one;
With eaſie pace thus ordred, paſſing throw
The trench and rampire, to the fields they gone,
No thundring drum, no trumpet ſhrill they heare,
Their godly muſicke pſalmes and praiers weare.

7

To thee, O Father, Sonne and ſacred Spright,
One true, eternall, euerlaſting king,
To Chriſtes deere mother *Marie* virgin bright,
Pſalmes of thankeſgiuing and of praiſe they ſing,
To them that angels downe from heau'n to fight
Gainſt the blaſphemous beaſt and dragon bring,
To him alſo that of our Sauiour good,
Waſhed the ſacred front in Iordans flood.

Him

8

Him likewiſe they inuoke, called the rocke
Whereon the Lord(they ſay)his Church did reare,
Whoſe true ſucceſſors cloſe or elſe vnlocke
The bleſſed gates of grace and mercie deare,
And all th'elected twelue the choſen flocke,
Of his triumphant death who witnes beare,
And them by torment,ſlaughter,fire and ſword
Who martyrs died,to confirme his word:

9

And them alſo whoſe bookes and writings tell
What certaine path to heau'nly bliſſe vs leades,
And hermits good,and ancreſſes that dwell,
Mewed vp in walles and mumble on their beades,
And virgin nunnes in cloſe and priuate cell,
Where (but ſhrift fathers)neuer mankinde treades,
On theſe they called and on all the rout
Of angels,martyrs,and of ſaints deuout.

10

Singing and ſaying thus the campe deuout
Spred forth her zealous ſquadrons broad and wide,
Towards mount Oliuet went all this rout,
So call'd of Oliue trees the hill which hide,
A mountaine knowne by fame the world throughout,
Which riſeth on the cities eaſtren ſide,
From it deuided by the valley greene
Of *Ioſaphat*,that fils the ſpace betweene.

11

Hither the armies went,and chanted ſhrill,
That all the deepe and hollow dales reſound,
From hollow mounts and caues in euery hill,
A thouſand Ecchoes alſo ſung around,
It ſeem'd ſome quire(that ſung with art and skill)
Dwelt in thoſe ſauage dennes and ſhadie ground,
For oft reſounded from the banks they heare,
The name of Chriſt and of his mother deare.

12

Vpon the walles the Pagans old and yong
Stood huſht and ſtill,amated and amaſed,
At their graue order and their humble ſong,
At their ſtrange pompe and cuſtomes new they gaſed:
Bnt when the ſhew they had beholden long,
An hideous yell the wicked miſcreants raſed,
That with vile blaſphemies the mountaines hoare,
The woods,the waters and the valleis roare.

13

But yet with ſacred notes the hoſtes proceed,
Though blaſphemies they heare and curſed things;
So with *Apolloes* harpe *Pan* tunes his reed,
So adders hiſſe, where Philomela ſings,
Nor flying dartes nor ſtones the Chriſtians dreed,
Nor arrowes ſhot, nor quarries caſt from ſlings;
But with aſſured faith as dreading nought
The holy worke begun to end they brought.

14

A table ſet they on the mountaines hight
To miniſter thereon the Sacrament,
In golden candleſticks a hallowed light,
At either end of virgin waxe there brent:
In coſtly veſtments ſacred *William* dight,
With feare and trembling to the altar went,
And praier there and ſeruice lowd beginnes,
Both for his owne and all the armies ſinnes;

15

Humbly they heard his words that ſtood him nie,
The reſt far off vpon him bent their eies,
But when he ended had the ſeruice hie,
You ſeruants of the Lord depart he cries:
His hands he lifted than vp to the skie,
And bleſſed all thoſe warlike companies;
And they diſmiſt return'd the way they came,
Their order as before, their pompe the ſame.

16

Within their campe arriu'd, this voiage ended,
Towards his tent the Duke himſelfe withdrew,
Vpon their guide by heapes the bands attended,
Till his pauilions ſtately doore they vew,
There to the Lord his welfare they commended,
And with him left the worthies of the crew,
Whom at a coſtly and rich feaſt he placed,
And with the higheſt roome old *Raimond* graced.

17

Now when the hungrie knights ſufficed ar
With meat, with drinke, with ſpices of the beſt,
Quoth he, when next you ſee the morning ſtar,
T'aſſault the towne be ready all and preſt:
To morrow is a day of paines and war,
This of repoſe, of quiet, peace and reſt;
Goe, take your eaſe this euening, and this night,
And make you ſtrong againſt to morrowes fight.

They

18

They tooke their leaue, and *Godfreys* haralds road
To intimate his will on euery ſide,
And publiſht it through all the lodgings broad,
That gainſt the morne each ſhould himſelfe prouide,
Meane-while they might their harts of cares vnload,
And reſt their tired limmes that euening tide;
Thus fared they till night their eies did cloſe,
Night frend to gentle reſt and ſweet repoſe.

19

With little ſigne as yet of ſpringing day
Out peept, not well appear'd the riſing morne,
The plough yet tore not vp the fertile lay,
Nor to their feed the ſheepe from folds retorne,
The birds ſate ſilent on the greene wood ſpray
Amid the groues, vnheard was hound and horne,
When trumpets ſhrill true ſignes of hardie fights,
Call'd vp to armes the ſoldiers, call'd the knights:

20

Arme, arme at once an hundreth ſquadrons cride,
And with their crie to arme them all begin,
Godfrey aroſe, that day he laid aſide
His hawberke ſtrong he wontes to combat in,
And dond a breſtplate faire, of prooſe vntride,
Such one as footmen vſe, light, eaſie, thin:
Scantly their Lord thus clothed had his gromes,
When aged *Raimond* to his preſence comes,

21

And furniſht thus when he the man beheild,
By his attire his ſecret thought he gueſt,
Where is (quoth he) your ſure and truſtie ſheild?
Your helme, your hawberke ſtrong? where all the reſt?
Why be you halfe diſarm'd? why to the feild
Approch you in theſe weake defences dreſt?
I ſee this day you meane a courſe to ronne,
Wherein may perill much, ſmall praiſe be wonne.

22

Alas, doe you that idle praiſe expect,
To ſet firſt foot this conquered wall aboue?
Of leſſe account ſome knight thereto obiect,
Whoſe loſſe ſo great and harmfull cannot proue,
My Lord, your life with greater care protect,
And loue your ſelfe bicauſe all vs you loue,
Your happie life is ſpirit, ſoule and breath
Of all this campe, preſerue it than from death.

23

To this he anſwered thus, you know (he ſade)
In Clarimont by mightie *Vrbans* hand
When I was girded with this noble blade,
For Chriſtes true faith to fight in euery land,
To God eu'n than a ſecret vow I made,
Not as a captaine here this day to ſtand,
And giue directions, but with ſhield and ſword
To fight, to winne or die for Chriſt my Lord.

24

When all this campe in battaile ſtrong ſhall bee
Ordain'd and ordred, well diſpoſed all,
And all things done which to the high degree
And ſacred place I hold, belongen ſhall;
Then reaſon is it, nor diſſwade thou mee,
That I likewiſe aſſault this ſacred wall,
Leaſt from my vow to God late made I ſwerue,
He ſhall this life defend, keepe and preſerue.

25

Thus he concludes, and euery hardie knight
His ſample follow'd, and his brethren twaine,
The other Princes put on harneſſe light,
As footemen vſe: but all the Pagan traine
Towards that ſide bent their defenſiue might,
That lies expos'd to vew of *Charles* waine,
And *Zephirus* ſweet blaſtes, for on that part
The towne was weakeſt, both by ſcite and art.

26

On all parts elſe the fort was ſtrong by ſcite,
With mighty hils defenſt from forraine rage,
And to this part the tyrant gan vnite,
His ſubiects borne and bands that ſerue for wage,
From this exploit he ſpar'd nor great nor lite,
The aged men and boyes of tender age,
To fire of angrie war, ſtill brought new fewell,
Stones, dartes, lime, brimſtone and bitumen cruell.

27

All full of armes and weapons was the wall,
Vnder whoſe baſis that faire plaine doth ronne,
There ſtood the Soldan like a giant tall,
(So ſtood at Rhodes the Coloſs of the ſonne)
Waſt high *Argantes* ſhew'd himſelfe withall,
At whoſe ſterne lookes the French to quake begonne;
Clorinda on the corner towre alone,
In ſiluer armes like riſing *Cinthia* ſhone.

Het

28

Her ratling quiuer at her ſhoulder hong,
Therein a flaſh of arrowes feathered weele,
In her left hand her bow was bended ſtrong,
Therein a ſhaft headed with mortall ſteele,
So fit to ſhoot ſhe ſingled forth among
Her foes, who firſt her quarries ſtrength ſhould feele,
So fit to ſhoot *Latonas* daughter ſtood,
When *Niobe* ſhe kill'd and all her brood.

29

The aged tyrant trotted on his feet
From gate to gate, from wall to wall he flew,
He comforts all his bands with ſpeeches ſweet,
And euery fort and baſtion doth reuew,
For euery need prepar'd in euery ſtreet
New regiments he plaſt, and weapons new.
The matrons graue within their temples hie,
To idols falſe for ſuccours call and crie;

30

O *Macon*, breake in twaine the ſteeled lance
Of wicked *Godfrey*, with thy righteous hands,
Againſt thy name he doth his arme aduance,
His rebell blood powre out vpon theſe ſands,
Theſe cries within his eares no enterance
Could finde; for nought he heares, nought vnderſtands.
While thus the towne for her defence ordaines,
His armies *Godfrey* ordreth on the plaines,

31

His forces firſt on foot he forward brought,
With goodly order, prouidence and art,
And gainſt theſe towers which t'aſſaile he thought,
In battailes twaine his ſtrength he doth depart,
Betweene them crosbowes ſtood and engins wrought
To caſt a ſtone, a quarrie or a dart,
From whence like thunders dint or lightnings new,
Againſt the bulwarks ſtones and lances flew.

32

His men at armes did backe his bands on fout,
The light horſe ride far off and ſerue for wings,
He gaue the ſigne, ſo mighty was the rout
Of thoſe that ſhot with bowes and caſt with ſlings,
Such ſtormes of ſhaftes and ſtones flew all about,
That many a Pagan proud to death it brings,
Some dide, ſome at the loopes durſt ſcant out peepe,
Some fled and left the place they tooke to keepe.

The

33

The hardie Frenchmen(full of heat and haſt)
Ran boldly forward to the ditches large,
And ore their heads an iron pentiſe vaſt
They built,by ioyning many a ſhield and targe,
Some with their engins ceaſleſſe ſhot and caſt,
And vollies huge of arrowes ſharpe diſcharge,
Vpon the ditches ſome emploi'd their paine,
To fill the mote and eu'n it with the plaine.

34

With ſlime or mud the ditches were not ſoft,
But drie and ſandy,void of waters cleare,
Though large and deepe the Chriſtians fill them oft,
With rubbiſh,faggots,ſtones and trees they beare:
Adraſtus firſt aduanſt his creſt aloft,
And boldly gan a ſtrong ſcalado reare,
And through the falling ſtorme did vpward clime
Of ſtones,dartes,arrowes,fire,pitch and lime:

35

The hardie Switzer now ſo far was gone,
That halfe way vp with mickle paine he got,
A thouſand weapons he ſuſtain'd alone,
And his audacious climbing ceaſed not;
At laſt vpon him fell a mightie ſtone,
As from ſome engin great it had beene ſhot,
It broke his helme,he tumbled from the height,
The ſtrong Circaſſian caſt that wondrous weight;

36

Not mortall was the blow,yet with the fall
On earth ſore brus'd the man lay in a ſwoune.
Argantes gan with boaſting words to call,
Who commeth next? this firſt is tumbled downe,
Come hardie ſoldiers,come aſſault this wall,
I will not ſhrinke,nor flie,nor hide my crowne,
If in your trench your ſelues for dread you hold,
There ſhall you die,like ſheepe kild in their fold.

37

Thus boaſted he,but in their trenches deepe
The hidden ſquadrons kept themſelues from ſcath,
The curtaine made of ſhields did well off keepe
Both darts and ſhot,and ſcorned all their wrath.
But now the ramme vpon the rampires ſteepe
On mightie beames his head aduanced hath,
With dreadfull hornes of iron tought tree-great,
The walles and bulwarks trembled at his threat.

38

An hundred able men meane-while let fall
The weights behinde, the engin tumbled downe,
And battred flat the battlements and wall,
(So fell Taigetus hill on Sparta towne)
It crusht the steeled shield in peeces small,
And beat the helmet to the wearers crowne,
And on the ruines of the walles and stones,
Dispersed left their blood, their braines, and bones.

39

The fierce assailants kept no longer close
Vnder the shelter of their targets fine,
But their bold fronts to chance of war expose,
And gainst those towres let their vertue shine,
The scaling ladders vp to skies arose,
The groundworks deepe some closely vndermine,
The walles before the Frenchmen shrinke and shake,
And gaping signe of headlong falling make:

40

And faine they had, so far the strength extends
Of that fierce ramme and his redoubted stroke,
But that the Pagans care the place defends,
And sau'd by warlike skill the wall nie broke:
For to what part so ere the engin bends,
There sacks of wooll they place the blow to choke,
Whose yeelding breakes the strokes theron which light,
So weakenes oft subdues the greatest might.

41

While thus the worthies of the westren crew
Maintain'd their braue assault and skirmish hot,
Her mightie bow *Clorinda* often drew,
And many a sharpe and deadly arrow shot;
And from her bow no steeled shaft there flew,
But that some blood the cursed engin got,
Blood of some valiant knight or man of fame,
For that proud shootresse scorned weaker game.

42

The first she hit among the Christian Peeres,
Was the bold sonne of Englands noble king,
Aboue the trench himselfe he scantly reares,
But she an arrow looséd from the string,
The wicked steele his gantled breakes and teares,
And through his right hand thrust the pearsing sting;
Disabled thus from fight, he gan retire,
Groning for paine, but fretting more for ire.

Lord

43

Lord *Stephen* of Amboiſe on the ditches brim,
And on a ladder high, *Clotharions* dide,
From backe to breſt an arrow pearſed him,
The other was ſhot through from ſide to ſide:
Then as he menag'd braue his courſer trim
On his left arme ſhe hit the Flemmings guide,
He ſtopt, and from the wound the reed out twinde,
But left the iron in his fleſh behinde.

44

As *Ademare* ſtood to behold the fight
High on a banke, withdrawne to breathe a ſpace,
A fatall ſhaft vpon his forehead light,
His hand he lifted vp to feele the place,
Whereon a ſecond arrow chanced right,
And nail'd his hand vnto his wounded face,
He fell, and with his blood diſtain'd the land,
His holy blood ſhed by a virgins hand.

45

While *Palamede* ſtood nere the battlement,
Deſpiſing perils all and all miſhap,
And vpward ſtill his hardie footings bent,
On his right eie he caught a deadly clap,
Through his right eie *Clorindaes* ſeu'nth ſhaft went,
And in his necke broke forth a bloodie gap;
He vnderneath that bulwarke dying fell,
Which late to ſcale and win he truſted well.

46

Thus ſhot the maide: the Duke with hard aſſay
And ſharpe aſſault, meane-while the towne oppreſt,
Againſt that part which to his campe ward lay,
An engin huge and wondrous he addreſt,
A towre of wood built for the townes decay,
As high as were the walles and bulwarks beſt,
A turret full of men and weapons pent,
And yet on wheeles it rolled, mou'd and went.

47

This rolling fort his nie approches made,
And dartes and arrowes ſpit againſt his foes,
As ſhips are wont in fight; ſo it aſſade
With the ſtrong wall to grapple and to cloſe:
The Pagans on each ſide the piece inuade,
And all their force againſt this maſſe oppoſe,
Sometimes the wheeles, ſometimes the battlement
With timber, logs and ſtones, they broke and rent.

So

48

So thicke flew ſtones and darts, that no man ſees
The azure heauens, the ſunne his brightnes loſt,
The clouds of weapons, like two ſwarmes of bees,
Met in the aire, and there each other croſt:
And looke how falling leaues drop downe from trees,
When the moiſt ſap is nipt with timely froſt,
Or apples in ſtrong windes from branches fall;
The Saracines ſo tumbled from the wall.

49

For on their part the greateſt ſlaughter light,
They had no ſhelter gainſt ſo ſharpe a ſhower,
Some left on liue betooke themſelues to flight,
So feared they this deadly thundring tower:
But *Soliman* ſtaide like a valiant knight,
And ſome with him, that truſted in his power,
Argantes with a long beach tree in hand,
Ran thither, this huge engin to withſtand:

50

With this he puſht the towre and backe it driues
The length of all his tree, a woondrous way,
The hardie virgin by his ſide arriues,
To helpe *Argantes* in this hard aſſay:
The band that vs'd the ram, this ſeaſon ſtriues
To cut the cordes, wherein the woolpacks lay,
Which done, the ſackes downe in the trenches fall,
And to the battrie naked left the wall.

51

The towre aboue, the ram beneath doth thunder,
What lime and ſtone ſuch puiſſance could abide?
The wall began (now brus'd and cruſht aſunder)
Her wounded lappe to open broad and wide,
Godfrey himſelfe and his brought ſafely vnder
The ſhattred wall, where greateſt breach he ſpide,
Himſelfe he ſaues behinde his mightie targe,
A ſhielde not vs'd but in ſome deſp'rate charge.

52

From hence he ſees where *Soliman* deſcends
Downe to the threſhold of the gaping breach,
And there it ſeemes the mightie Prince entends
Godfredoes hoped entrance to impeach:
Argantes (and with him the maide) defends
The wals aboue, to which the towre doth reach,
His noble hart, when *Godfrey* this beheld,
With courage newe, with wrath and valour ſweld.

53

He turnd about and to good *Sigiere* ſpake,
Who bare his greateſt ſheild and mightie bow,
That ſure and truſtie target let me take,
Impenetrable is that ſheild I know,
Ouer theſe ruines will I paſſage make,
And enter firſt, the way is eath and low,
And time requires that by ſome noble feat
I ſhould make knowne my ſtrength and puiſſance great:

54

He ſcant had ſpoken, ſcant receiu'd the targe,
When on his legge a ſudden ſhaft him hit,
And through that part a hole made wide and large,
Where his ſtrong ſinnewes faſtned were and knit.
Clorinda thou this arrow didſt diſcharge,
And let the Pagans bleſſe thy hand for it,
For by that ſhot thou ſauedſt them that day
From bondage vile, from death and ſure decay.

55

The wounded Duke, as though he felt no paine,
Still forward went, and mounted vp the breach,
His high attempt at firſt he nould refraine,
And after cald his Lords with cheerefull ſpeach;
But when his legge could not his weight ſuſtaine,
He ſaw his will did far his powre out reach,
And more he ſtroue his griefe increaſt the more,
The bold aſſault he left at length therefore:

56

And with his hand he beckned *Guelpho* neare,
And ſaid, I muſt withdraw me to my tent,
My place and perſon in mine abſence beare,
Supply my want, let not the fight relent,
I goe and will ere long againe be heare,
I goe and ſtraight returne, this ſaid, he went,
On a light ſtead he lept, and ore the greene
He road, but road not (as he thought) vnſeene.

57

When *Godfrey* parted, parted eeke the hart,
The ſtrength and fortune of the Chriſtian bands,
Courage increaſed in their aduerſe part,
Wrath in their harts and vigor in their hands:
Valour, ſucceſſe, ſtrength, hardines, and art
Faild in the Princes of the Weſtren lands,
Their ſwords were blunt, faint was their trumpets blaſt,
Their ſunne was ſet, or elſe with cloudes orecaſt.

Vpon

58

Vpon the bulwarks now appeered bould
That fearefull band that late for dread was fled;
The women that *Clorindaes* ſtrength behould,
Their countries loue to warre encouraged,
They weapons got and fight like men they would,
Their gownes tuckt vp, their lockes were looſe and ſpred,
Sharpe darts they caſt, and without dread or feare
Expos'd their breſts to ſaue their fortreſſe deare.

59

But that which moſt diſmaid the chriſtian knights,
And added courage to the Pagans moſt,
Was *Guelphos* ſodaine fall, in all mens ſights
Who tumbled headlong downe, his footing loſt,
A mightie ſtone vpon the woorthy lights,
But whence it came none wiſt, nor from what coaſt;
And with like blow, which more their harts diſmaid,
Beſide him low in duſt old *Raimond* laid:

60

And *Euſtace* eeke within the ditches large,
To narrow ſhifts and laſt extreames they driue,
Vpon their foes ſo fierce the Pagans charge,
And with good fortune ſo their blowes they giue,
That whom they hit, in ſpite of helme or targe,
They deepely wounde, or elſe of life depriue.
At this their good ſucceſſe *Argantes* proud,
Waxing more fell, thus roard and cried loud:

61

This is not Antioch, nor the euening darke,
Can helpe your priuie ſleights with friendly ſhade,
The ſunne yet ſhines, your falſhood can we marke,
In other wiſe this bould aſſault is made,
Of praiſe and glorie quenched is the ſparke
That made you firſt theſe eaſterne lands inuade,
Why ceaſe you now? why take you not this fort?
What are you wearie for a charge ſo ſhort?

62

Thus raged he, and in ſuch helliſh ſort
Encreaſt the furie in the brainſicke knight,
That he eſteemd that large and ample fort
To ſtrait a field, wherein to prooue his might,
There where the breach had fram'd a new made port,
Himſelfe he plaſt, with nimble skips and light,
He clear'd the paſſage out, and thus he cride
To *Soliman*, that fought cloſe by his ſide:

63

Come *Soliman*, the time and place behould,
That of our valours well may iudge the doubt,
What ſtaieſt thou? among theſe Chriſtians bould,
Firſt leape he foorth that houlds himſelfe moſt ſtout:
While thus his will the mightie champion tould,
Both *Soliman* and he, at once leapt out,
Furie the firſt prouokt, diſdaine the laſt,
Who ſcorn'd the chalenge ere his lips it paſt.

64

Vpon their foes vnlooked for they flew,
Each ſpited other for his vertues ſake,
So many ſouldiers this fierce couple ſlew,
So many ſhieldes they cleft and helmes they brake,
So many ladders to the earth they threw,
That well they ſeem'd a mount thereof to make,
Or elſe ſome vamure fit to ſaue the towne,
In ſtead of that the Chriſtians late bet downe.

65

The folke that ſtroue with rage and haſte before
Who firſt the wall and rampire ſhould aſcend,
Retire, and for that honour ſtriue no more,
Scantly they could their limmes and liues defend,
They fled, their engins loſt the Pagans tore
In peeces ſmall, their rams to nought they rend,
And all vnfit for further ſeruice make,
With ſo great force and rage their beames they brake.

66

The Pagans ran tranſported with their ire,
Now heere now there, and wofull ſlaughters wrought,
At laſt they called for deuouring fire,
Two burning pines againſt the towre they brought,
So from the pallace of their helliſh Sire
(When all this world they would conſume to nought)
The furie ſiſters come with fire in hands,
Shaking their ſnakie lockes and ſparkling brands.

67

But noble *Tancred*, who this while applied
Graue exhortations to his bould Latines,
When of theſe knights the wondrous acts he ſpied,
And ſawe the champions with their burning pines,
He left his talke and thither foorthwith hied,
To ſtop the rage of thoſe fell Saracines,
And with ſuch force the fight he there renewed,
That now they fled and loſt, who late purſewed.

Thus

68

Thus chang'd the ſtate and fortune of the fray,
Meane-while the wounded Duke in griefe and teene,
Within his great pauilion rich and gay,
Good *Stgiere* and *Baldwine* ſtood betweene;
His other friends whom his miſhap diſmay,
With griefe and teares about aſſembled beene,
He ſtroue in haſte the weapon out to winde:
And broke the reed, but left the head behinde.

69

He bod them take the ſpeedieſt way they might,
Of that vnluckie hurt to make him ſound,
And to lay ope the depth thereof to ſight,
He will'd them open, ſearch and launce the wound,
Send me againe (quoth he) to end this fight,
Before the ſunne be ſunken vnder ground,
And leaning on a broken ſpeare, he thruſt
His leg ſtraight out, to him that cure it muſt.

70

Erotimus, borne on the banks of Poe,
Was he that vndertooke to cure the knight,
All what greene herbes or waters pure could doe,
He knew their powre, their vertue and their might,
A noble poët was the man alſo;
But in this ſcilence had a more delight,
He could reſtore to health death wounded men,
And make their names immortall with his pen.

71

The mightie Duke yet neuer changed cheare,
But greeu'd to ſee his friends lamenting ſtand;
The leach prepar'd his clothes and clenſing geare,
And with a belt his gowne about him band;
Now with his herbes the ſteelie head to teare
Out of the fleſh he prou'd, now with his hand,
Now with his hand, now with his inſtrument
He ſhakt and pluckt it, yet not forth it went;

72

His labour vaine, his art preuailed nought,
His lucke was ill, although his skill were good,
To ſuch extremes the wounded Prince he brought,
That with fell paine he ſwouned as he ſtood:
But th'angell pure (that kept him) went and ſought
Diuine Dictamnum, out of Ida wood,
This herbe is rough and beares a purple flowre,
And in his budding leaues lies all his powre.

73

Kinde nature firſt vpon the craggie clift
Bewrai'd this herbe vnto the mountaine goate,
That when her ſides a cruell ſhaft hath rift,
With it ſhe ſhakes the reed out of her cote,
This in a moment fetcht the angell ſwift,
And brought from Ida hill, though far remote,
The iuice whereof in a prepared bath
Vnſeene the bleſſed ſpirit powred hath:

74

Pure Nectar from that ſpring of Lidia than,
And Panaces diuine therein he threw,
The cunning leach to bathe the wound began,
And of it ſelfe the ſteelie head out flew,
The bleeding ſtancht, no vermile drop out-ran,
The leg againe waxt ſtrong with vigor new:
Erotimus cride out, this hurt and wound
No humaine art, or hand ſo ſoone makes ſound;

75

Some angell good I thinke come downe from skies
Thy ſurgeon is, for here plaine tokens ar
Of grace diuine, which to thy helpe applies,
Thy weapon take and haſte againe to war;
In pretious clothes his leg the chieftaine ties,
Nought could the man from blood and fight debar,
A ſturdie lance in his right hand he braced,
His ſhield he tooke, and on his helmet laced:

76

And with a thouſand knights and Barons bold,
Towards the towne he haſted from his campe,
In cloudes of duſt was *Titans* face enrold,
Trembled the earth whereon the worthies ſtampe,
His foes far off his dreadfull lookes behold,
Which in their harts of courage quencht the lampe,
A chilling feare ran cold through euery vaine,
Lord *Godfrey* ſhowted thrice and all his traine:

77

Their ſouereignes voice his hardie people knew,
And his lowd cries, that chear'd each fearfull hart,
Thereat new ſtrength they tooke and courage new,
And to the fierce aſſault againe they ſtart.
The Pagans twaine this while themſelues withdrew
Within the breach, to ſaue that battred part,
And with great loſſe a skirmiſh hot they hold,
Againſt *Tancredie* and his ſquadron bold.

Thither

78

Thither came *Godfrey* armed round about
In truſtie plate, with fierce and dreadfull looke,
At firſt approch againſt *Argantes* ſtout
Headed with poinant ſteele a lance he ſhooke,
No caſting engin with ſuch force throwes out
A knottie ſpeare, and as the way it tooke,
It whiſtled in the aire, the feareleſſe knight
Oppos'd his ſhield againſt that weapons might,

79

The dreadfull blow quite through his target droue,
And bored through his breſtplate ſtrong and thicke,
The tender skin it in his boſome roue,
The purple bloud outſtreamed from the quicke,
To wreſt it out the wounded Pagan ſtroue,
And little leaſure gaue it there to ſticke;
At *Godfreys* head the launce againe he caſt,
And ſaid, lo there againe thy dart thou haſt:

80

The ſpeare flew backe the way it lately came,
And would reuenge the harme it ſelfe had done,
But miſt the marke whereat the man did ame,
He ſtept aſide the furious blow to ſhunne:
But *Sigiere* in his throate receau'd the ſame,
The murdring weapon at his necke outrunne,
Nor ought it greeu'd the man to looſe his breath,
Since in his Princes ſtead he ſuffred death.

81

Eu'n then the Souldan ſtrooke with monſtrous maine
The noble leader of the Norman band,
He reeld a while and ſtaggred with the paine,
And wheeling round fell groueling on the ſand:
Godfrey no longer could the greeſe ſuſtaine
Of theſe diſpleaſures, but with flaming brand,
Vp to the breach in heat and haſt he goes,
And hand to hand there combats with his foes,

82

And there great wonders ſurely wrought he had,
Mortall the fight, and fierce had beene the fray,
But that darke night, from her pauilion ſad,
Her cloudy wings did on the earth diſplay,
Her quiet ſhades ſhe interpoſed glad,
To cauſe the knights their armes aſide to lay;
Godfrey withdrew, and to their tents they wend,
And thus this bloudie day was brought to end.

The

83

The weake and wounded ere he left the feild
The godly Duke to ſafetie thence conuaid,
Nor to his foes his engins would he yeild,
In them his hope to win the fortreſſe laid;
Then to the towre he went, and it beheild,
The towre that late the Pagan Lords diſmaid,
But now ſtood bruſed, broken, crackt and ſhiuered,
From ſome ſharpe ſtorme as it were late deliuered.

84

From dangers great eſcapt but late it was,
And now to ſafetie brought welnie it ſeames,
But as a ſhip that vnder ſaile doth pas
The roaring billowes and the raging ſtreames,
And drawing nie the wiſhed port (alas)
Breakes on ſome hidden rocke her ribs and beames;
Or as a ſtead rough waies that well hath paſt,
Before his Inne ſtumbleth, and fals at laſt:

85

Such hap befell that towre, for on that ſide
Gainſt which the Pagans force and battrie bend,
Two wheeles were broke whereon the peece ſhould ride,
The maymed engin could no further wend,
The troupe that guarded it that part prouide
To vnderprop, with poſts, and it defend,
Till carpenters and cunning workemen came,
Whoſe skill ſhould helpe and reare againe the ſame.

86

Thus *Godfrey* bids, and that ere ſpringing day
The cracks and bruſes all amend they ſhould,
Each open paſſage and each priuie way
About the piece, he kept with ſouldiers bould:
But the loud rumour both of that they ſay,
And that they do, is heard within the hould,
A thouſand lights about the towre they vew,
And what they wrought all night both ſaw and knew.

The twelfth Booke of Godfrey *of Bulloigne.*

The

The argument.

Clorinda *heares her Eunuch old report*
Her birth, her ofspring, and her natiue land;
Diſguis'd ſhe fireth Godfreys *rolling fort,*
The burned peece falles ſmoking on the ſand:
With Tancred *long vnknowne in deſp'rate ſort*
She fights, and falles through pearſed with his brand:
Chriſtned ſhe dies; with ſighes, with plaints, and teares,
He wailes her death; Argant *reuengement ſweares.*

1

NOw in darke night was all the world imbard;
But yet the tired armies tooke no reſt,
The carefull French kept heedfull watch and ward,
While their high towre the workemen newly dreſt,
The Pagan crew to reinforce prepar'd
The weak'ned bulwarks, late to earth downe keſt,
Their rampires broke and bruſed walles to mend,
Laſtly their hurts the wounded knights attend.

2

Their wounds were dreſt; part of the worke was brought
To wiſhed end, part left to other daies,
A dull deſire to reſt deepe midnight wrought,
His heauie rod ſleepe on their eye-lids laies:
Yet reſted not *Clorindaes* working thought,
Which thirſted ſtill for fame and warlike praiſe,
Argantes eeke accompaned the maid,
From place to place, which to her ſelfe thus ſaid:

3

This day *Argantes* ſtrong and *Soliman*
Strange things haue done, and purchaſt great renowne,
Among our foes out of the walles they ran,
Their rammes they broke and rent their engins downe;
I vs'd my bow, of nought elſe boaſt I can,
My ſelfe ſtood ſafe meane-while within this towne,
And happie was my ſhot and proſprous too,
But that was all a womans hand could doo.

4

On birds and beaſtes in forreſts wilde that feed,
It were more fit mine arrowes to beſtow,
Than for a feeble maid in warlike deed,
With ſtrong and hardie knights her ſelfe to ſhow,
Why take I not againe my virgins weed?
And ſpend my daies in ſecret cell vnknow?
Thus thought, thus muſed, thus deuis'd the maid,
And turning to the knight, at laſt thus ſaid:

My

5

My thoughts are full(my Lord)of ſtrange deſire,
Some high attempt of warre to vndertake,
Whether high God my minde therewith inſpire,
Or of his will his God mankind doth make,
Among our foes behold the light and fire,
I will among them wend and burne or brake
The towre, God grant therein I haue my will,
And that perform'd,betide me good or ill.

6

But if it fortune ſuch my chance ſhould bee,
That to this towne I neuer turne againe,
Mine Eunuch(whom I deerely loue)with thee
I leaue,my faithfull maides,and all my traine,
To Egypt then conducted ſafely ſee
Thoſe wofull damſels,and that aged ſwaine,
Helpe them(my Lord)in that diſtreſſed caſe,
Their feeble ſex,his age deſerueth grace.

7

Argantes wondring ſtood,and felt th'effect
Of true renowne peirce through his glorious minde,
And wilt thou go(quoth he)and me neglect,
Diſgras'd, deſpis'd,leaue in this fort behind?
Shall I while theſe ſtrong wals my life protect,
Behold thy flames and fires toſt in the wind,
No,no, thy fellow haue I beene in armes,
And will be ſtill,in praiſe,in death,in harmes:

8

This hart of mine deaths bitter ſtroke deſpiſeth,
For praiſe this life,for glory take this breath,
My ſoule the more (quoth ſhe)thy friendſhip priſeth,
For this thy profer'd aid requir'd vneath,
I but a woman am,no loſſe ariſeth
To this beſieged citie by my death,
But if (as Gods forbid) this night thou fall,
Ah who ſhall then,who can, defend this wall?

9

Too late theſe ſcuces vaine(the knight replide)
You bring, my will is firme,my minde is ſet,
I follow you where ſo you liſt me guide,
Or go before if you my purpoſe let.
This ſaid, they haſted to the pallace wide
About their prince where all his Lords were met,
Clorinda ſpoke for both,and ſaid,ſir king,
Attend my words,heare;and allow the thing:

10

Argantes here this bold and hardie knight,
Will vndertake to burne the wondrous towre,
And I with him, only we ſtay till night
Burie in ſleepe our foes at deadeſt howre.
The king with that caſt vp his hands on hight,
The teares for ioy vpon his cheekes downe powre,
Praiſed (quoth he) be *Macon* whom we ſerue,
This land I ſee he keepes and will preſerue:

11

Nor ſhall ſo ſoone this ſhaken kingdome fall,
While ſuch vnconquer'd harts my ſtate defend:
But for this act what praiſe or guerdon ſhall
I giue your vertues, which ſo far extend?
Let fame your praiſes ſound through nations all,
And fill the world therewith to either end,
Take halfe my wealth and kingdome for your meed?
You are rewarded halfe eu'n with the deed.

12

Thus ſpake the Prince, and gently gan diſtraine
Now him, now her, betweene his friendly armes:
The Soldan by, no longer could refraine
That noble enuie which his boſome warmes,
Nor I (quoth he) beare this broad ſword in vaine,
Nor yet vnexpert am in night alarmes,
Take me with you: ah (quoth *Clorinda*) noe!
Whom leaue we here of proweſſe if you goe?

13

This ſpoken, readie with a proud refuſe
Argantes was his proffred aid to ſcorne,
Whom *Aladine* preuents, and with excuſe
To *Soliman* thus gan his ſpeeches torne:
Right noble Prince, as aie hath beene your vſe,
Your ſelfe ſo ſtill you beare and long haue borne,
Bold in all actes, no danger can affright
Your hart, nor tired is your ſtrength with fight:

14

If you went forth great things performe you would,
In my conceit yet far vnfit it ſeames,
That you (who moſt excell in courage bould)
At once ſhould leaue this towne in theſe extreames,
Nor would I that theſe twaine ſhould leaue this hould,
My hart their noble liues far worthier deames,
If this attempt of leſſe importance weare,
Or weaker poſtes ſo great a weight could beare.

But

15

But for well garded is the mightie towre
With hardie troupes and ſquadrons round about,
And cannot harmed be with little powre,
Nor fits the time to ſend whole armies out,
This paire, who paſt haue many a dreadfull ſtowre,
And proffer now to proue this venture ſtout,
Alone to this attempt let them goe forth,
Alone then thouſands of more price and worth.

16

Thou (as it beſt beſeemes a mightie king)
With readie bands beſide the gate attend,
That when this couple haue perform'd the thing,
And ſhall againe their footſteps homeward bend,
From their ſtrong foes vpon them following
Thou maiſt them keepe, preſerue, ſaue and defend:
Thus ſaid the king, the Soldan muſt conſent,
Silent remain'd the Turke, and diſcontent.

17

Then *Iſmen* ſaid, you twaine that vndertake
This hard attempt, a while I pray you ſtay,
Till I a wilde-fire of fine temper make,
That this great engin burne to aſhes may;
Haply the garde that now doth watch and wake,
Will then lie tumbled ſleeping on the lay;
Thus they conclude, and in their chambers ſit,
To wait the time for this aduenture fit.

18

Clorinda there her ſiluer armes off rent
Her helme, her ſhield, her hawberke ſhining bright,
An armour blacke as ieat or cole ſhe hent,
Wherein withouten plume her ſelfe ſhe dight;
For thus diſguis'd amid her foes ſhe ment
To paſſe vnſeene, by helpe of friendly night,
To whom her Eunuch old *Arſetes* came,
That from her cradle nurſt and kept the Dame.

19

This aged ſire had follow'd far and neare
(Through lands and ſeas) the ſtrong and hardie maid,
He ſaw her leaue her armes and wonted geare,
Her danger nie that ſodaine change foreſaid:
By his white lockes from blacke that changed weare
In following her, the wofull man her praid,
By all his ſeruice and his taken paine,
To leaue that fond attempt, but praid in vaine.

20

At laſt (quoth he) ſince hardn'd to thine ill,
Thy cruell hart is to thy loſſe prepar'd,
That my weake age, nor teares that downe diſtill,
Nor humble ſuit, nor plaint, thou liſt regard;
Attend a while, ſtrange things vnfold I will,
Heare both thy birth and high eſtate declar'd;
Follow my counſell or thy will, that donne,
She fit to heare, the Eunuch thus begonne:

21

Senapus rul'd, and yet perchance doth raine
In mightie Ethiope and her deſarts waſte,
The lore of Chriſt both he and all his traine
Of people blacke, hath kept and long imbraſte,
To him a Pagan was I ſold for gaine,
And with his queene (as her cheefe Eunuch) plaſte;
Blacke was this queene as ieat, yet on her eies
Sweet louelineſſe (in blacke attired) lies.

22

The fire of loue and froſt of iealouſie
Her husbands troubled ſoule alike torment,
The tide of fond ſuſpition flowed hie,
The foe to loue and plague to ſweet content,
He mew'd her vp from ſight of mortall eie,
Nor day he would his beames on her had bent:
She (wiſe and lowly) by her husbands pleaſure,
Her ioy, her peace, her will, her wiſh did meaſure.

23

Her priſon was a chamber, painted round
With goodly purtraites and with ſtories old,
As white as ſnow there ſtood a virgin bound,
Beſides a dragon fierce, a champion bold
The monſter did with poinant ſpeare through wound,
The gored beaſt lay dead vpon the mold;
The gentle queene before this image laid,
She plain'd, ſhe mourn'd, ſhe wept, ſhe figh'd, ſhe praid.

24

At laſt with childe ſhe prou'd, and forth ſhe brought
(And thou art ſhe) a daughter faire and bright,
In her thy colour white new terrour wrought,
She wondred on thy face with ſtrange affright;
But yet ſhe purpos'd in her fearefull thought
To hide thee from the king thy fathers ſight,
Leaſt thy bright hew ſhould his ſuſpect approue,
For ſeld a crow begets a ſiluer doue.

25

And to her ſpouſe to ſhew ſhe was diſpos'd
A Negroſe babe, late borne, in Rome of thee,
And for the towre wherein ſhe lay enclos'd,
Was with her damſels onely wond and mee,
To me, on whoſe true faith ſhe moſt repos'd,
Shee gaue thee, ere thou couldeſt chriſtned bee,
Nor could I ſince finde meanes thee to baptiſe,
In Pagan lands thou know'ſt its not the guiſe.

26

To me ſhe gaue thee, and ſhe wept withall,
To foſter thee in ſome far diſtant place,
Who can her griefes and plaints to reck'ning call,
How oft ſhe ſwouned at the laſt imbrace?
Her ſtreaming teares amid her kiſſes fall,
Her ſighes, her dire complaints did enterlace:
And looking vp at laſt, O God (quoth ſhee)
Who doſt my hart and inward mourning ſee,

27

If minde and bodie ſpotleſſe to this day,
If I haue kept my bed ſtill vndefilde,
(Not for my ſelfe a ſinfull wretch I pray,
That in thy preſence am an abiect vilde)
Preſerue this babe, whoſe mother muſt denay
To nouriſh it, preſerue this harmeleſſe childe,
Oh let it liue, and chaſt like me it make,
But for good fortune elſewhere ſample take,

28

Thou heau'nly ſouldier which deliu'red haſt
That ſacred virgin from the ſerpent old,
If on thine Altars I haue offrings plaſt,
And ſacrifis'd Myrrhe, Frankinſcence and gold,
On this poore childe thy heau'nly lookes downe caſt,
With gratious eie this ſeelie babe behold,
This ſaid, her ſtrength and liuing ſprite was fled,
She ſigh'd, ſhe groan'd, ſhe ſwouned in her bed.

29

Weeping I tooke thee, in a little cheſt,
Cou'red with herbes and leaues, I brought thee out
So ſecretly, that none of all the reſt
Of ſuch an acte ſuſpition had or dout,
To wilderneſſe my ſteps I firſt addreſt,
Where horride ſhades enclos'd me round about,
A tygreſſe there I met, in whoſe fierce eies
Furie and wrath, rage, death and terrour lies:

30

Vp to a tree I leapt, and on the graſſe
(Such was my ſodaine feare) I left thee lying,
To thee the beaſt with furious courſe did paſſe,
With curious lookes vpon thy viſage prying,
All ſodainly both meeke and milde ſhe was,
With friendly cheere thy tender body eying,
At laſt ſhe lickt thee, and with geſture milde
About thee plai'd, and thou vpon her ſmilde.

31

Her fearefull muzle full of dreadfull threat
In thy weake hand thou took'ſt withouten dreed,
The gentle beaſt with milke out ſtretched teat,
(As nurſes cuſtome) proffred thee to feed,
As one that wondreth on ſome maruaile great;
I ſtood this while amazed at the deed,
When thee ſhe ſaw well fild and ſatisfied
Vnto the woods againe the tygreſſe hied.

32

She gone, downe from the tree I came in haſt,
And tooke thee vp and on my iourney wend,
Within a little thorpe I ſtaid at laſt,
And to a nurſe the charge of thee commend,
And ſporting with thee there long time I paſt
Till terme of ſixteene monthes were brought to end,
And thou begonne (as little children doe)
With halfe clipt words to prattle, and to goe.

33

But hauing paſt the Auguſt of mine age,
When more than halfe my tap of life was ronne,
Rich by rewards giuen by your mother ſage
For merits paſt, and ſeruice yet vndone,
I long'd to leaue this wandring pilgrimage,
And in my natiue ſoile againe to wonne,
To get ſome ſeely home I had deſire,
Loth ſtill to warme me at anothers fire:

34

To Egypt ward (where I was borne) I went,
And bore thee with me, by a rolling flood
Till I with ſauage theeues well nie was hent,
Before the brooke; the theeues, behinde me ſtood:
Thee to forſake I neuer could conſent,
And gladly would I ſcape thoſe outlawes wood,
Into the flood I leapt far from the brim,
My left hand bore thee, with the right I ſwim.

35

Swift was the currant, in the middle ſtreame
A whirlpoole gaped with deuouring iawes,
The gulph (on ſuch miſhap ere I could dreame)
Into his deepe abyſſe my carkaſſe drawes,
There I forſooke thee, the wilde waters ſeame
To pitie thee, a gentle winde there blowes,
Whoſe friendly puffes ſafe to the ſhore thee driue,
Where wet and wearie I at laſt arriue:

36

I tooke thee vp and in my dreame that night
(When buried was the world in ſleepe and ſhade)
I ſaw a champion clad in armour bright,
That ore my head ſhaked a flaming blade,
He ſaid I charge thee execute aright
That charge this enfants mother on thee laid,
Baptiſe the childe, high heau'n eſteemes her deare,
And I her keeper will attend her neare:

37

I will her keepe, defend, ſaue and protect,
I made the waters milde, the tygreſſe tame,
O wretch that heau'nly warnings doſt reiect!
The warriour vaniſht hauing ſaid the ſame.
I roſe and iournayd on my way direct,
When bluſhing morne *Tithons* bed foorth came,
But for my faith is true and ſure I weene,
And dreames are falſe, you ſtill vnchriſtened beene.

38

A Pagan therefore thee I foſtred haue,
Nor of thy birth the truth did euer tell,
Since you encreaſed are in courage braue,
Your ſexe and natures ſelfe you both excell,
Full many a realme haue you made bond and ſlaue,
Your fortunes laſt your ſelfe remember well,
And how in peace and warre, in ioy and teene,
I haue your ſeruant, and your tutor beene.

39

Laſt morne, from skies erre ſtars exiled weare,
In deepe and deathlike ſleepe my ſenſes dround,
The ſelfeſame viſion did againe appeare,
With ſtormy wrathfull lookes, and thundring ſound,
Villaine (quoth he) within ſhort while thy deare
Muſt change her life, and leaue this ſinfull ground,
Thine be the loſſe, the torment and the caire,
This ſaid, he fled through skies, through cloudes & aire.

Heare

40

Heare then my ioy, my hope, my darling, heare
High heau'n ſome dire misforture threatned hath,
Diſpleaſd pardie, becauſe I did thee leare
A lore, repugnant to thy parents faith;
Ah, for my ſake, this bold attempt forbeare;
Put off theſe ſable armes, appeaſe thy wrath.
This ſaid, he wept, ſhe penſiue ſtood and ſad,
Becauſe like dreame herſelfe but lately had.

41

With cheerefull ſmile ſhe anſwer'd him at laſt,
I will this faith obſerue, it ſeemes me true,
Which from my cradle age thou taught me haſt.
I will not change it for religion new,
Nor with vaine ſhewes of feare and dreed agaſt,
This enterpriſe forbeare I to purſew,
No, not if death in his moſt dreadfull face
Wherewith he ſcareth mankind, kept the place.

42

Approchen gan the time (while thus ſhe ſpake)
Wherein they ought that dreadfull hazard trie,
She to *Argantes* went, who ſhould partake
Of her renowne and praiſe, or with her die.
Iſmen with words more haſtie ſtill did make
Their vertue great, which by it ſelfe did flie,
Two balles he gaue them made of hollow bras,
Wherein enclos'd fire, pitch and brimſton was.

43

And foorth they went, and ouer dale and hill
They haſted forward with a ſpeedie pace,
Vnſeene, vnmarked, vndeſcride, vntill
Beſide the engine cloſe themſelues they place,
New courage there their ſwelling harts did fill,
Rage in their breaſts, furie ſhone in their face,
They earnd to blow the fire, and draw the ſword,
The watch deſcride them both, and gaue the word.

44

Silent they paſſed on, the watch begonne
To reare a huge alarme with hideous cries,
Therewith the hardie couple forward ronne
To execute their valiant enterpries;
So from a cannon or a roaring gonne
At once the noiſe, the flame and bullet flies,
They runne, they giue the charge, begin the fray,
And all at once their foes breake, ſpoile and ſlay.

45

They paſſed firſt through thouſand thouſand blowes,
And then performed their deſignment bould,
A firie ball each on the engin throwes,
The ſtuffe was drie, the fire tooke quickely hould,
Furious vpon the timber worke it growes,
How it encreaſed cannot well be tould,
How it crept vp the peice, and how to skies
The burning, ſparkes and towring ſmoake vp-flies.

46

A maſſe of ſollid fier burning bright
Roll'd vp in ſmouldring fumes there bruſteth out,
And there the bluſtring winds adde ſtrength and might,
And gather cloſe the ſparſed flames about:
The Frenchmen trembled at the dreadfull light,
To armes in haſte and feare ran all the rout,
Downe fell the peice dreaded ſo much in warre,
Thus, what long daies doth make, one houre doth marre.

47

Two chriſtian bands, this while came to the place
With ſpeedie haſte, where they beheld the fire,
Argantes to them cride, with ſcornfull grace,
Your bloud ſhall quench theſe flames and quench mine ire:
This ſaid, the maide and he with ſober pace
Drew backe, and to the banke themſelues retire,
Faſter then brookes which falling ſhowres encreaſe,
Their foes augment, and faſter on them preaſe.

48

The guilden port was opened, and foorth ſtept
With all his ſouldiers bould, the Turkiſh king,
Readie to aide them two his force he kept,
When Fortune ſhould them home with conqueſt bring,
Ouer the barres the hardie couple lept,
And after them a band of Chriſtians fling,
Whom *Soliman* droue backe with courage ſtout,
And ſhut the gate, but ſhut *Clorinda* out.

49

Alone was ſhe ſhut foorth, for in that howre
Wherein they clos'd the port, the virgin went
And full of heat and wrath, her ſtrength and powre
Gainſt *Arimon* that (ſtroake her earſt) ſhee bent,
Shee ſlew the knight, nor *Argant* in that ſtowre
Wiſt of her parting, or her fierce entent,
The fight, the preaſe, the night and darkſome skies,
Care from his hart had tane, ſight from his eies.

But

50

But when appeaſed was her angrie moode,
Her furie calm'd, and ſetled was her head,
She ſaw the gates were ſhut, and how ſhee ſtoode
Amid her foes, ſhe held her ſelfe for dead;
While none her markt, at laſt ſhe thought it good
To ſaue her life ſome other path to tread,
She feign'd her one of them, and cloſe her drew
Amid the preaſe that none her ſawe nor knew:

51

Then as a wolfe guiltie of ſome miſdeed
Flies to ſome groue to hide himſelfe from vew,
So fauour'd with the night, with ſecret ſpeed
Diſſured from the preaſe the damſell flew:
Tancred alone of her eſcape tooke heed,
He on that quarter was arriued new,
When *Arimon* ſhe kild, he thither came,
He ſawe it, markt it, and purſu'd the dame,

52

He deem'd ſhe was ſome man of mickle might,
And on her perſon would he worſhip win,
Ouer the hilles the nimph her iourney dight
Towards another port, there to get in:
With hideous noiſe faſt after ſpurr'd the knight,
She heard and ſtaide, and thus her words begin,
What haſte haſt thou? ride ſoftly, take thy breath,
What bringeſt thou? he anſwerd, warre and death.

53

And warre and death (quoth ſhe) heere maiſt thou get
If thou for battle come, with that ſhe ſtaid:
Tancred to ground his foote in haſte downe ſet,
And left his ſtead, on foote he ſaw the maid,
Their courage hot, their ire and wrath they whet,
And either champion drew a trenchant blaid,
Togither ran they, and togither ſtroke,
Like two fierce buls, whom rage and loue prouoke.

54

Woorthie of royall liſtes and brighteſt day,
Woorthie a golden trompe and lawrell crowne,
The actions were and woonders of that fray,
Which ſable night did in darke boſome drowne:
Yet night, conſent that I their actes diſplay,
And make their deeds to future ages knowne,
And in records of long enduring ſtorie,
Enroll their praiſe, their fame, their woorth & glorie.

They

55

They neither ſhrunke, nor vantage ſought of ground,
They trauerſt not, nor skipt from part to part,
Their blowes were neither falſe nor faigned found,
The night, their rage, would let them vſe no art,
Their ſwords togither claſh with dreadfull ſound,
Their feete ſtand faſt, and neither ſtir nor ſtart,
They moue their hands, ſtedfaſt their feete remaine,
Nor blow nor foine they ſtroake or thruſt in vaine.

56

Shame bred deſire a ſharpe reuenge to take,
And veng'ance taken gaue new cauſe of ſhame:
So that with haſte and little heed they ſtrake,
Fuell enough they had to feed the flame,
At laſt ſo cloſe their battell fierce they make,
They could not weild their ſwords ſo nie they came,
They vs'd the hilts, and each on other ruſht,
And helme to helme and ſhield to ſhield they cruſht.

57

Thrice his ſtrong armes he fouldes about her waſte,
And thrice was forſt to let the virgine goe,
For ſhe diſdained to be ſo embraſte,
No louer would haue ſtrain'd his miſtreſſe ſoe:
They tooke their ſwords againe, and each enchaſte
Deepe wounds in the ſoft fleſh of his ſtrong foe,
Till weake and wearie, faint, aliue vneath,
They both retirde at once, at once tooke breath;

58

Each other long beheild, and leaning ſtood
Vpon their ſwords, whoſe points in earth were pight,
When day breake riſing from the Eaſtren flood,
Put forth the thouſand eies of blindfold night,
Tancred beheild his foes out ſtreaming blood,
And gaping wounds, and waxt proud with the ſight,
O vanitie of mans vnſtable minde.
Puſt vp with euerie blaſt of friendly winde!

95

Why ioi'ſt thou wretch? O what ſhall be thy gaine?
What trophie for this conqueſt iſt, thou reares?
Thine eies ſhall ſhed (in eaſe thou be not ſlaine)
For euerie drop of blood a ſea of teares:
The bleeding warriours leaning thus remaine,
Each one to ſpeake one word long time forbeares,
Tancred the ſcilence broake at laſt, and ſaid,
(For he would know with whom this fight he maid:)

Euill

60

Euill is our chance, and hard our fortune is,
Who here in ſilence and in ſhade debate,
Where light of ſunne and witnes all we mis,
That ſhould our proweſſe and our praiſe dilate:
If words in armes finde place, yet grant me this,
Tell me thy name, thy countrey and eſtate,
That I may know (this dang'rous combate donne)
Whom I haue conquerd, or who hath me wonne.

61

What I nill tell, you aske (quoth ſhe) in vaine,
Nor mou'd by praier, nor conſtraind by powre,
But thus much know, I am one of thoſe twaine
Which late with kindled fire deſtroi'd the towre.
Tancred at her proud words ſweld with diſdaine,
That haſt thou ſaid (quoth he) in euill howre,
Thy vaunting ſpeeches, and thy ſilence both,
(Vnciuill wretch) hath made my hart more wroth.

62

Ire in their chafed breaſts renew'd the fray,
Fierce was the fight, though feeble were their might,
Their ſtrength was gone, their cunning was away,
And furie in their ſtead maintain'd the fight,
Their ſwords both points and edges ſharpe embay
In purple bloud, where ſo they hit or light,
And if weake life yet in their boſomes lie,
They liu'd bicauſe they both diſdain'd to die.

63

As Egeans ſeas when ſtormes be calm'd againe,
That roll'd their tumbling waues with troublous blaſts,
Do yet of tempeſts paſt ſome ſhewes retaine
And here and there their ſwelling billowes caſts;
So, though their ſtrength were gone, and might were vaine,
Of their firſt fiercenes ſtill the furie laſts,
Wherewith ſuſtain'd, they to their tackling ſtood,
And heaped wound on wound, and blood on blood.

64

But now alas, the fatall howre arriues,
That her ſweete life muſt leaue that tender hold,
His ſword into her boſome deepe he driues,
And bath'd in lukewarme blood his iron cold,
Betweene her breſts the cruell weapon riues
Her curious ſquare, emboſt with ſwelling gold,
Her knees grow weake, the paines of death ſhe feeles,
And like a falling Cedar bends and reeles.

The

65

The Prince his hand vpon her ſhield doth ſtreach,
And low on earth the wounded damſell laith,
And while ſhe fell, with weake and woefull ſpeach,
Her praiers laſt, and laſt complaints ſhe ſaith,
A ſpirit new did her thoſe praires teach,
Spirit of hope, of charitie, and faith;
And though her life to Chriſt rebellious weare,
Yet died ſhe his childe and handmaide deare.

66

Friend thou haſt wonne, I pardon thee, nor ſaue
This bodie, that all torments can endure,
But ſaue my ſoule, baptiſme I dying craue,
Come waſh away my ſinnes with waters pure:
His hart relenting nigh inſunder raue,
With woefull ſpeech of that ſweete creature,
So that his rage, his wrath and anger dide,
And on his cheekes ſalt teares for ruthe downe ſlide.

67

With murmur lowd downe from the mountaines ſide
A little runnell tumbled neere the place,
Thither he ran and fild his helmet wide,
And quicke return'd to do that worke of grace,
With trembling hands her beauer he vntide,
Which done he ſaw, and ſeeing, knew her face,
And loſt therewith his ſpeech and moouing quight,
O woefull knowledge, ah vnhappie ſight!

68

He died not, but all his ſtrength vnites,
And to his vertues gaue his hart in gard,
Brideling his greefe, with water he requites
The life, that he bereft with iron hard;
And while the ſacred words the knight recites,
The Nymphe to heau'n with ioy her ſelfe prepard;
And as her life decaies, her ioyes encreaſe,
She ſmild and ſaid, farewell, I die in peace.

69

As Violets blew mongſt Lillies pure men throw,
So palenes midſt her natiue white begonne.
Her lookes to heau'n ſhe caſt, their eies I trow
Downeward for pitie bent both heau'n and ſunne,
Her naked hand ſhe gaue the knight, in ſhow
Of loue and peace, her ſpeech (alas) was donne,
And thus the virgin fell on endleſſe ſleepe,
Loue, beautie, vertue, for your darling weepe.

70

But when he ſaw her gentle ſoule was went,
His manly courage to relent began,
Greefe, ſorrow, anguiſh, ſadnes, diſcontent,
Free empire got, and lordſhip on the man,
His life within his hart they cloſe vp pent,
Death through his ſenſes and his viſage ran:
Like his dead Ladie, dead ſeem'd *Tancred* good,
In paleneſſe, ſtilneſſe, wounds and ſtreames of blood.

71

And his weake ſprite (to be vnbodied
From fleſhly priſon free that ceaſeleſſe ſtriued)
Had follow'd her faire ſoule but lately fled,
Had not a Chriſtian ſquadron there arriued,
To ſeeke freſh water thither haply led,
And found the Princeſſe dead, and him depriued
Of ſignes of life, yet did the knight remaine
On liue, nigh dead, for her himſelfe had ſlaine.

72

Their guide far off the Prince knew by his ſhield,
And thither haſted full of greefe and feare,
Her dead, him ſeeming ſo, he there behield,
And for that ſtrange miſhap ſhed many a teare;
He would not leaue the corſes faire in field
For food to wolues, though ſhe a Pagan weare,
But in their armes the ſoldiers both vphent,
And both lamenting brought to *Tancreds* tent:

73

With thoſe deere burthens to their campe they paſſe,
Yet would not that dead ſeeming knight awake,
At laſt he deepely groan'd, which token was
His feeble ſoule had not her flight yet take:
The other lay a ſtill and heauie maſſe,
Her ſpirit had that earthen cage forſake,
Thus were they brought, and thus they placed weare
In ſundry roomes, yet both adioyning neare.

74

All skill and art his carefull ſeruants vſed
To life againe their dying Lord to bring,
At laſt his eies vnclos'd, with teares ſuffuſed,
He felt their hands and heard their whiſpering,
But how he thither came long time he muſed,
His minde aſtoniſht was with euery thing;
He gaz'd about, his ſquires in fine he knew,
Then weake and wofull thus his plaints out threw:

What

75

What liue I yet? and doe I breathe and ſee
Of this accurſed day the hatefull light?
This ſpitefull ray which ſtill vpbraideth mee
With that accurſed deed, I did this night,
Ah coward hand! affraid why ſhouldſt thou bee?
(Thou inſtrument of death, ſhame and deſpite)
Why ſhouldſt thou feare, with ſharp & trenchant k
To cut the threed of this blood-guiltie life?

76

Pierce through this boſome, and my cruell hart
In peeces cleaue, breake euery ſtring and vaine;
But thou to ſlaughters vile which vſed art,
Think'ſt it were pitie ſo to eaſe my paine:
Of luckleſſe loue therefore in torments ſmart,
A ſad example muſt I ſtill remaine,
A wofull monſter of vnhappie loue,
Who ſtill muſt liue, leaſt death his comfort proue:

77

Still muſt I liue in anguiſh, griefe and caire,
Furies my guiltie conſcience that torment,
The ougly ſhades, darke night, and troubled aire
In griſly formes her ſlaughter ſtill preſent,
Madnes and death about my bed repaire,
Hell gapeth wide to ſwallow vp this tent;
Swift from my ſelfe I ronne, my ſelfe I feare,
Yet ſtill my hell within my ſelfe I beare:

78

But where (alas) where be thoſe reliques ſweet,
Wherein dwelt late all loue, all ioy, all good?
My furie left them caſt in open ſtreet,
Some beaſt hath torne her fleſh and lickt her blood,
Ah noble pray! for ſauage beaſt vnmeet,
Ah ſweet! too ſweet, and far too pretious food,
Ah ſeely Nymph! whom night and darkſome ſhade
To beaſts, and me (far worſe than beaſts) betrade.

79

But where you be, if ſtill you be, I wend
To gather vp thoſe reliques deere at leaſt,
But if ſome beaſt hath from the hils deſcend,
And on her tender bowels made his feaſt,
Let that ſelfe monſter me in peeces rend,
And deepe entombe me in his hollow cheaſt:
For where ſhe buried is, there ſhall I haue
A ſtately tombe, a rich and coſtly graue.

Thus

80

Thus mourn'd the knight, his ſquires him told at laſt,
They had her there for whom thoſe teares he ſhed;
A beame of comfort his dim eies out caſt,
Like lightning through thicke cloudes of darknes ſpred,
The heauie burthen of his lims in haſt
With mickle paine, he drew forth of his bed,
And ſcant of ſtrength to ſtand, to moue or goe,
Thither he ſtaggred, reeling to and froe:

81

When he came there, and in her breſt eſpide
(His handiworke) that deepe and cruell wound,
And her ſweet face with leaden paleneſſe dide,
Where beautie late ſpred forth her beames around,
He trembled ſo, that nere his ſquires beſide
To hold him vp, he had ſunke downe to ground,
And ſaid, O face in death ſtill ſweet and faire!
Thou canſt not ſweeten yet my greeſe and caire:

82

O faire right hand, the pledge of faith and loue!
Giuen me but late, too late, in ſigne of peace,
How haps it now thou canſt not ſtir nor moue?
And you deere lims now laid in reſt and eaſe,
Through which my cruell blade this flood-gate roue,
Your paines haue end, my torments neuer ceaſe,
O hands! O cruell eies accurſt alike!
You gaue the wound, you gaue them light to ſtrike.

83

But thither now ronne forth my guiltie blood,
Whither my plaints, my ſorrowes cannot wend,
He ſaid no more, but, as his paſſion wood
Enforced him, he gan to teare and rend
His haire, his face, his wounds, a purple flood
Did from each ſide in rolling ſtreames deſcend,
He had beene ſlaine, but that his paine and woe
Bereft his ſenſes, and preſeru'd him ſoe.

84

Caſt on his bed his ſquires recall'd his ſpright,
To execute againe her hatefull charge,
But tattling fame the ſorrowes of the knight,
And hard miſchance had told this while at large:
Godfrey and all his Lords of worth and might,
Ran thither, and the dutie would diſcharge
Of friendſhip true, and with ſweet words the rage
Of bitter greeſe and woe, they would aſſwage.

85

But as a mortall wound the more doth ſmart
The more it ſearched is, handled or ſought;
So their ſweete words to his afflicted hart
More griefe, more anguiſh, paine and torment brought:
But reuerend *Peter* that nould ſet apart
Care of his ſheepe, as a good ſheepheard ought,
His vanitie with graue aduiſe reproued,
And told what mourning Chriſtian knights behoued:

86

O *Tancred, Tancred*, how farre different
From thy beginnings good theſe follies bee?
What makes thee deafe? what hath thy eieſight blent?
What miſt, what cloud thus ouerſhadeth thee?
This is a warning good from heau'n downe ſent,
(Yet his aduiſe thou canſt not heare nor ſee)
Who calleth and conducts thee to the way,
From which thou willing doſt and witting ſtray:

87

To woorthie actions and atchiuements fit
For Chriſtian knights, he would thee home recall;
But thou haſt left that courſe and changed it,
To make thy ſelfe a heathen damſels thrall;
But ſee, thy griefe and ſorrowes painefull fit
Is made the rod to ſcourge thy ſinnes withall,
Of thine owne good thy ſelfe the meanes he makes,
But thou his mercy, goodnes, grace forſakes.

88

Thou doſt refuſe of heau'n the profred grace,
And gainſt it ſtill rebell with ſinfull ire,
O wretch! O whither doth thy rage thee chace?
Refraine thy griefe, bridle thy fond deſire,
At hels wide gate vaine ſorrow doth thee place,
Sorrow, misfortunes ſonne, deſpaires foule ſire:
O ſee thine euill, thy plaint and woe refraine,
The guides to death, to hell, and endleſſe paine.

89

This ſaid, his will to die the patient
Abandoned, that ſecond death he feared,
Theſe words of comfort to his hart downe went,
And that darke night of ſorrow ſomewhat cleared;
Yet now and then his griefe deepe ſighes foorth ſent,
His voice ſhrill plaints and ſad laments oft reared,
Now to himſelfe, now to his murdred loue,
He ſpoke, who heard perchance from heau'n aboue.

Till

90

Till *Phœbus* riſing from his euening fall
To her, for her, he mournes, he cals, he cries;
The nightingall ſo when her children ſmall
Some churle takes before their parents eies,
Alone, diſmaid, quite bare of comforts all,
Tires with complaints the ſeas, the ſhores, the skies,
Till in ſweete ſleepe againſt the morning bright
She fall at laſt; ſo mourn'd, ſo ſlept the knight.

91

And clad in ſtarrie vale amid his dreame,
(For whoſe ſweete ſake he mourn'd) appeard the maid,
Fairer than earſt, yet with that heau'nly beame,
Not out of knowledge was her louely ſhaid,
With lookes of ruth, her eies celeſtiall ſeame
To pitie his ſad plight, and thus ſhe ſaid,
Behold how faire, how glad thy loue appeares,
And for my ſake (my deare) forbeare theſe teares.

92

Thine be the thankes, my ſoule thou madeſt flit
At vnawares out of her earthly neſt,
Thine be the thankes thou haſt aduanced it
In *Abrahams* deare boſome long to reſt,
There ſtill I loue thee, there for *Tancred* fit
A ſeat prepared is, among the bleſt;
There in eternall ioy eternall light,
Thou ſhalt thy loue enioy, and ſhe her knight:

93

Vnleſſe thy ſelfe, thy ſelfe heau'ns ioies enuie,
And thy vaine ſorrow thee of bliſſe depriue,
Liue, know I loue thee, that I nill denie,
As angels, men; as ſaints may wights on liue:
This ſaid, of zeale and loue foorth of her eie
An hundreth glorious beames bright ſhining driue,
Amid which raies her ſelfe ſhe clos'd from ſight,
And with new ioy, new comfort left her knight.

94

Thus comforted he wakt, and men diſcreet
In ſurgerie to cure his wounds were ſought,
Meane-while of his deare loue the reliques ſweet
(As beſt he could) to graue with pompe he brought:
Her tombe was not of viride Spartane greet,
Nor yet by cunning hand of Scopas wrought,
But built of poliſht ſtone, and thereon laid
The liuely ſhape and purtrait of the maid.

95

With ſacred burning lamps in order long
And mournfull pompe the corps were brought to ground,
Her armes vpon a leaueleſſe pine were hong,
The herſe, with cypreſſe; armes, with lawrell crown'd:
Next day the Prince (whoſe loue and courage ſtrong
Drew foorth his limmes, weake, feeble and vnſound)
To viſite went, with care and reu'rence meet,
The buried aſhes of his miſtreſſe ſweet:

96

Before her new made tombe at laſt arriued,
The wofull priſon of his liuing ſpright,
Pale, cold, ſad, comfortleſſe, of ſenſe depriued,
Vpon the marble gray he fixt his ſight,
Two ſtreames of teares were from his eies deriued:
Thus with a ſad alas, began the knight,
Oh marble deare on my deare miſtreſſe plaſt!
My flames within, without my teares thou haſt.

97

Not of dead bones art thou the mournfull graue,
But of quicke loue the fortreſſe and the hold,
Still in my hart thy woonted brands I haue
More bitter farre (alas) but not more cold,
Receaue theſe ſighes, theſe kiſſes ſweete recaue,
In liquid drops of melting teares enrold,
And giue them to that bodie pure and chaſt
Which in thy boſome cold entombd thou haſt.

98

For if her happie ſoule her eie doth bend
On that ſweet body which it lately dreſt,
My loue, thy pittie, cannot her offend,
Anger and wrath is not in angels bleſt,
She pardon will the treſpaſſe of her frend,
That hope relieues me with theſe griefes oppreſt,
This hand ſhe knowes hath onely ſinn'd, not I,
Who liuing lou'd her, and for loue now die:

99

And louing will I die, O happie day
When ere it chanceth! but O farre more bleſt
If as about thy poliſht ſides I ſtray,
My bones within thy hollow graue might reſt,
Togither ſhould in heau'n our ſpirits ſtay,
Togither ſhould our bodies lie in cheſt;
So happie death ſhould ioyne, what life doth ſeuer,
O death, O life! ſweete both, both bleſſed euer.

Meane-

100

Meanewhile the newes in that beſieged towne
Of this miſhap was whiſpred here and there,
Foorthwith it ſpred, and for too true was knowne,
Her wofull loſſe was talked euery where,
Mingled with cries and plaints to heau'n vp throwne,
As if the cities ſelfe new taken were
With conqu'ring foes, or as if flame and fire,
Nor houſe nor church, nor ſtreete had left intire.

101

But all mens eies were on *Arſetes* bent,
His ſighes were deepe, his lookes full of deſpaire,
Out of his wofull eies no teare there went,
His hart was hardned with his too much care,
His ſiluer locks with duſt he foule beſprent,
He knockt his breaſt, his face he rent and tare,
And while the preaſe flockt to the Eunuch ould,
Thus to the people ſpake *Argantes* bould,

102

I would, when firſt I knew the hardie maid
Excluded was among her Chriſtian foes,
Haue follow'd her to giue her timely aid,
Or by her ſide this breath and life to loſe,
What did I not, or what left I vnſaid
To make the king the gates againe vncloſe?
But he denide, his powre did aie reſtraine
My will, my ſuit was waſte, my ſpeech was vaine:

103

Ah, had I gone, I would from danger free
Haue brought to Sion that ſweete nymph againe,
Or in the bloudie fight, where kild was ſhee,
In her defence there noblie haue beene ſlaine:
But what could I do more? the counſels bee
Of God and man gainſt my deſignments plaine,
Dead is *Clorinda* faire, laid in colde graue,
Let me reuenge her whom I could not ſaue.

104

Hieruſalem, heare what *Argantes* ſaith,
Heare heau'n (and if he breake his oath and word,
Vpon this head caſt thunder in thy wrath)
I will deſtroy and kill that Chriſtian Lord,
Who this faire dame by night thus murdred hath,
Nor from my ſide I will vngird this ſword,
Till *Tancreds* hart it cleaue and ſhed his blood,
And leaue his corſe to wolues and crowes for food.

105

This ſaid, the people with a ioyfull ſhoute
Applaud his ſpeeches and his words approue,
And calm'd their griefe in hope the boaſter ſtoute
Would kill the Prince, who late had ſlaine his loue.
O promiſe vaine! it otherwiſe fell out:
Men purpoſe, but high Gods diſpoſe aboue,
For vnderneath his ſword this boaſter dide,
Whom thus he ſcorn'd and threat'ned in his pride.

The thirteenth Booke of Godfrey *of Bulloigne.*

The argument.

Iſmeno ſets to garde the forreſt ould
The wicked ſprites, whoſe ougly ſhapes affray
And put to flight the men, whoſe labour would
To their darke ſhades let in heau'ns golden ray:
Thither goes Tancred *hardie, faithfull, bould,*
But fooliſh pitie lets him not aſſay
His ſtrength and courage: heat the Chriſtian powre
Annoies, whom to refreſh Gods ſends a ſhowre.

1

BVt ſcant diſſolued into aſhes cold
The ſmoking towre fell on the ſcorched graſſe,
When new deuiſe found out th'enchanter old,
By which the towne befieg'd, ſecured was,
Of timber fit his foes depriue he wold:
Such terrour bred that late conſumed maſſe,
So that the ſtrength of Sions walles to ſhake,
They ſhould no turrets, rammes, nor engins make.

2

From *Godfreyes* campe a groue a little way
Amid the vallies deepe growes out of ſight,
Thicke with old trees whoſe horrid armes diſplay
An ougly ſhade, like euerlaſting night;
There when the ſunne ſpreads forth his cleareſt ray,
Dim, thicke, vncertaine, gloomie ſeemes the light;
As when in eu'ning day and darknes ſtriue,
Which ſhould his foe from our horizon driue.

But

3

But when the ſunne his chaire in ſeas doth ſteepe,
Night, horrour, darknes thicke, the place inuade,
Which vaile the mortall eies with blindnes deepe,
And with ſad terrour make weake harts affraide,
Thither no groome driues forth his tender ſheepe
To brouze, or eaſe their faint in cooling ſhade,
Nor trauellor, nor pilgrime there to enter
(So awfull ſeemes that forreſt old) dare venter.

4

Vnited there the ghoſtes and gobblins meet
To frolicke with their mates in ſilent night,
With dragons wings ſome cleaue the welkin fleet,
Some nimbly ronne ore hils and vallies light,
A wicked troupe, that with allurement ſweet
Drawes ſinfull man from that is good and right,
And there with helliſh pompe, their bankets brought
They ſolemniſe, thus the vaine Pagans thought.

5

No twiſt, no twig, no bough nor branch therefore,
The Saracines cut from that ſacred ſpring;
But yet the Chriſtians ſpared nere the more,
The trees to earth with cutting ſteele to bring:
Thither went *Iſmen* old with treſſes hore,
When night on all this earth ſpred forth her wing,
And there in ſilence deafe and mirkſome ſhade,
His characters and circles vaine he made:

6

He in the circle ſet one foot vnſhod,
And whiſpred dreadfull charmes in gaſtly wiſe,
Three times (for witchcraft loueth numbers od)
Toward the eaſt he gaped, weſtward thriſe,
He ſtroke the earth thriſe with his charmed rod,
Wherewith dead bones he makes from graues to riſe,
And thriſe the ground with naked foote he ſmote,
And thus he cried lowd, with thundring note.

7

Heare, heare, you ſpirits all that whilome fell,
Caſt downe from heau'n with dint of roaring thunder;
Heare, you amid the emptie aire that dwell,
And ſtormes and ſhowres powre on theſe kingdoms vnder;
Heare, all you deuils that lie in deepeſt hell,
And rend with torments damned ghoſtes aſunder,
And of thoſe lands of death, of paine and feare,
Thou monarch great, great Dis, great *Pluto*, heare.

Keepe

8

Keepe you this forreſt well, keepe euery tree,
Numbred I giue you them and truly tould;
As ſoules of men in bodies cloathed be,
So euerie plant a ſprite ſhall hide and hould,
With trembling feare make all the Chriſtians flee,
When they preſume to cut theſe Cedars ould:
This ſaid, his charmes he gan againe repeat,
Which none can ſay but they that vſe like feat.

9

At thoſe ſtrange ſpeeches, ſtill nights ſplendant fires
Quenched their lights, and ſhrunke away for doubt,
The feeble moone her ſiluer beames retires,
And wrapt her hornes with foulding cloudes about,
Iſmen his ſprites to come with ſpeed requires,
Why come you not you euer damned rout?
Why tarrie you ſo long? pardie you ſtay
Till ſtronger charmes and greater words I ſay.

10

I haue not yet forgot for want of vſe,
What dreadfull tearmes belong this ſacred feat,
My toong (if ſtill your ſtubburne harts refuſe)
That ſo much dreaded name can well repeat,
Which heard great Dis cannot himſelfe excuſe,
But hither runne from his eternall ſeat,
O great and fearfull! more he would haue ſaid,
But that he ſaw the ſturdie ſprites obaid.

11

Legions of deuills by thouſands thither come,
Such as in ſparſed aire their biding make,
And thouſands alſo which by heauenly dome
Condemned lie in deepe Auernus lake,
But ſlow they came, diſpleaſed all and ſome,
Bicauſe thoſe woods they ſhould in keeping take,
Yet they obai'd and tooke the charge in hand,
And vnder euerie branch and leafe they ſtand.

12

When thus his curſed worke performed was,
The wiſard to his king declar'd the feat,
My Lord, let feare, let doubt and ſorrow pas,
Henceforth in ſafetie ſtands your regall ſeat,
Your foe (as he ſuppos'd) no meane now has
To build againe his rams and engins great:
And then he told at large from part to part,
All what he late perform'd by wondrous art.

13

Beſides this helpe, another hap (quoth hee)
Will ſhortly chance that brings not profit ſmall,
Within few daies *Mars* and the *Sunne* I ſee
Their fi rie beames vnite in *Leo* ſhall;
And then extreme the ſcorching heat will bee,
Which neither raine can quench, nor dewes that fall,
So placed are the Planets high and low,
That heat, fire, burning all the heau'ns forſhow:

14

So great with vs will be the warmth therefore,
As with the Garamantes or thoſe of Inde;
Yet nill it grieue vs in this towne ſo ſore,
We haue ſweet ſhade and waters cold by kinde:
Our foes abroad will be tormented more,
What ſhield can they or what refreſhing finde?
Heau'n will them vanquiſh firſt, then Egypts crew
Deſtroy them quite, weake, wearie, faint and few;

15

Thou ſhalt ſit ſtill and conquer, proue no more
The doubtfull hazard of vncertaine fight.
But if *Argantes* bold (that hates ſo ſore
All cauſe of quiet peace, though iuſt and right)
Prouoke thee forth to battaile (as before)
Finde meanes to calme the rage of that fierce knight,
For ſhortly heau'n will ſend thee eaſe and peace,
And war and trouble mongſt thy foes encreaſe.

16

The kin g aſſured by theſe ſpeeches faire,
Held *Godfreyes* powre, his might and ſtrength in ſcorne,
And now the walles he gan in part repaire,
Which late the ram had brus'd with iron horne,
With wiſe foreſight and well aduiſed caire,
He fortifide each breach and bulwarke torne,
And all his folke, men, women, children ſmall,
With endleſſe toile againe repair'd the wall.

17

But *Godfrey* nould this while bring forth his powre
To giue aſſault againſt that fort in vaine,
Till he had builded new his dreadfull towre,
And reared high his downe-falne rammes againe:
His workmen therefore he diſpatcht that howre,
To hew the trees out of the forreſt maine,
They went, and ſcant the wood appear'd in ſight,
When wonders new their fearfull harts affright:

18

As ſeely children dare not bend their eie
Where they are told ſtrange Bugbeares haunt the place,
Or as new monſters while in bed they lie,
Their fearefull thoughts preſent before their face;
So feared they, and fled, yet wiſt not why,
Nor what purſu'd them in that fearefull chace,
Except their feare perchance while thus they fled,
New Chimeres, Sphinges, or like monſters bred;

19

Swift to the campe they turned backe diſmai'd,
With words confus'd vncertaine tales they told,
That all which heard them ſcorned what they ſaid,
And thoſe reportes for lies and fables hold.
A choſen crew in ſhining armes arrai'd
Duke *Godfrey* thither ſent of ſoldiers bold,
To garde the men, and their faint armes prouoke
To cut the dreadfull trees with hardie ſtroke:

20

Theſe drawing neere the wood, where cloſe ipent
The wicked ſprites in ſyluan pinfoldes weare,
Their eies vpon thoſe ſhades no ſooner bent,
But froſen dread pearſt through their entrals deare;
Yet on they ſtalked ſtill, and on they went,
Vnder bold ſemblance hiding coward feare,
And ſo far wandred forth with trembling pace,
Till they approcht nigh that inchanted place:

21

When from the groue a fearefull ſound out brakes,
As if ſome earthquake hill and mountaine tore,
Wherein the ſouthren winde a rumbling makes,
Or like ſea waues againſt the craggie ſhore,
There lions gromble, there hiſſe ſcalie ſnakes,
There howle the woolues, the rugged beares there rore,
There trumpets ſhrill are heard and thunders fell,
And all theſe ſounds one ſound expreſſed well:

22

Vpon their faces pale well might you note
A thouſand ſignes of hart amating feare,
Their reaſon gone, by no deuiſe they wote
How to preaſe nie, or ſtay ſtill where they weare,
Againſt that ſodaine dread their breſts which ſmote,
Their courage weake no ſhield of proofe could beare,
At laſt they fled, and one than all more bold,
Excus'd their flight, and thus the wonders told.

23

My Lord, not one of vs there is, I grant,
That dares cut downe one branch in yonder ſpring,
I thinke there dwels a ſprite in euerie plant,
There keepes his court great Dis infernall king,
He hath a hart of hardned Adamant
That without trembling dares attempt the thing,
And ſenſe he wanteth who ſo hardie is,
To heare the forreſt thunder, roare and his.

24

This ſaid, *Alcaſto* to his words gaue heed,
Alcaſto leader of the Switzers grim,
A man both voide of wit, and voide of dreed,
Who fear'd not loſſe of life, nor loſſe of lim,
No ſauage beaſtes in deſarts wilde that feed,
Nor ougly monſter could diſharten him,
Nor whirle winde, thunder, earthquake, ſtorme, or ougl
That in this world is ſtrange or fearfull thought:

25

He ſhooke his head, and ſmiling thus gan ſay,
The hardineſſe haue I that wood to fell,
And thoſe proud trees low in the duſt to lay,
Wherein ſuch griſlie feends and monſters dwell,
No roaring goaſt my courage can diſmay,
No ſhrike of birdes, beaſts roare, or dragons yell;
But through and through that forreſt will I wend,
Although to deepeſt hell the pathes deſcend.

26

Thus boaſted he, and leaue to goe deſired,
And forward went with ioyfull cheare and will,
He view'd the wood and thoſe thicke ſhades admired,
He heard the wondrous noiſe and rumbling ſhrill;
Yet not one foote th'audacious man retired,
He ſcorn'd the perill preaſing forward ſtill,
Till on the forreſts outmoſt marge he ſtept,
A flaming fire from entrance there him kept.

27

The fire encreaſt, and built a ſtately wall
Of burning coales, quicke ſparkes, and embers hot,
And with bright flames the wood enuiron'd all,
That there no tree nor twiſt *Alcaſto* got,
The higher ſtretched flames ſeem'd bulwarkes tall,
Caſtles and turrets full of firie ſhot,
With ſlinges and engins ſtrong of euerie ſort,
What mortall wight durſt ſcale ſo ſtrange a fort?

28

O what ſtrange monſters on the battlement
In loathſome formes ſtood to defend the place?
Their frowning lookes vpon the knight they bent,
And threatned death with ſhot, with ſword and mace:
At laſt he fled, and though but ſlow he went,
As lyons doe whom iolly hunters chace;
Yet fled the man and with ſad feare withdrew,
Though feare till then he neuer felt nor knew.

29

That he had fled long time he neuer wiſt,
But when far ronne he had diſcou'red it,
Himſelfe for wonder with his hand he bliſt,
A bitter ſorrow by the hart him bit,
Amas'd, aſham'd, diſgras'd, ſad, ſilent, triſt,
Alone he would all day in darknes ſit,
Nor durſt he looke on man of worth or fame,
His pride late-great, now greater made his ſhame.

30

Godfredo call'd him, but he found delaies
And cauſes why he ſhould his cabben keepe,
At length perforce he comes, but nought he ſaies,
Or talkes like thoſe that babble in their ſleepe.
His ſhamefaſtnes to *Godfrey* plaine bewraies
His flight, ſo doth his ſighes and ſadnes deepe:
Whereat amas'd, what chance is this (quoth he?)
Theſe witchcrafts ſtrange or natures wonders be.

31

But if his courage any champion moue
To trie the hazard of this dreedfull ſpring,
I giue him leaue th'aduenture great to proue,
Some newes he may report vs of the thing:
This ſaid, his Lords attempt the charmed groue,
Yet nothing backe but feare and flight they bring,
For them enforſt with trembling to retire
The ſight, the ſound, the monſters and the fire.

32

This hapt when woefull *Tancred* left his bed,
To lay in marble cold his miſtreſſe deare,
The liuely colour from his cheeke was fled,
His limmes were weake, his helme or targe to beare;
Nathleſſe when need to heigh attemps him led,
No labour would he ſhunne, no danger feare,
His valour, boldneſſe, hart and courage braue,
To his faint body ſtrength and vigor gaue.

33

To this exploit forth went the ventrous knight,
Feareleſſe,yet heedfull ; ſilent,well aduiſed,
The terrours of that forreſts dreadfull ſight,
Stormes,earthquakes,thunders,cries,he all deſpiſed,
He feared nothing,yet a motion light
(That quickly vaniſht)in his hart ariſed,
When loe betweene him and the charmed wood,
A firie citie high as heau'n vp ſtood:

34

The knight ſtept backe and tooke a ſodaine pauſe,
And to himſelfe,what helpe theſe armes, (quoth he?)
If in this fire or monſters gaping iawes
I headlong caſt my ſelfe,what bootes it me?
For common profit or my countries cauſe,
To hazard life before me none ſhould be:
But this exploit of no ſuch weight I hold,
For it to loſe a Prince or champion bold.

35

But if I flie,what will the Pagans ſay?
If I retire,who ſhall cut downe this ſpring?
Godfredo will attempt it euery day.
What if ſome other knight performe the thing?
Theſe flames vpriſen to foreſtall my way,
Perchance more terrour far than danger bring,
But hap what ſhall,this ſaid,he forward ſtept,
And through the fire (O wondrous boldnes)lept!

36

He boulted through,but neither warmth nor heat
He felt,nor ſigne of fire or ſcorching flame;
Yet wiſt he not in his diſmai'd conceat,
If that were fire or no,through which he came;
For at firſt touch vaniſht thoſe monſters great,
And in their ſteed the cloudes blacke night did frame,
And hideous ſtormes and ſhowres of haile and raine,
Yet ſtormes and tempeſts vaniſht ſtraight againe,

37

Amaz'd,but not affraid the champion good
Stood ſtill,but when the tempeſt paſt he ſpied,
He entred boldly that forbidden wood,
And of the forreſt all the ſecrets eied,
In all his walke no ſprite or fantaſme ſtood,
That ſtopt his way or paſſage free denied,
Saue that the growing trees ſo thicke were ſet,
That oft his ſight,and paſſage oft they let.

38

At length a faire and ſpatious greene he ſpide,
Like calmeſt waters, plaine, like veluet, ſoft,
Wherein a Cipreſſe clad in ſommers pride
Pyramide wiſe, lift vp his tops aloft;
In whoſe ſmooth barke vpon the eeueneſt ſide,
Strange characters he found and view'd them oft,
Like thoſe which prieſts of Egypt earſt in ſtead
Of letters vs'd, which none but they could read,

39

Mongſt them he picked out theſe words at laſt,
(Writ in the Syriake toong, which well he could)
O hardie knight, who through theſe woods haſt paſt!
Where death his pallace and his court doth hould,
O trouble not theſe ſoules in quiet plaſt!
O be not cruell as thy hart is bould!
Pardon theſe ghoaſts depriu'd of heau'nly light,
With ſpirits dead why ſhould men liuing fight?

40

This found he grauen in the tender rinde,
And while he muſed on this vncouth writ,
Him thought he heard the ſoftly whiſtling winde,
His blaſtes amid the leaues and branches knit,
And frame a ſound like ſpeech of humaine kinde,
But full of ſorrow, griefe and woe was it,
Whereby his gentle thoughts all filled weare
With pitie, ſadnes, greefe, compaſſion, feare:

41

He drew his ſword at laſt and gaue the tree
A mightie blow, that made a gaping wound,
Out of the rift red ſtreames he trickling ſee
That all bebled the verdant plaine around,
His haire ſtart vp, yet once againe ſtroake he,
He nould giue ouer till the end he found
Of this aduenture, when with plaint and mone,
(As from ſome hollow graue) he heard one grone.

42

Enough enough the voice lamenting ſaid,
Tancred thou haſt me hurt, thou didſt me driue
Out of the bodie of a noble maid,
Who with me liu'd, whom late I kept on liue,
And now within this woefull Cipreſſe laid,
My tender rinde thy weapon ſharpe doth riue,
Cruell, iſt not enough thy foes to kill,
But in their graues wilt thou torment them ſtill?

43

I was *Clorinda*, now imprison'd heere,
(Yet not alone) within this plant I dwell,
For euerie Pagan Lord and Christian peere,
Before the cities walles last day that fell,
(In bodies new or graues I wote not cleere)
But here they are confin'd by magikes spell,
So that each tree hath life, and sense each bou,
A murdrer if thou cut one twist art thou.

44

As the sicke man that in his sleepe doth see
Some oughly dragon or some chimere new,
Though he suspect or halfe perswaded bee,
It is an idle dreame, no monster trew,
Yet still he feares, he quakes, and striues to flee,
So fearefull is that wondrous forme to vew;
So feard the knight, yet he both knew and thought
All were illusions false by witchcraft wrought:

45

But cold and trembling waxt his frozen hart,
Such strange affects, such passions it torment,
Out of his feeble hand his weapon start,
Himselfe out of his wits nigh, after went:
Wounded he saw (he thought) for paine and smart
His Ladie weepe, complaine, mourne and lament,
Nor could he suffer her deere blood to see,
Or heare her sighes that deepe far fetched be.

46

Thus his fierce hart which death had scorned oft,
Whom no strange shape, or monster could dismay,
With faigned showes of tender loue made soft,
A spirit false did with vaine plaints betray,
A whirling winde his sword heau'd vp aloft,
And through the forrest bare it quite away,
Orecome retir'd the Prince, and as he came
His sword he found and repossest the same:

47

Yet nould returne, he had no minde to trie
His courage further in those forrests greene,
But when to *Godfreyes* tent he proched nie,
His spirits wakte, his thoughts composed beene,
My Lord (quoth he) a witnesse true am I
Of woonders strange, beleeued scant though seene,
What of the fire, the shades, the dreadfull sound,
You heard, all true by proofe my selfe haue found,

48

A burning fire(ſo are thoſe deſarts charmed)
Built like a batled wall to heau'n was reared,
Whereon with dartes and dreadfull weapons armed,
Of monſters foule miſhapt whole bands appeared;
But through them all I paſt,vnhurt,vnharmed,
No flame or threatned blow I felt or feared,
Then raine and night I found,but ſtraight againe
To day,the night; to ſunſhine turnd the raine,

49

What would you more? each tree through all that wood
Hath ſenſe,hath life,hath ſpeech,like humaine kind,
I heard their words,as in that groue I ſtood,
That mournfull voice ſtill,ſtill I beare in minde:
And(as they were of fleſh)the purple blood,
At euery blow ſtreames from the wounded rind,
No,no,not I,nor any elſe (I trow)
Hath powre to cut one leafe,one branch,one brow.

50

While thus he ſaid; the Chriſtians noble guide
Felt vncouth ſtrife in his contentious thought,
He thought,what if himſelfe in perſon tride
Thoſe witchcrafts ſtrange,and bring thoſe charmes to nought,
For ſuch he deem'd them,or elſewhere prouide
For timber eaſier got though further ſought,
But from his ſtudie he at laſt abraid,
Call'd by the Hermit old that to him ſaid,

51

Leaue off thy hardie thought,an others hands
Of theſe her plants the wood diſpoilen ſhall,
Now, now the fatall ſhip of conqueſt lands,
Her ſailes are ſtrucke, her ſiluer anchores fall,
Our champion broken hath his worthleſſe bands,
And looſeth from the ſoile which held him thrall,
The time drawes nie when our proud foes in field
Shall ſlaughtred lie,and Sions fort ſhall yield.

52

This ſaid,his viſage ſhone with beames diuine
And more than mortall was his voices ſound,
Godfredos thought to other actes encline,
His working braine was neuer idle found.
But in the Crabbe now did bright Titan ſhine,
And ſcorcht with ſcalding beames the parched ground,
And made vnfit for toile or warlike feat,
His ſouldiers,weake with labour,faint with ſweat:

53

The Planets milde their lamps benigne quencht out,
And cruell ſtarres in heau'n did ſignories,
Whoſe influence caſt fierie flames about,
And hot impreſſions through the earth and skies,
The growing heat ſtill gathred deeper rout,
The noiſome warmth through lands and kingdomes flies,
A harmefull night a hurtfull day ſucceeds,
And woorſe than both next morne her light outſpreeds.

54

When *Phœbus* roſe he left his golden weed,
And dond a gite in deepeſt purple dide,
His ſanguine beames about his forhead ſpreed,
A ſad preſage of ill that ſhould betide,
With vermile drops at eau'n his treſſes bleed,
Foreſhowes of future heat, from th'Ocean wide
When next he roſe, and thus encreaſed ſtill,
Their preſent harmes with dread of future ill.

55

While thus he bent gainſt earth his ſcorching raies,
He burnt the flowrets, burnt his *Clitie* deare,
The leaues grew wan vpon the withred ſpraies,
The graſſe and growing hearbs all parched weare,
Earth cleft in riftes, in floods their ſtreames decaies,
The barren cloudes with lightning bright appeare,
And mankind feard leaſt *Climenes* childe againe,
Had driuen awry his fires il-guided waine;

56

As from a furnace, flew the ſmoake to skies,
Such ſmoake as that when damned Sodome brent,
Within his caues ſweete *Zephire* ſilent lies,
Still was the aire, the racke nor came nor went,
But ore the lands with lukewarme breathing flies
The ſouthren winde, from ſunburnt Africke ſent,
Which thicke and warme his interrupted blaſts
Vpon their boſomes, throates and faces caſts.

57

Nor yet more comfort brought the gloomie night,
In her thicke ſhades was burning heat vprold,
Her ſable mantle was embrodred bright,
With blazing ſtarres, and gliding fires for gold,
Nor to refreſh (ſad earth) thy thirſtie ſpright,
The niggard Moone let fall her May-dewes cold,
And dried vp the vitall moiſture was,
In trees, in plants, in herbes, in flowres, in graſſe.

58

Sleepe to his quiet dales exiled fled,
From theſe vnquiet nights, and oft in vaine
The ſouldiers reſtleſſe ſought the god in bed,
But moſt for thirſt they mourn'd and moſt complaine;
For *Iudais* tyrant had ſtrong poiſon ſhed,
(Poiſon that breedes more woe and deadly paine,
Than *Acheron* or *Stigian* waters bring)
In euerie fountaine, ceſtern, well, and ſpring:

59

And little *Siloe* that his ſtore beſtowes
Of pureſt Chryſtall on the Chriſtian bands,
The peebles naked in his chanell ſhowes,
And ſcantly glides aboue the ſcorched ſands;
Nor Poe in May when ore his bankes he flowes,
Nor Ganges, watrer of the Indian lands,
Nor ſeu'n mouth'd Nile that yeelds all Egypt drinke,
To quench their thirſt the men ſufficient thinke.

60

He that the gilding riuers earſt had ſeene,
Adowne their verdant chanels gently rold,
Or falling ſtreames which to the valleies greene
Diſtill'd from tops of Alpine mountaines cold,
Thoſe he deſir'd in vaine, new torments beene,
Augmented thus, with wiſh of comforts old,
Thoſe waters coole he dranke in vaine conceit,
Which more encreaſt his thirſt, encreaſt his heat.

61

The ſturdie bodies of the warriours ſtrong,
Whom neither marching far, nor tedious way,
Nor weightie armes which on their ſhoulders hong,
Could wearie make, nor death it ſelfe diſmay;
Now weake and feeble caſt their limmes along,
Vnweildie burthens, on the burned clay,
And in each vaine a ſmouldring fire there dwelt,
Which dride their fleſh, and ſollid bones did melt.

62

Languiſht the ſtead late fierce, and profred gras,
His fodder earſt, deſpis'd, and from him keſt,
Each ſtep he ſtumbled, and which loftie was
And heigh aduanſt before, now fell his creſt,
His conqueſts gotten all forgotten pas,
Nor with deſire of glorie ſweld his breſt,
The ſpoiles wonne from his foe, his late rewards,
He now neglects, deſpiſeth, nought regards.

63

Langniſht the faithfull dog, and wonted caire
Of his deare Lord and cabben both forgot,
Panting he laid, and gathred freſher aire
To coole the burning in his entrals hot:
But breathing (which wiſe Nature did prepare
To ſwage the ſtomackes heat) now booted not,
For little eaſe (alas) ſmall helpe they win,
That breath foorth aire, and ſcalding fire ſucke in.

64

Thus languiſhed the earth, in this eſtate
Lay woefull thouſands of the Chriſtians ſtout,
The faithfull people grew nie deſperate
Of hoped conqueſt, ſhamefull death they dout,
Of their diſtreſſe they talke and oft debate,
Theſe ſad complaints were heard the campe throughout,
What hope hath *Godfrey*? Shall we ſtill here lie,
Till all his ſouldiers, all our armies die?

65

Alas, with what deuice, what ſtrength, thinkes he
To ſcale theſe walles, or this ſtrong fort to get?
Whence hath he engins new? doth he not ſee,
How wrathfull heau'n gainſt vs his ſword doth whet?
Theſe tokens ſhowne true ſignes and witneſſe be,
Our angrie God our proud attempts doth let,
And ſcorching ſunne ſo hot his beames outſpreeds,
That not more cooling Inde nor AEthiop needs:

66

Or thinkes he it an eath or little thing,
That vs deſpis'd, neglected, and diſdain'd,
Like abiects vile to death he thus ſhould bring?
That ſo his Empire may be ſtill maintain'd?
Is it ſo great a bliſſe to be a king,
When he that weares the crowne with blood is ſtain'd,
And buies his ſcepter with his peoples liues?
See whither glorie vaine, fond mankinde driues.

67

See, ſee the man, call'd holy, iuſt and good,
That curteous, meeke, and humble would be thought,
Yet neuer car'd in what diſtreſſe we ſtood,
If his vaine honour were diminiſht nought,
When dried vp from vs is ſpring and flood,
His water muſt from Iordan ſtreames be brought,
And now he ſits at feaſtes and bankets ſweet,
And mingleth waters freſh, with wines of Creet.

68

The French thus murmour'd, but the Greekish knight
Tatine, that of this war was wearie growne,
Why die we here (quoth he) slaine without fight,
Kild, not subdu'd? murdred, not ouerthrowne?
Vpon the Frenchmen let the penance light
Of *Godfreyes* follie, let me saue mine owne,
And as he said, without farewell, the knight
And all his cornet stole away by night:

69

His bad example many a troupe prepares
To imitate, when his escape they know,
Clotharius his band, and *Ademares*,
And all, whose guides in dust were buried low,
Discharg'd of duties chaines and bondage snares,
Free from their oath, to none they seruice owe,
But now concluded all on secret flight,
And shrunke away by thousands euery night.

70

Godfredo this both heard and saw, and knew,
Yet nould with death them chastise though he mought,
But with that faith wherewith he could remew
The stedfast hils, and seas drie vp to nought,
He praid the Lord vpon his flocke to rew,
To ope the springs of grace, and ease this drought,
Out of his lookes shone zeale, deuotion, faith,
His hands and eies to heau'n he heaues, and saith;

71

Father and Lord, if in the desarts wast
Thou hadst compassion on thy children deare,
The craggie rocke when *Moses* cleft and brast,
And drew forth flowing streames of waters cleare,
Like mercie (Lord) like grace, on vs downe cast;
And though our merits lesse than theirs appeare,
Thy grace supply that want, for though they be
Thy first borne sonne, thy children yet are we.

72

These praiers iust from humble hart forth sent,
Were nothing slow to climbe the starrie skie,
But swift as winged bird themselues present
Before the father of the heauens hie:
The Lord accepted them and gently bent
Vpon the faithfull host his gracious eie,
And in what paine and what distresse it laid,
He saw, and greeu'd to see, and thus he said:

73

Mine armies deere till now haue ſuffred woe,
Diſtreſſe and danger, hels infernall powre
Their enimie hath beene, the world their foe,
But happie be their actions from this howre,
What they begin to bleſſed end ſhall goe,
I will refreſh them with a gentle ſhowre;
Rinaldo ſhall returne, th'Egyptian crew
They ſhall encounter, conquer and ſubdew.

74

At theſe high words great heau'n began to ſhake,
The fixed ſtars, the planets wandring ſtill,
Trembled the aire, the earth and Ocean quake,
Spring, fountaine, riuer, forreſt, dale and hill,
From north to eaſt a lightning flaſh out-brake,
And comming drops preſag'd with thunders ſhrill;
With ioyfull ſhoutes the ſoldiers on the plaine,
Theſe tokens bleſſe of long deſired raine,

75

A ſodaine cloud, as when *Helias* praid,
(Not from drie earth exhail'd by *Phebus* beames)
Aroſe, moiſt heau'n his windowes open laid,
Whence cloudes by heapes out-ruſh, and watrie ſtreames,
The world ore ſpred was with a gloomie ſhade,
That like a darke and mirkſome eu'n it ſeames;
The daſhing raine, from molten skies downe fell,
And ore their banks the brookes and fountaines ſwell.

76

In ſommer ſeaſon, when the cloudie skie
Vpon the parched ground doth raine downe ſend,
As ducke and mallard in the furrowes drie,
With merrie noiſe the promiſt ſhowres attend,
And ſpreading broad their wings diſplaied lie
To keepe the drops that on their plumes deſcend,
And where the ſtreames ſwell to a gathred lake
Therein they diue, and ſweet refreſhing take:

77

So they the ſtreaming ſhowres with ſhowtes and cries
Salute, which heau'n ſhed on the thirſtie lands,
The falling liquor from the dropping skies
He catcheth in his lap, he barehead ſtands,
And his bright helme to drinke therein vnties,
In the freſh ſtreames he diues his ſweatie hands,
Their faces ſome, and ſome their temples wet,
And ſome to keepe the drops large veſſels ſet.

Nor

78

Nor man alone to eaſe his burning ſore,
Herein doth diue and waſh, and hereof drinks,
But earth it ſelfe weake, feeble, faint before,
Whoſe ſolid limmes were cleft with rifts and chinks,
Receiu'd the falling ſhowres and gathred ſtore
Of liquour ſweet, that through her vaines downe ſinks,
And moiſture new infuſed largely was
In trees, in plants, in herbes, in flowres, in gras.

79

Earth, like the patient was, whoſe liuely blood
Hath ouercome at laſt ſome ſicknes ſtrong,
Whoſe feeble limmes had been the bait and food,
Whereon his ſtrange diſeaſe depaſtred long,
But now reſtor'd, in health and welfare ſtood,
As ſound as earſt, as freſh, as faire, as yong;
So that forgetting all his griefe and paine,
His pleaſant robes, and crownes he takes againe.

80

Ceaſed the raine, the ſunne began to ſhine,
With fruitfull, ſweet, benigne, and gentle ray,
Full of ſtrong powre and vigour maſculine,
As be his beames in Aprill or in May.
O happy zeale, who truſts in helpe diuine,
The worlds afflictions thus can driue away,
Can ſtormes appeaſe, and times and ſeaſons change,
And conquer fortune, fate and deſt'nie ſtrange.

The fourteenth Booke of Godfrey *of Bullvigne.*

The argument.

The Lord to Godfrey *in a dreame doth ſhew*
His will; Rinaldo *muſt returne at laſt*;
They haue their asking who for pardon ſew:
Two knights to finde the Prince are ſent in haſt,
But Peter *who by viſion all foreknew*
Sendeth the ſearchers to a wiſard, plaſt
Deepe in a vault, who firſt at large declares
Armidaes *traines, then how to ſhun thoſe ſnares.*

Now

1

NOw from the freſh, the ſoft and tender bed
Of her ſtill mother, gentle night out flew,
The fleeting baulme on hils and dales ſhe ſhed,
With honie drops of pure and pretious dew,
And on the verdure of greene forreſts ſpred
The virgin primroſe and the violet blew,
And ſweet breath'd Zephire on his ſpreading wings
Sleepe, eaſe, repoſe, reſt, peace and quiet brings.

2

The thoughts and troubles of broad-waking day
They ſoftly dipt in milde obliuions lake;
But he, whoſe Godhead heau'n and earth doth ſway,
In his eternall light did watch and wake,
And bent on *Godfrey* downe the gracious ray
Of his bright eie, ſtill ope for *Godfreyes* ſake,
To whom a ſilent dreame the Lord downe ſent,
Which told his will, his pleaſure and intent.

3

Far in the eaſt (the golden gate beſide
Whence *Phebus* comes) a chriſtall port there is,
And ere the ſunne his broad doores open wide,
The beame of ſpringing day vncloſeth this,
Hence come the dreames, by which heau'ns ſacred guide
Reueales to man thoſe high decrees of his,
Hence towards *Godfrey* ere he left his bed
A viſion ſtrange his golden plumes beſpred:

4

Such ſemblances, ſuch ſhapes, ſuch purtraites faire
Did neuer yet in dreame or ſleepe appeare,
For all the formes in ſea, in earth, or aire,
The ſignes in heau'n, the ſtars in euery ſpheare,
All what was wondrous, vncouth, ſtrange and raire,
All in that viſion well preſented weare,
His dreame had plaſt him in a chriſtall wide,
Beſet with golden fires, top, bottom, ſide.

5

There while he wondreth on the circles vaſt,
The ſtars, their motions, courſe and harmonie,
A knight (with ſhining raies and fire embraſt)
Preſents himſelfe vnwares before his eie,
Who with a voice that far for ſweetnes paſt
All humaine ſpeech, thus ſaid approching nie,
What *Godfrey* know'ſt thou not thy *Hugo* heere?
Come and imbrace thy friend and fellow deere:

He

6

He anſw'red him, that glorious ſhining light
Which in thine eies his gliſtring beames doth place,
Eſtranged hath from my foreknowledge quight
Thy countenance, thy fauour, and thy face:
This ſaid, three times he ſtretch his hands outright,
And would in friendly armes the knight embrace,
And thrice the ſpirit fled, that thrice he twinde
Nought in his folded armes, but aire and winde.

7

Lord *Hugo* ſmil'd, not as you thinke (quoth hee)
I clothed am in fleſh and earthly mould,
My ſpirite pure and naked ſoule you ſee,
A Citizen of this celeſtiall hould,
This place is heau'n, and heere a roome for thee
Prepared is, among Chriſts champions bould:
Ah when (quoth he) (theſe mortall bonds vnknit)
Shall I in peace, in eaſe, and reſt there ſit?

8

Hugo replide, ere many yeeres ſhall ronne,
Amid the ſaints in bliſſe here ſhalt thou raine;
But firſt great wars muſt by thy hand be donne,
Much blood be ſhed, and many Pagans ſlaine,
The holy citie by aſſault be wonne,
The land ſet free from ſeruile yoke againe,
Wherein thou ſhalt a Chriſtian Empire frame,
And after thee ſhall *Baldwine* rule the ſame.

9

But to encreaſe thy loue and great deſire
To heauen ward, this bleſſed place behould,
Theſe ſhining lampes, theſe globes of liuing fire,
How they are turned, guided, moou'd and rould,
The Angels ſinging here and all their quire;
Then bend thine eies on yonder earth and mould,
All in that maſſe, that globe, and compaſſe ſee,
Land, ſea, ſpring, fountaine, man, beaſt, graſſe and tree,

10

How vile, how ſmall, and of how ſlender price,
Is there reward of goodneſſe, vertues gaine;
A narrow roome our glorie vaine vp-ties,
A little circle doth our pride containe,
Earth like an Iſle amid the water lies,
Which ſea ſometime is call'd, ſometime the maine,
Yet nought therein reſponds a name ſo great,
Its but a lake, a pond, a marriſh ſtreat.

Thus

11

Thus ſaid the one, the other bended downe
His lookes to ground, and halfe in ſcorne he ſmilde,
He ſawe at once earth, ſea, floud, caſtell, towne,
Strangely deuided, ſtrangely all compilde,
And wondred follie man ſo farre ſhould drowne,
To ſet his hart on things ſo baſe and vilde,
That ſeruile empire ſearcheth and dombe fame,
And ſcornes heau'ns bliſſe, yet profreth heau'n the ſame.

12

Wherefore he anſwred, ſince the Lord not yet
Will free my ſpirit from this cage of clay,
Leaſt worldly errour vaine my voiage let,
Teach me to heau'n the beſt and ſureſt way:
Hugo replide, thy happy foote is ſet
In the true path, nor from this paſſage ſtray,
Onely from exile yoong *Rinaldo* call,
This giue I thee in charge, elſe nought at all.

13

For as the Lord of hoaſtes, the king of blis,
Hath choſen thee to rule the faithfull band;
So he thy ſtratagems appointed is
To execute, ſo both ſhall winne this land,
The firſt is thine, the ſecond place is his,
Thou art this armies head, and he the hand,
No other champion can his place ſupplie,
And that thou do it doth thy ſtate denie.

14

Th'inchanted forreſt, and her charmed treene
With cutting ſteele ſhall he to earth downe hew,
And thy weake armies which too feeble beene
To ſcale againe theſe wals r'inforced new,
And fainting lie diſperſed on the greene,
Shall take newe ſtrenght, newe courage at his vew,
The heigh built towres, the eaſtren ſquadrons all
Shall conquerd be, ſhall flie, ſhall die, ſhall fall,

15

He held his peace: and *Godfrey* anſwred ſo,
O how his preſence would recomfort mee,
You that mans hidden thoughts perceaue and kno,
(If I ſay truth, or if I loue him) ſee,
But ſay, what meſſengers ſhall for him go?
What ſhall their ſpeeches, what their errand bee?
Shall I entreat or elſe command the man?
With credit neither well performe I can.

16

Th'eternall Lord(the other knight replide)
That with ſo many graces hath thee bleſt,
Will,that among the troupes thou haſt to guide,
Thou honour'd be and fear'd of moſt and leſt :
Then ſpeake not thou leaſt blemiſh ſome betide
Thy ſacred Empire,if thou make requeſt ;
But when by ſuit thou mooued art to ruth,
Then yeeld,forgiue,and home recall the youth.

17

Guelpho ſhall pray thee (God ſhall him inſpire)
To pardon this offence,this fault commit
By haſtie wrath,by raſh and headſtrong ire,
To call the knight againe,yeeld thou to it :
And though the youth (enwrapt in fond deſire)
Farre hence in loue and looſenes idle ſit,
Yet feare it not he ſhall returne with ſpeed,
When moſt you wiſh him,and when moſt you need.

18

Your hermit *Peter*,to whoſe ſapient hart
High heau'n his ſecrets opens,tels,and ſhewes,
Your meſſengers direct can to that part,
Where of the Prince they ſhall heare certaine newes,
And learne the way,the manner,and the art
To bring him backe to theſe thy warlike crewes,
That all thy ſouldiours wandred and miſgone,
Heau'n may vnite againe and ioine in one.

19

But this concluſion ſhall my ſpeeches end,
Know that his blood ſhall mixed be with thine,
Whence Barons bold and Worthies ſhall deſcend,
That many great exploits ſhall bring to fine.
This ſaid,he vaniſht from his ſleeping friend,
Like ſmoake in winde,or miſt in Titans ſhine;
Sleepe fled likewiſe,and in his troubled thought,
With woonder,pleaſure ; ioy,with maruell fought.

20

The Duke lookt vp,and ſaw the Azure skie
With Argent beames of ſiluer morning ſpred,
And ſtarted vp,for praiſe and vertue lie
In toile and trauell,ſinne and ſhame in bed :
His armes he tooke,his ſword girt to his thie,
To his pauilion all his Lords them ſped,
And there in counſell graue the Princes ſit,
For ſtrength by wiſedome,warre is rul'd by wit.

Lord

21

Lord *Guelpho* there (within whoſe gentle breſt
Heau'n had infus'd that new and ſudden thought)
His pleaſing words thus to the Duke addreſt;
Good prince,milde,though vnaskt,kinde,vnbeſought,
O let thy mercie grant my iuſt requeſt,
Pardon this fault by rage,not malice,wrought;
For great offence,I grant,ſo late commit,
My ſuit too haſtie is,perchance vnfit.

22

But ſince to *Godfrey* meeke,benigne and kinde,
For Prince *Rinaldo* bold,I humbly ſue,
And that the ſutors ſelfe is not behinde
Thy greateſt friends,in ſtate,or friendſhip true;
I truſt I ſhall thy grace and mercie finde
Acceptable to me and all this crue;
Oh call him home,this treſpaſſe to amend,
He ſhall his blood in *Godfreyes* ſeruice ſpend:

23

And if not he,who els dares vndertake
Of this enchanted wood to cut one tree?
Gainſt death and danger who dares battell make,
With ſo bould face,ſo fearleſſe hart,as he?
Beat downe theſe walles,theſe gates in pieces breake,
Leape ore theſe rampires heigh, thou ſhalt him ſee:
Reſtore therefore to this deſirous band (hand;
Their wiſh,their hope,their ſtrength,their ſheild,their

24

To me my nephew,to thy ſelfe reſtore
A truſtie helpe,when ſtrength of hand thou needs,
In idleneſſe let him conſume no more,
Recall him to his noble acts and deeds.
Knowne be his worth as was his ſtrength of yore,
Where ere thy ſtandard broad her croſſe outſpreeds,
O let his fame and praiſe,ſpread far and wide,
Be thou his Lord,his teacher,and his guide.

25

Thus he entreated,and the reſt approue
His words,with friendly murmures whiſpred low,
Godfrey as though their ſuite his minde did moue
To that,whereon he neuer thought till now,
How can my hart (quoth he)if you I loue
To your requeſt and ſuit but bend and bow?
Let rigor goe,that right and iuſtice bee,
Wherein you all conſent,and all agree.

26

Rinaldo ſhall returne, let him reſtraine
Henceforth his headſtrong wrath and haſtie ire,
And with his hardie deedes let him take paine
To correſpond your hope, and my deſire:
Guelpho thou muſt call home the knight againe,
See that with ſpeed he to theſe tents retire,
The meſſengers appoint as likes thy minde,
And teach them where they ſhould the yongman finde.

27

Vpſtart the Dane that bore Prince *Swenos* brand,
I will (quoth he) that meſſage vndertake,
I will refuſe no paines by ſea or land
To giue the knight this ſword, kept for his ſake,
This man was bold of courage, ſtrong of hand,
Guelpho was glad he did the proffer make,
Thou ſhalt (quoth he) *Vbaldo* ſhalt thou haue
To goe with thee, a knight, ſtout, wiſe, and graue.

28

Vbaldo in his youth had knowne and ſeene
The faſhions ſtrange of many an vncouth land,
And trauell'd ouer all the Realmes, betweene
The Artick circle and hot Meroes ſtrand,
And as a man whoſe wit his guide had beene,
Their cuſtomes vſe he could, toongs vnderſtand,
For thy when ſpent his youthfull ſeaſons weare
Lord *Guelpho* entertain'd and held him deare.

29

To theſe committed was the charge and caire
To finde, and bring againe the champion bold,
Guelpho commaunds them to the fort repaire
Where *Boemond* doth his ſeat and ſcepter hold,
For publike fame ſaid that *Bertoldoes* haire
There liu'd, there dwelt, there ſtai'd, the hermit old
(That knew they were miſled by falſe report)
Among them came, and parled in this ſort:

30

Sir knights (quoth he) if you entend to ride,
And follow each report fond people ſay,
You follow but a raſh and trothleſſe guide,
That leades vaine men amiſſe, and makes them ſtray,
Neere Aſcalon goe to the ſalt ſea ſide,
Where a ſwift brooke fals in with hideous ſway,
An aged ſire, our friend, there ſhall you finde,
All what he ſaith that doe, that keepe in minde,

Of

31

Of this great voyage which you vndertake,
Much by his skill, and much by mine aduiſe
Hath he foreknowne, and welcome for my ſake
You both ſhall be, the man is kinde and wiſe;
Inſtructed thus no further queſtion make
The twaine, elected for this enterpriſe,
But humblie yeelded to obey his word,
For what the Hermit ſaid, that ſaid the Lord.

32

They tooke their leaue, and on their iourney went,
Their will could brooke no ſtay, their zeale, no let;
To Aſcalon their voyage ſtraight they bent,
Whoſe broken ſhores with brackiſh waues are wet,
And there they heard how gainſt the cliftes (beſprent
With bitter ſome) the roaring ſurges bet,
A tumbling brooke their paſſage ſtopt and ſtaid,
Which late ſalne raine had proud and puiſſant maid,

33

So proud that ouer all his bankes he grew,
And through the fieldes ran ſwift as ſhaft from bow,
While here they ſtopt and ſtood, before them drew
An aged ſire, graue and benigne in ſhow,
Crown'd with a beechen garland gathred new,
Clad in a linnen roabe that raught downe low,
In his right hand a rod, and on the flood
Againſt the ſtreame he marcht, and drieſhod yood.

34

As on the Rhene (when winters freeſing cold
Congeales the ſtreames to thicke and hardned glas)
The beauies faire of Shepheards daughters bold,
With wanton winde laies ronne, turne, play and pas;
So on this riuer paſt the wiſard old,
Although vnfroſen, ſoft and ſwift it was,
And thither ſtalked where the warrious ſtaid,
To whom (their greetings done) he ſpoke, and ſaid:

35

Great paines, great trauaile (Lords) you haue begonne,
And of a cunning guide great need you ſtand,
Farre off (alas) is great *Bertoldoes* ſonne,
Impriſon'd in a waſte and deſart land,
What ſoile remaines by which you muſt not ronne?
What promontorie, rocke, ſea, ſhore or ſand?
Your ſearch muſt ſtretch before the prince be found,
Beyond our world, beyond our halfe of ground.

36

But yet vouchſafe to ſee my cell I pray,
In hidden caues and vaults though builded low,
Great wonders there, ſtrange things I will bewray,
Things good for you to heare, and fit to know:
This ſaid, he bids the riuer make them way,
The floud retirde, and backward gan to flow,
And here and there two chriſtall mountaines riſe,
So fled the red ſea once, and Iordan thriſe.

37

He tooke their hands and led them headlong downe
Vnder the flood, through vaſt and hollow deepes,
Such light they had as when through ſhadowes browne
Of thickeſt deſarts feeble Cinthia peepes,
There ſpacious caues they ſawe all ouerflowne,
There all his waters pure great Neptune keepes,
And thence to moiſten all the earth, he brings
Seas, riuers, flouds, lakes, fountaines, wels and ſprings:

38

Whence Ganges, Indus, Volga, Iſter, Poe,
Whence Euphrates, whence Tygreſſe ſpring they vew,
Whence Tanais, whence Nilus comes alſoe,
(Although his head till then no creature knew)
But vnder theſe a wealthie ſtreame doth goe
That Sulphur yeelds and Oare, rich, quicke and new,
Which the ſunbeames doth poliſh, purge and fine,
And makes it ſiluer pure, and gold diuine.

39

And all his bankes the rich and wealthie ſtreame
Hath faire beſet, with pearle and precious ſtone,
Like ſtars in skie, or lampes on ſtage that ſeame,
The darknes there was day, the night was gone,
There ſparkled (clothed in his azure beame)
The heau'nly Zaphire, there the Iacinth ſhone,
The Carbuncle there flamde, the Dimond ſheene,
There gliſtred bright, there ſmilde the Emrauld greene.

40

Amas'd the knights amid theſe woonders paſt,
And fixt ſo deepe the marueiles in their thought,
That not one word they vttred, till at laſt
Vbaldo ſpake, and thus his guide beſought,
O father tell me, by what skill thou haſt
Theſe wonders donne? and to what place vs brought?
For well I know not if I wake or ſleepe,
My hart is drownd in ſuch amazement deepe.

You

41

You are within the hollow wombe (quoth he)
Of fertill earth, the nurſe of all things made,
And but you brought and guided are by me,
Her ſacred entrals could no wight inuade,
My pallace ſhortly ſhall you ſplendant ſee
With glorious light, though built in night and ſhade,
A Pagan was I borne, but yet the Lord
To grace (by baptiſme) hath my ſoule reſtor'd.

42

Nor yet by helpe of deuill, or aide from hell
I doe this vncouth worke and woondrous feat,
The Lord forbid, I vſe or charme or ſpell
To raiſe foule Dis from his infernall ſeat,
But of all herbes, of euery ſpring and well,
The hidden powre I know and vertue great,
And all that kinde hath hid from mortall ſight,
And all the ſtarres, their motions and their might,

43

For in theſe caues I dwell not buried ſtill
From ſight of heau'n, but often I reſort
To tops of Libanon or Carmell hill,
And there in liquid aire my ſelfe diſport,
There *Mars* and *Venus* I behold at will;
As bare, as earſt when *Vulcan* tooke them ſhort,
And how the reſt roule, glide and moue, I ſee,
How their aſpects benigne or froward bee.

44

And vnderneath my feet the cloudes I view,
Now thicke, now thin, now bright with Iris bow,
The froſt and ſnow, the raine, the haile, the dew,
The windes from whence they come, and whence they blow,
How *Ioue* his thunder makes, and lightning new,
How with the boult he ſtrikes the earth below,
How comate, crinite, caudate ſtarres are fram'd
I knew, my skill with pride my hart enflam'd.

45

So learned, cunning, wiſe, my ſelfe I thought,
That I ſuppos'd my wit ſo high might clime
To know all things that God had fram'd or wrought,
Fire, aire, ſea, earth, man, beaſt, ſprite, place, and time:
But when your hermit me to baptiſme brought,
And from my ſoule had waſht the ſinne and crime,
Then I perceiu'd my ſight was blindnes ſtill,
My wit, was follie; ignorance, my skill.

Then

46

Then ſaw I, that like owles in ſhining ſonne,
So gainſt the beames of truth, our ſoules are blinde,
And at my ſelfe to ſmile I then begonne,
And at my hart, puft vp with follies winde,
Yet ſtill theſe artes as I before had donne
I practiſed, ſuch was the hermits minde:
Thus hath he chang'd my thoughts, my hart, my will,
And rules mine art, my knowledge, and my skill.

47

In him I reſt, on him my thoughts depend,
My Lord, my teacher, and my guide is he,
This noble worke he ſtriues to bring to end,
He is the Architect, the workmen we;
The hardie youth home to this campe to ſend
From priſon ſtrong, my care, my charge ſhall be,
So he commands, and me ere this foretold
Your comming oft, to ſeeke the champion bold.

48

While this he ſaid, he brought the champions twaine
Downe to a vault, wherein he dwels and lies,
It was a caue high, wide, large, ample, plaine,
With goodly roomes, halles, chambers, galleries,
All what is bred in rich and pretious vaine
Of wealthie earth, and hid from mortall eies,
There ſhines, and faire adorn'd was euery part,
With riches growne by kinde, not fram'd by art:

49

An hundreth groomes, quicke, diligent and neat,
Attendance gaue about theſe ſtrangers bold,
Againſt the wall there ſtood a cupboord great
Of maſſie plate, of ſiluer, chriſtall, gold.
But when with pretious wines and coſtly meat
They filled were, thus ſpake the wiſard old,
Now fits the time (ſir knights) I tell and ſhow
What you deſire to heare, and long to know;

50

Armidaes craft, her ſleight and hidden guile
You partly wote, her actes and artes vntrew,
How to your campe ſhe came, and by what wile
The greateſt Lords and Princes thence ſhe drew,
You know ſhe turn'd them firſt to monſters vile,
And kept them ſince clos'd vp in ſecret mew,
Laſtly to Gaza ward in bonds them ſent,
Whom yoong *Rinaldo* reſcude as they went.

51

What chanced ſince I will at large declare,
(To you vnknowne) a ſtorie ſtrange and trew,
When firſt her pray (got with ſuch paine and care)
Eſcapte and gone, the witch perceiu'd and knew,
Her hands ſhe wroong for griefe, her clothes ſhe tare,
And full of woe theſe heauie words out threw:
Alas, my knights are ſlaine, my pris'ners free,
Yet of that conqueſt neuer boaſt ſhall hee;

52

He in their place ſhall ſerue me, and ſuſtaine
Their plagues, their torments ſuffer, ſorrowes beare,
And they his abſence ſhall lament in vaine,
And waile his loſſe and theirs, with many a teare:
Thus talking to her ſelfe ſhe did ordaine
A falſe and wicked guile, as you ſhall heare,
Thither ſhe haſted, where the valiant knight
Had ouercome and ſlaine her men in fight.

53

Rinaldo there had doft and left his owne,
And on his backe a Pagans harneſſe tide,
Perchance he deemed ſo to paſſe vnknowne,
And in thoſe armes leſſe noted ſafe to ride,
A headleſſe corſe in fight late ouerthrowne,
The Witch in his forſaken armes did hide,
And by a brooke expos'd it on the ſand
Whither ſhe wiſht would come a Chriſtian band:

54

Their comming might the dame foreknow right well,
For ſecret ſpies ſhe ſent foorth thouſand waies,
Which euery day newes from the campe might tell,
Who parted thence, booties to ſearch or praies:
Beſide, the ſprights coniur'd by ſacred ſpell,
All what ſhe askes or doubts, reueales and ſaies,
The bodie therefore plaſt ſhe in that part,
That furthred beſt her ſleight, her craft, and art;

55

And neere the corpes a varlet falſe and ſlie
She left, attirde in ſhepheards homely weed,
And taught him how to counterfeit, and lie
As time requir'd, and he perform'd the deed,
With him your ſouldiers ſpoke, of iealouſie
And falſe ſuſpect mongſt them he ſtrow'd the ſeede,
That ſince brought foorth the fruit of ſtrife and iarre,
Of ciuill brawles, contention, diſcord, warre.

56

And as ſhe wiſhed ſo the ſoldiers thought,
By *Godfreyes* practiſe that the Prince was ſlaine,
Yet vaniſht that ſuſpicion falſe to nought,
When truth ſpred forth her ſiluer wings againe:
Her falſe deuiſes thus *Armida* wrought,
This was her firſt deceit, her formoſt traine,
What next ſhe practis'd (ſhall you heare me tell)
Againſt our knight, and what thereof befell.

57

Armida hunted him through wood and plaine,
Till on Orontes flowrie banks he ſtaid,
There, where the ſtreame did part and meet againe,
And in the midſt a gentle Iſland maid,
A pillour faire was pight beſide the maine,
Nere which a little frigot floting laid,
The marble white the Prince did long behold,
And this inſcription read, there writ in gold:

58

Who ſo thou art whom will or chance doth bring
With happie ſteps to flood Orontes ſides,
Know, that the world hath not ſo ſtrange a thing,
(Twixt eaſt and weſt) as this ſmall Iſland hides,
Then paſſe and ſee, without more tarrying.
The haſtie youth to paſſe the ſtreame prouides,
And for the cogge was narrow, ſmall and ſtrait,
Alone he row'd, and bod his ſquires there wait;

59

Landed he ſtalkes about, yet nought he ſees
But verdant groues, ſweet ſhades, and moſſie rockes,
With caues and fountaines, flowers, herbes and trees,
So that the words he red he takes for mockes:
But that greene Iſle was ſweet at all degrees,
Wherewith entis'd downe ſits he and vnlockes
His cloſed helme, and bares his viſage faire,
To take ſweet breath from coole and gentle aire.

60

A rumbling ſound amid the waters deepe
Meanewhile he heard, and thither turn'd his ſight,
And tumbling in the troubled ſtreame tooke keepe,
How the ſtrong waues together ruſh and fight,
Whence firſt he ſaw (with golden treſſes) peepe
The riſing viſage of a virgin bright,
And then her necke, her breſts, and all, as low
As he for ſhame could ſee, or ſhe could ſhow.

So

61

So in the twylight doth ſometimes appeare
A Nymph,a Goddeſſe,or a Fairie queene,
And though no Siren but a ſprite this weare;
Yet by her beautie ſeem'd it ſhe had beene
One of thoſe ſiſters falſe,which haunted neare
The Tirrhene ſhores,and kept thoſe waters ſheene,
Like theirs her face,her voice was and her ſound,
And thus ſhe ſung,and pleas'd both skies and ground.

62

Ye happy youthes,whom Aprill freſh and May
Attire in flowring greene of luſtie age,
For glorie vaine,or vertues idle ray,
Doe not your tender limmes to toile engage,
In calme ſtreames,fiſhes; birds,in ſunſhine play,
Who followeth pleaſure he is onely ſage,
So nature ſaith,yet gainſt her ſacred will
Why ſtill rebell you,and why ſtriue you ſtill?

63

O fooles who youth poſſeſſe,yet ſcorne the ſame,
A pretious,but a ſhort abiding,treaſure,
Vertue it ſelfe is but an idle name,
Priz'd by the world boue reaſon all and meaſure,
And honour,glorie,praiſe,renowme and fame,
That mens proud harts bewitch with tickling pleaſure,
An Eccho is,a ſhade,a dreame,a flowre
With each winde blaſted,ſpoil'd with euery ſhowre.

64

But let your happie ſoules in ioy poſſeſſe
The Iuorie caſtels of your bodies faire,
Your paſſed harmes ſalue with forgetfulneſſe,
Haſte not your comming euils with thought and caire,
Regard no blazing ſtar with burning treſſe,
Nor ſtorme,nor threatning skie,nor thundring aire,
This wiſdome is,good life,and worldly blis,
Kinde teacheth vs,nature commands vs this.

65

Thus ſung the ſpirit falſe,and ſtealing ſleepe
(To which her tunes entis'd his heauie eies)
By ſtep and ſtep did on his ſenſes creepe,
Still euery limme therein vnmoued lies,
Not thunders lowd could from this ſlumber deepe
(Of quiet death true image) make him riſe:
Then from her ambuſh forth *Armida* ſtart,
Swearing reuenge,and threatning torments ſmart.

66

But when ſhee looked on his face a while,
And ſaw how ſweet he breath'd, how ſtill he lay,
How his faire eies though cloſed ſeeme to ſmile,
At firſt ſhe ſtaid, aſtound with great diſmay,
Then ſat her downe, ſo loue can arte beguile,
And as ſhe ſate and lookt fled faſt away
Her wrath, that on his forehead gazde the maid,
As in his ſpring *Narciſſus* tooting laid;

67

And with a vaile ſhe wiped now and than
From his faire cheeke, the globes of ſiluer ſweat,
And coole aire gathred with a trembling fan,
To mittigate the rage of melting heat,
Thus (who would thinke it) his hot eieglance can
Of that cold froſt diſſolue the hardneſſe great,
Which late congeald the hart of that faire dame,
Who late a foe, a louer now became.

68

Of woodbines, lillies, and of roſes ſweete,
Which proudly flowred through that wanton plaine,
All pletted faſt, well knit, and ioyned meete,
She fram'd a ſoft, but ſurely holding chaine,
Wherewith ſhe bound his necke, his hands, and feete;
Thus bound, thus taken did the prince remaine,
And in a coach which two old dragons drew,
She laid the ſleeping knight, and thence ſhe flew:

69

Nor turnd ſhe to Damaſcus kingdomes large,
Nor to the fort built in Aſphaltes lake,
But iealous of her deare and precious charge,
And of her loue aſham'd, the way did take
To the wide Ocean, whither skiffe or barge
From vs doth ſelde or neuer voiage make,
And there to frolike with her loue awhile,
She choſe a waſte, a ſole and deſart ile.

70

An Iſle that with her fellowes beares the name
Of fortunate, for temperate aire and mould,
There in a mountaine high alight the dame,
A hill obſcur'd with ſhades of forreſts ould,
Vpon whoſe ſides the witch by arte did frame
Continuall ſnow, ſharpe froſt and winter could,
But on the top, freſh, pleaſant, ſweete and greene,
Beſide a lake a pallace built this queene.

71

There in perpetuall, ſweet and flowring ſpring
She liues at eaſe, and ioies her Lord at will;
The hardie youth from this ſtrange priſon bring
Your valours muſt, directed by my skill,
And ouercome each monſter and each thing,
That guardes the pallace, or that keepes the hill,
Nor ſhall you want a guide, or engins fit,
To bring you to the mount, or conquer it.

72

Beſide the ſtreame, Iparted ſhall you finde
A dame, in viſage yoong, but old in yeeres,
Her curled lockes about her front are twinde,
A partie colour'd roabe of ſilke ſhe weares:
This ſhall conduct you ſwift as aire or winde,
Or that flit birde that *Ioues* hot weapon beares,
A faithfull Pilot, cunning, truſtie, ſure,
As *Tiphis* was, or skilfull Palinure.

73

At the hils foot, whereon the Witch doth dwell
The ſerpents hiſſe, and caſt their poyſon vilde,
The ouglie bores doe reare their briſtles fell,
There gape the beares, and roare the lyons wilde;
But yet a rod I haue can eaſlie quell
Their rage and wrath, and make them meeke and milde.
Yet on the top and height of all the hill,
The greateſt danger lies, and greateſt ill:

74

There welleth out a faire, cleere, bubbling ſpring,
Whoſe waters pure the thirſtie gueſts entiſe,
But in thoſe liquors cold the ſecret ſting
Of ſtrange and deadly poyſon cloſed lies,
One ſuppe thereof the drinkers hart doth bring
To ſudden ioy, whence laughter vaine doth riſe,
Nor that ſtrange meriment once ſtops or ſtaies
Till, with his laughters end, he end his daies:

75

Then from thoſe deadly, wicked ſtreames refraine
Your thirſtie lippes, deſpiſe the daintie cheare
You finde expos'd vpon the graſſie plaine,
Nor thoſe falſe damſels once vouchſafe to heare,
That in melodious tunes their voices ſtraine,
Whoſe faces louely, ſmiling, ſweet, appeare;
But you their lookes, their voice, their ſongs deſpiſe,
And enter faire *Armidaes* Paradiſe.

76

The houſe is builded like a maze within,
With turning ſtaires, falſe doores and winding waies,
The ſhape whereof plotted in velam thin
I will you giue, that all thoſe ſleights bewraies,
In midſt a garden lies, where many a gin
And net to catch fraile harts, falſe *Cupid* laies;
There in the verdure of the herbours greene,
With your braue champion lies the wanton queene.

77

But when ſhe haply riſeth from the knight,
And hath withdrawne her preſence from the place,
Then take a ſhield I haue of dimonds bright,
And hold the ſame before the yongmans face,
That he may glaſſe therein his garments light,
And wanton ſoft attire, and vew his caſe,
That with the ſight, ſhame and diſdaine may moue
His hart to leaue that baſe and ſeruile loue.

78

Now reſteth nought that needfull is to tell,
But that you goe ſecure, ſafe, ſure and bold,
Vnſeene the pallace may you enter well,
And paſſe the dangers all I haue foretold,
For neither art, nor charme, nor magicke ſpell
Can ſtop your paſſage or your ſteps withhold,
Nor ſhall *Armida* (ſo you garded bee)
Your comming ought foreknow, or once foreſee:

79

And eeke as ſafe from that enchanted fort
You ſhall returne, and ſcape vnhurt away;
But now the time doth vs to reſt exhort,
And you muſt riſe by peepe of ſpringing day.
This ſaid, he led them through a narrow port,
Into a lodging faire wherein they lay,
There glad and full of thoughts he left his gheſts,
And in his wonted bed the old man reſts.

The fifteenth booke of Godfrey of Bulloigne.

The argument.

The well inſtructed knights forſake their hoſt,
And come where their ſtrange barke in harbour lay,
And ſetting ſaile beholden Egypts coſt
The Monarches ſhips and armies in array:
Their winde and pilot good the ſeas in poſt
They paſſe, and of long iourneyes make ſhort way:
The far ſought iſle they finde; Armidaes *charmes*
They ſcorne, they ſhun her ſleights, deſpiſe her armes.

1

THE roſie fingred morne with gladſome ray,
Roſe to her taske from old *Tithonus* lap,
When their graue hoſt came where the warriours lay,
And with him brought the ſheild, the rod, the map,
Ariſe (quoth he) ere lately broken day,
In his bright armes the round world fold or wrap,
All what I promiſt here, I haue them brought,
Enough to bring *Armidaes* charmes to nought.

2

They ſtarted vp, and euerie tender lim
In ſturdie ſteele and ſtubburne plate they dight,
Before the old man ſtalkt, they follow'd him
Through gloomie ſhades of ſad and ſable night,
Through vaults obſcure againe and entries dim,
The way they came their ſteps remeaſurde right,
But at the flood arriu'd, farewell (quoth hee)
Good lucke your aide, your guide good fortune bee.

3

The flood receiu'd them in his bottome low,
And lift them vp, aboue his billowes thin;
The waters ſo caſt vp a branch or bow,
By violence firſt plung'd and diu'd therein:
But when vpon the ſhore the waues them throw,
The knights for their faire guide to looke begin,
And gaſing round, a little barke they ſpide,
Wherein a damſell ſate the ſterne to guide;

4

Vpon her front her lockes were curled new,
Her eies were curteous, full of peace and loue;
In looke a ſaint, an Angell bright in ſhew,
So in her viſage grace and vertue ſtroue;
Her roabe ſeem'd ſometimes red, and ſometimes blew,
And changed ſtill as ſhee did ſtirre or moue;
That looke how oft mans eie beheild the ſame,
So oft the colours changed, went and came.

5

The feathers ſo (that tender, ſoft and plaine,
About the doues ſmooth necke cloſe couched beene)
Doe in one colour neuer long remaine,
But change their hew, gainſt glimſe of *Phœbus* ſheene;
And now of rubies bright a vermile chaine,
Now make a Carknet rich of Emraudes greene;
Now mingle both, now alter, turne and change
To thouſand colours, rich, pure, faire and ſtrange.

6

Enter this boate, you happie men (ſhe ſaies)
Wherein through raging waues ſecure I ride,
To which all tempeſt, ſtorme, and winde obaies,
All burdens light, benigne is ſtreame and tide:
My Lord (that rules your iourneies and your waies)
Hath ſent me heere, your ſeruant and your guide,
This ſaid, her Shallop droue ſhe gainſt the ſand,
And anchor caſt amid the ſtedfaſt land.

7

They entred in, her anchors ſhe vpwound,
And lanched foorth to ſea her pinneſſe flit,
Spred to the winde her ſailes ſhe broad vnbound,
And at the helme ſate downe to gouerne it,
Swelled the floud that all his banks he drownd,
To beare the greateſt ſhip of burthen fit;
Yet was her Frigot, little, ſwift and light,
That at his loweſt ebbe beare it he might.

8

Swifter than thought the friendly winde foorth bore
The ſliding boate, vpon the rowling waue,
With crudded fome, and froth the billowes hore
About the cable murmur, rore and raue;
At laſt they came where all his watrie ſtore,
The floud in one deepe chanell did engraue,
And foorth to greedie ſeas his ſtreames he ſent,
And ſo his waues, his name, himſelfe, he ſpent.

9

The wondrous boate ſcant toucht the troubled maine,
But all the ſea ſtill, huſht, and quiet was,
Vaniſht the clouds, ceaſed the winde and raine,
The tempeſts threatned ouerblow and pas,
A gentle breathing aire made eu'n and plaine
The azure face of heau'ns ſmooth looking glas,
And heau'n it ſelfe, ſmild from the skies aboue,
(With a calme cleerneſſe) on the earth his loue.

10

By Aſcalon they ſailed, and foorth driued,
Towards the weſt their ſpeedie courſe they frame,
In ſight of Gaza till the barke atriued,
A little port when firſt it tooke that name;
But ſince by others loſſe ſo well it thriued,
A citie great and rich that it became,
And there the ſhores and borders of the land
They found as full of armed men, as ſand.

11

The paſſengers to landward turnd their ſight,
And there ſawe pitched many a ſtately tent,
Souldiour and footman, captaine, lord and knight,
Betweene the ſhore and cittie, came and went:
Huge elephants, ſtrong camels, courſers light,
With horned hoofes the ſandie waies out rent,
And in the hauen many a ſhip and boate,
(With mightie anchores faſtned) ſwim and floate;)

12

Some ſpred their ſailes, ſome with ſtrong owers ſweepe
The waters ſmooth, and bruſh the buxome waue,
Their breaſts inſunder cleaue the yeelding deepe,
The broken ſeas for anger fome and raue,
When thus their guide began, ſir knights take keepe
How all theſe ſhores are ſpred with ſquadrons braue,
And troupes of hardie knights, yet on theſe ſands
The monarch ſcant hath gathred halfe his bands.

13

Of Egypt onely theſe the forces are,
And aid from other lands they here attend,
For twixt the nooneday ſun and morning ſtarre,
All realmes at his command do bowe and bend;
So that I truſt we ſhall returne from farre,
And bring our iourney long to wiſhed end,
Before this (king or his lieutenant) ſhall
Theſe armies bring, to Sions conquerd wall.

14

While thus ſhe ſaid, as ſoaring eagles flie
Mongſt other birdes, ſecurely through the aire,
And mounting vp behold with wakefull eie,
The radiant beames of old Hiperious haire,
Her gondelay ſo paſſed ſwiftly bie
Twixt ſhip and ſhip, withouten feare, or caire
Who ſhould her follow, trouble, ſtop or ſtay,
And foorth to ſea made luckie ſpeed and way.

15

Themſelues forenenſt old *Raphias* towne they fand,
A towne that firſt to ſailers doth appeere,
As they from Syria paſſe to Egypt land,
The ſterill coaſtes of barren Rinoceere
They paſt, and ſeas where Caſius hill doth ſtand,
That with his trees oreſpreads the waters neere,
Againſt whoſe rootes breaketh the brackiſh waue,
Where *Ioue* his temple; *Pompeie* hath his graue.

16

Then Damiata next, where they behold
How to the ſea his tribute Nilus paies,
By his ſeu'n mouthes renown'd in ſtories old,
And by an hundreth more ignoble waies
They paſt the towne built by the Grecian bold,
Of him call'd Alexandria till our daies,
And *Pharos* towre and iſle, remou'd of yore
Far from the land, now ioyned to the ſhoer:

17

Both Creet and Rhodes they left by North vnſeene,
And ſail'd along the coaſtes of Africke lands,
Whoſe ſea townes faire, but realmes more inward beene
All full of monſters and of deſart ſands,
With her fiue cities then they left Cireene,
Where that old temple of falſe *Hammon* ſtands:
Next Ptolemais, and that ſacred wood
Whence ſpring the ſilent ſtreames of Lethe flood.

18

The greater Sirtes (that ſailers often caſt
In perill great of death and loſſe extreame)
They compaſt round about, and ſafely paſt,
Then Cape Iudeca and flood Magras ſtreame;
Then Tripolie, gainſt which is Malta plaſt,
That low and hid, to lurke in ſeas doth ſeame:
The little Sirtes then, and Alzerbes ile,
Where dwelt the folke that Lotos eate erewhile.

19

Next Tunis on the crooked ſhore they ſpide,
Whoſe bay a rocke on either ſide defends,
Tunis all townes in beautie, wealth and pride,
Aboue, as far as Libias bounds extends;
Gainſt which (from faire Scicilias fertile ſide)
His rugged front great Lilebenni bends,
The Dame there pointed out where ſometimes ſtoud,
(Romes ſtately riuall whilome) Carthage proud,

20

Great Carthage lowe in aſhes cold doth lie,
Her ruines poore the herbes in height ſcant paſſe,
So cities fall, ſo periſh kingdomes hie,
Their pride and pompe lies hid in ſand and graſſe:
Then why ſhould mortall man repine to die,
Whoſe life, is aire; breath, winde; and bodie, glaſſe?
From thence the ſeas next Biſerts walles they cleft,
And far Sardignia on their right hand left.

21

Numidias mightie plaines they coaſted then,
Where wandring ſhepherds vs'd their flockes to feed,
Then Bugia and Argiere, th'infamous den
Of Pirates falſe, Oran they left with ſpeed,
All Tingitan they ſwiftly ouer-ren,
Where Elephants and angrie Lyons breed,
Where now the Realmes of Feſſe and Marocke bee,
Gainſt which Granadoes ſhores and coaſtes they ſee.

22

Now are they there, where firſt the ſea brake in
By great *Alcides* helpe (as ſtories faine)
True may it be that where thoſe floodes begin
It whilome was a firme and ſolid maine,
Before the ſea there through did paſſage win,
And parted Africke from the land of Spaine,
Abila hence, thence Calpe great vp ſprings,
Such powre hath time to change the face of things.

23

Foure times the ſunne had ſpred his morning ray,
Since firſt the Dame launcht foorth her wandrous barge,
And neuer yet tooke port in creeke or bay,
But fairely forward bore the knights her charge,
Now through the ſtrait her iolly ſhip made way,
And boldly ſail'd vpon the Ocean large;
But if the ſea in midſt of earth was great,
O what was this, wherein earth hath her ſeat?

24

Now deepe engulphed in the mightie flood
They ſaw not Gades, nor the mountaines neare,
Fled was the land, and townes on lande that ſtood,
Heau'n cou'red ſea, ſea ſeem'd the heau'ns to beare,
At laſt, faire Ladie (quoth *Vbaldo* good)
That in this endleſſe maine doſt guide vs heare,
If euer man before here ſailed, tell,
Or other landes here be wherein men dwell.

27

Great *Hercules* (quoth ſhe) when he had quaild
The monſters fierce in Affricke and in Spaine,
And all along your coaſtes and countries ſaild,
Yet durſt he not aſſay the Ocean maine,
Within his pillours would he haue impaild
The ouerdaring wit of mankinde vaine,
Till Lord *Vlyſſes* did thoſe bounders pas,
To ſee and know he ſo deſirous was.

He

26

He paſt thoſe pillours,and in open waue
Of the broad ſea firſt his bould ſailes vntwind,
But yet the greedie Ocean was his graue,
Nought helped him his skill gainſt tide and wind,
With him all witneſſe of his voyage braue
Lies buried there,no truth thereof we find,
And they whom ſtorme hath forced that way ſence,
Are drowned all,or vnreturn'd from thence:

27

So that this mightie ſea is yet vnſought,
Where thouſand Iſles and kingdomes lie vnknowne,
Not voide of men as ſome haue vainely thought,
But peopled well,and wonned like your owne,
The land is fertill ground,but ſcant well wrought,
Aire,wholeſome ; temp'rate ſunne ; graſſe proudly growne.
But (quoth *Vbaldo*) dame,I pray thee teach
Of that hid world,what be the lawes and ſpeach.

28

As diuers be their nations (anſwred ſhee)
Their toongs,their rites,their lawes ſo diffrent arre,
Some pray to beaſts,ſome to a ſtone or tree,
Some to the earth,the ſunne,or morning ſtarre;
Their meates vnwholſome, vile and hatefull bee,
Some eate mans fleſh,and captiues tane in warre,
And all from Calpes mountaine weſt that dwell,
In faith profane,in life are rude and fell.

29

But will our gracious God(the knight replide)
(That with his bloud all ſinfull men hath bought)
His truth for euer and his Goſpell hide
From all thoſe lands,as yet vnknowne,vnſought ?
O no (quoth ſhe) his name both farre and wide
Shall there be knowne,all learning thither brought,
Nor ſhall theſe long and tedious waies for euer
Your world and theirs,their lands,your kingdoms ſeuer.

30

The time ſhall come that ſaylers ſhall diſdaine
To talke or argue of Alcides ſtreat,
And landes and ſeas that nameleſſe yet remaine,
Shall well be knowne,their bounders,ſcite and ſeat,
The ſhips encompaſſe ſhall the ſollid maine,
As farre as ſeas outſtretch their waters great,
And meaſure all the world,and with the ſunne
About this earth,this globe,this compaſſe, runne.

31

A knight of Genes ſhall haue the hardiment
Vpon this wondrous voyage firſt to wend,
Nor windes nor waues, that ſhips inſunder rent,
Nor ſeas vnus'd, ſtrange clime or poole vnkend,
Nor other perill, nor aſtoniſhment
That makes fraile harts of men to bow and bend,
Within Abilas ſtrait ſhall keepe and hold,
The noble ſpirit of this ſaylor bold.

32

Thy ſhip (*Columbus*) ſhall her canuaſſe wing
Spread ore that world, that yet concealed lies,
That ſcant ſwift fame her lookes ſhall after bring,
Though thouſand plumes ſhe haue, and thouſand eies.
Let her of *Bacchus* and *Alcides* ſing,
Of thee to future age let this ſuffies,
That of thine actes ſhe ſome forewarning giue,
Which ſhall in verſe and noble ſtorie liue.

33

Thus talking, ſwift twixt South and Weſt they runne,
And ſliced out twixt froth and ſome their way;
At once they ſaw before, the ſetting ſunne;
Behind, the riſing beame of ſpringing day;
And when the morne her drops and dewes begunne
To ſcatter broad vpon the flowring lay,
Farre off a hill and mountaine high they ſpide,
Whoſe top the cloudes enuiron, cloath and hide;

34

And drawing neere, the hill at eaſe they vew,
When all the cloudes were molten, falne and fled,
Whoſe top Pyramide wiſe did pointed ſhew,
High, narrow, ſharpe, the ſides yet more outſpred,
Thence now and than fire, flame and ſmoake out flew,
As from that hill, where vnder lies in bed
Enceladus, whence with imperious ſway
Bright fire breakes out by night, blacke ſmoake by day.

35

About the hill lay other Iſlands ſmall,
Where other rockes, crags, clifts, and mountaines ſtood,
Th'iſles fortunate theſe elder time did call,
To which high heau'n they fain'd ſo kinde and good,
And of his bleſſings ritch ſo liberall,
That without tillage earth giues corne for food,
And grapes that ſwell with ſweete and pretious wine,
There without pruning yeelds the fertill vine.

The

36

The Oliue fat there euer buds and flowres,
The honie drops from hollow okes diſtill,
The falling brooke her ſiluer ſtreames downe powres,
With gentle murmur from their natiue hill,
The weſtren blaſt tempreth with deawes and ſhowres
The ſunnie rayes, leaſt heat the bloſſoms kill,
The fields Eliſian (as fond heathen ſaine)
Were there, where ſoules of men in bliſſe remaine.

37

To theſe their pilot ſteard, and now (quoth ſhee)
Your voyage long to end is brought well neare,
The happie iſles of fortune now you ſee,
Of which great fame, and little truth, you heare,
Sweet, wholſome, pleaſant, fertile, fat they bee,
Yet not ſo rich as fame reports they weare.
This ſaid, towards an iſland freſh ſhe bore,
The firſt of ten, that lies next Africkes ſhore;

38

When *Charles* thus, if (worthie gouerneſſe)
To our good ſpeed ſuch tariance be no let,
Vpon this iſle that heau'n ſo faire doth bleſſe,
(To view the place) on land a while vs ſet,
To know the folke, and what God they confeſſe,
And all whereby mans hart may knowledge get,
That I may tell the wonders therein ſeene
Another day, and ſay, there haue I beene.

39

She anſw'red him, well fits this high deſire
Thy noble hart, yet cannot I conſent,
For heau'ns decree, firme, ſtable and intire,
Thy wiſh repugnes, and gainſt thy will is bent,
Nor yet the time hath *Titans* gliding fire
Met forth, prefixt for this diſcouerment,
Nor is it lawfull of the Ocean maine
That you the ſecrets know, or knowne explaine.

40

To you withouten needle, map or card
Its giuen to paſſe theſe ſeas, and there arriue
Where in ſtrong priſon lies your knight imbard,
And of her pray you muſt the witch depriue:
If further to aſpire you be prepar'd,
In vaine gainſt fate and heau'ns decree you ſtriue,
While thus ſhe ſaid, the firſt ſeene iſle gaue place,
And high and rough the ſecond ſhow'd his face.

They

41

They ſaw how Eaſtward ſtretcht in order long,
The happie iſlands ſweetly flowring lay;
And how the ſeas betwixt thoſe Iſles inthrong,
And how they ſhouldred land from land away:
In ſeuen of them the people rude among
The ſhadie trees, their ſheds had built of clay,
The reſt lay waſte, vnleſſe wilde beaſtes vnſeene,
Or wanton Nymphes, roam'd on the moũtaines greene.

42

A ſecret place they found in one of thoſe,
Where the cleft ſhore, ſea in his boſome takes,
And twixt his ſtretched armes doth fold and cloſe
An ample Bay, a rocke the hauen makes,
Which to the maine doth his broad backe oppoſe,
Whereon the roaring billow cleaues and brakes,
And here and there two crags like turrets hie,
Point forth a port, to all that ſaile thereby:

43

The quiet ſeas below lie ſafe and ſtill,
The greenewood like a garland growes aloft,
Sweete caues within, coole ſhades and waters ſhrill,
Where lie the Nymphes on Moſſe and Iuie ſoft;
No anchor there needes hold her frigot ſtill,
Nor cabble twiſted ſure, though breaking oft:
Into this deſart, ſilent, quiet glade,
Entred the dame, and there her hauen made.

44

The pallace proudly built (quoth ſhe) behold,
That ſits on top of yonder mountaines hight,
Of Chriſtes true faith there lies the champion bold
In idleneſſe, loue, fancie, folly, light;
When *Phœbus* ſhall his riſing beames vnfold,
Prepare you gainſt the hill to mount vpright,
Nor let this ſtay in your bold harts breed care,
For, ſaue that one, all howres vnluckie are;

45

But yet this euening (if you make good ſpeed)
To that hils foote with day-light might you paſſe.
Thus ſaid, the Dame their guide, and they agreed,
And tooke their leaue, and leapt forth on the graſſe,
They found the way that to the hill doth leed,
And ſoftly went that neither tired was,
But at the mountaines foot they both arriued,
Before the ſunne his teame in waters diued.

They

46

They ſaw how from the crags and cliftes below
His proud and ſtately pleaſant top grew out,
And how his ſides were clad with froſt and ſnow,
The height was greene with herbes and flowrets ſout,
Like hairie lockes the trees about him grow,
The rocks of ice keepe watch and warde about,
The tender roſes and the lillies new,
Thus art can nature change, and kinde ſubdew.

47

Within a thicke, a darke and ſhadie plot,
At the hils foote that night the warriours dwell,
But when the ſunne his rayes bright ſhining, hot,
Diſpred, of golden light th' eternall well,
Vp, vp, they cride, and fiercely vp they got,
And climed boldly gainſt the mountaine fell;
But forth there crept (from whence I cannot ſay)
An ougly ſerpent, which foreſtall'd their way,

48

Armed with golden ſcales his head and creſt
He lifted high, his necke ſweld great with ire,
Flamed his eies, and hiding with his breſt
All the broad path, he poyſon breath'd and fire,
Now reacht he forth in foldes and forward preſt,
Now would he backe in rowles and heapes retire,
Thus he preſents himſelfe to garde the place,
The knights preas'd forward with aſſured pace.

49

Charles drew forth his brand to ſtrike the ſnake;
Vbaldo cride, ſtay my companion deare,
Will you with ſword or weapon battaile make
Againſt this monſter that affronts vs heare?
This ſaid, he gan his charmed rod to ſhake,
So that the ſerpent durſt not hiſſe for feare,
But fled, and dead for dread, fell on the gras,
And ſo the paſſage plaine, eath, open was.

50

A little higher on the way they met
A lion fierce, that hugely roard and cride,
His creſt he reared hie, and open ſet
Of his broad gaping iawes the fornace wide,
His ſterne his backe oft ſmote his rage to whet;
But when the ſacred ſtaffe he once eſpide,
A trembling feare through his bold hart was ſpred,
His natiue wrath was gone, and ſwift he fled.

51

The hardie couple on their way forth wend,
And met an hoſt that on them rore and gape,
Of ſauage beaſtes, tofore vnſeene, vnkend,
Diffring in voice, in ſemblance and in ſhape;
All monſters which hot Affricke doth forth ſend,
Twixt Nilus, Atlas, and the ſouthren cape,
Were all there met, and all wilde beaſtes beſides,
Hircania breedes, or Hircane forreſts hides.

52

But yet that fierce, that ſtrange and ſauage hoſt,
Could not in preſence of thoſe worthies ſtand,
But fled away, their hart and courage loſt,
When Lord *Vbaldo* ſhooke his charming wand,
No other let their paſſage ſtopt or croſt,
Till on the mountaines top themſelues they fand,
Saue that the ice, the froſt, and drifted ſnow,
Oft made them feeble, wearie, faint and ſlow,

53

But hauing paſſed all that froſen ground,
And ouergone that winter ſharpe and keene,
A warme, milde, pleaſant, gentle skie they found,
That ouerſpred a large and ample greene,
The windes breath'd Spikenard, Myrrhe and balme around,
The blaſtes there firme, vnchanged, ſtable beene,
Nor as elſewhere the windes now riſe now fall,
And *Phebus* there aie ſhines, ſets not at all.

54

Not as elſewhere now ſunſhine bright, now ſhowres,
Now heat, now cold, there enterchanged weare,
But euerlaſting ſpring milde heau'n downe powres,
In which nor raine, nor ſtorme, nor cloudes appeare,
Nurſing to fields, their graſſe; to graſſe, his flowres;
To flowres, their ſmell; to trees, the leaues they beare;
There by a lake a ſtately pallace ſtands,
That ouerlookes all mountaines, ſeas and lands:

55

The paſſage hard againſt the mountaine ſteepe,
Theſe trauailers had faint and wearie maide,
That through thoſe graſſie plaines they ſcantly creepe,
They walkt, they reſted oft; they went, they ſtaide,
When from the rocks that ſeem'd for ioy to weepe,
Before their feete a dropping chriſtall plaide,
Entiſing them to drinke, and on the flowres
The plentious ſpring a thouſand ſtreams downe powres.

56

All which vnited in the ſpringing graſſe,
Eate foorth a chanell through the tender greene,
And vnderneath eternall ſhade did paſſe,
With murmur ſhrill,colde,pure,and ſcantly ſeene;
Yet ſo tranſparent that perceiued was
The bottome rich,and ſands that golden beene,
And on the brimmes the ſilken graſſe aloft
Proffred them ſeates,ſweete,eaſie,freſh and ſoft.

57

See heare the ſtreame of laughter,ſee the ſpring
(Quoth they) of danger and of deadly paine,
Heere fond deſire muſt by faire gouerning
Be rulde,our luſt bridled with wiſedomes raine,
Our eares be ſtopped while theſe Syrens ſing,
Their notes entiſing man to pleaſure vaine.
Thus paſt they forward where the ſtreame did make
An ample pond,a large and ſpatious lake;

58

There on a table was all daintie food
That ſea,that earth,or liquid aire could giue,
And in the criſtall of the laughing flood,
They ſawe two naked virgins bathe and diue,
That ſometimes toying,ſometimes wraſtling ſtood,
Sometimes for ſpeed and skill in ſwimming ſtriue,
Now vnderneath they diude,now roſe aboue,
And tiſing baites laid foorth of luſt and loue.

59

Theſe naked wantons,tender,faire and white,
Mooued ſo farre the warriours ſtubborne harts,
That on their ſhapes they gazed with delite;
The Nymphes applide their ſweete alluring artes,
And one of them aboue the waters quite,
Lift vp her head,her breſts,and higher partes,
And all that might weake eies ſubdew and take,
Her lower beauties vaild the gentle lake.

60

As when the morning ſtarre eſcapt and fled,
From greedie waues with dewie beames vp flies,
Or as the Queene of loue,new borne and bred
Of th'Oceans fruitfull froth,did firſt ariſe:
So vented ſhe,her golden lockes foorth ſhed
Round pearles and criſtall moiſt therein which lies:
But when her eies vpon the knights ſhe caſt
She ſtart,and fain'd her of their ſight agaſt.

61

And her faire lockes, that on a knot were tide
High on her crowne, ſhe gan at large vnfold;
Which falling long and thicke, and ſpreading wide,
The iuorie ſoft and white, mantled in gold:
Thus her faire skin the dame would cloath and hide,
And that which hid it no leſſe faire was hold;
Thus clad in waues and lockes, her eies diuine
From them aſhamed did ſhe turne and twine.

62

With all ſhe ſmiled, and ſhe bluſht withall,
Her bluſh, her ſmiling; ſmiles, her bluſhing graced:
Ouer her face her amber treſſes fall,
Where vnder loue himſelfe in ambuſh placed:
At laſt ſhe warbled forth a treble ſmall,
And with ſweet lookes, her ſweet ſongs enterlaced;
O happie men! that haue the grace (quoth ſhee)
This bliſſe, this heau'n, this paradiſe to ſee.

63

This is the place wherein you may aſſwage
Your ſorrowes paſt, here is that ioy and blis,
That floriſht in the antique golden age,
Here needes no law, here none doth ought amis,
Put off thoſe armes and feare not *Mars* his rage,
Your ſword, your ſhield, your helmet needleſſe is;
Then conſecrate them here to endleſſe reſt,
You ſhall loues champions be, and ſoldiers bleſt.

64

The fields for combat here are beds of downe,
Or heaped lillies vnder ſhadie brakes;
But come and ſee our qūeene with golden crowne,
That all her ſeruants bleſt and happie makes,
She will admit you gently for her owne,
Numbred with thoſe that of her ioy partakes:
But firſt within this lake your duſt and ſweat
Waſh off, and at that table ſit and eat.

65

While thus ſhe ſung, her ſiſter lur'de them nie
With many a geſture kinde and louing ſhow,
To muſicks ſound as dames in court applie
Their cunning feet, and dance now ſwift now ſlow;
But ſtill the knights vnmoued paſſed bie,
Theſe vaine delights for wicked charmes they know,
Nor could their heau'nly voice or angels looke
Surpriſe their harts, if eie or eare they tooke.

66

For if that sweetnes once but toucht their harts,
And profred there to kindle *Cupids* fire,
Straight armed reason to his charge vpstarts,
And quencheth lust, and killeth fond desire;
Thus scorned were the dames, their wiles and arts:
And to the pallace gates the knights retire,
While in their streames the damsels diued sad,
Asham'd, disgraste, for that repulse they had.

The sixteenth Booke of Godfrey *of Bullvigne.*

The argument.

The searchers passe through all the pallace bright,
Where in sweet prison lies Rinaldo *pent,*
And doe so much, that full of rage and spight,
With them he goes sad, shamed, discontent:
With plaints and prayers to retaine her knight
Armida *striues; he heares, but thence he went,*
And she forlorne her pallace great and faire
Destroies for griefe, and flies thence through the aire.

1

THE pallace great is builded rich and round,
And in the center of the inmost hold,
There lies a garden sweet, on fertile ground,
Fairer than that where grew the trees of gold:
The cunning sprites had buildings rear'd around,
With doores and entries false a thousand fold,
A labyrinth they made that fortresse braue,
Like *Dedals* prison or *Porsennaes* graue.

2

The knights past through the castles largest gate,
(Though round about an hundreth ports there shine)
The doore leaues fram'd of carued siluer plate,
Vpon their golden hinges turne and twine,
They staid to view this worke of wit and state,
The workmanship excell'd the substance fine,
For all the shapes in that rich mettall wrought,
Saue speech, of liuing bodies wanted nought.

Alcides

3

Alcides there ſate telling tales, and ſponne
Among the feeble troupes of damſels milde,
He that the firie gates of hell had wonne,
And heau'n vpheld; falſe loue ſtood by and ſmild:
Armd with his club faire *Iolee* foorth ronne,
His club with bloud of monſters foule defilde,
And on her backe his lions skin had ſhee,
Too rough a barke for ſuch a tender tree.

4

Beyond, was made a ſea, whoſe azure flood
The hoarie froth cruſht from the ſurges blew,
Wherein two nauies great well ranged ſtood
Of warlike ſhips, fire from their armes out flew,
The waters burnt about their veſſels good,
Such flames the gold therein enchaſed threw,
Cæſar his Romaines hence, the Aſian kings
Thence *Antonie*, and Indian princes brings.

5

The Ciclades ſeem'd to ſwim amid the maine,
And hill gainſt hill, and mount gainſt mountaine ſmote,
With ſuch great furie met thoſe armies twaine,
Here burnt a ſhip, there ſunke a barke or bote,
Here darts and wildefire flew, there drown'd or ſlaine
Of princes dead, the bodies fleete and flote;
Here *Cæſar* wins, and yonder conquerd beene
The eaſtren ſhips, there fled th'Egyptian queene:

6

Antonius eeke himſelfe to flight betooke,
The Empire loſt to which he would aſpire,
Yet fled not he, nor fight for feare forſooke,
But follow'd her, drawne on by fond deſire:
Well might you ſee within his troubled looke,
Striue and contend, loue, courage, ſhame and ire;
Oft lookt he backt, oft gaz'de he on the fight,
But oftner on his miſtreſſe and her flight:

7

Then in the ſecret creekes of fruitfull Nile,
Caſt in her lappe, he would ſadde death awate,
And in the pleaſure of her louely ſmile,
Sweeten the bitter ſtroake of curſed fate,
All this did art with curious hand compile
In the rich mettall of that princely gate.
The knights theſe ſtories viewed firſt and laſt,
Which ſeene, they forward preas'd, and in they paſt:

8

As through his chanell crookt *Meander* glides
With turnes and twines, and rowles now to now fro,
Whoſe ſtreames run foorth there to the ſalt ſea ſides,
Here backe returne, and to their ſpringward go:
Such crooked pathes, ſuch waies this pallace hides;
Yet all the maze their mappe deſcribed ſo,
That through the labyrinth they got in fine,
As *Theſeus* did by *Ariadnaies* line.

9

When they had paſſed all thoſe troubled waies,
The garden ſweete ſpred foorth her greene to ſhew,
The mouing chriſtall from the fountaines plaies,
Faire trees, high plants, ſtrange herbes and flowrets new,
Sunſhinie hils, dales hid from Phœbus raies,
Groues, arbours, moſſie caues at once they vew,
And that which beautie moſt, moſt woonder brought,
No where appeard the arte which all this wrought.

10

So with the rude the poliſht mingled was,
That naturall ſeemd all, and euery part,
Nature would craft in counterfaiting pas,
And imitate her imitator art:
Milde was the aire, the skies were cleere as glas,
The trees no whirlewind felt, nor tempeſt ſmart,
But ere their fruit drop off, the bloſſome comes,
This ſprings, that fals, that ripeneth, and this blomes.

11

The leaues vpon the ſelfeſame bow did hide,
Beſide the yoong the old and ripened figge,
Here fruit was greene, there ripe with vermile ſide,
The apples new and old grew on one twigge,
The fruitfull vine her armes ſpred high and wide,
That bended vnderneath their cluſters bigge,
The grapes were tender here, hard, yoong and ſowre,
There purple, ripe, and nectar ſweete foorth powre.

12

The ioyous birds, hid vnder greenewood ſhade,
Sung merrie notes on euery branch and bow,
The winde (that in the leaues and waters plaid)
With murmur ſweete, now ſong, and whiſtled now,
Ceaſed the birds, the winde loud anſwere made:
And while they ſung, it rumbled ſoft and low;
Thus, were it happe or cunning, chance or art,
The winde in this ſtrange muſicke bore his part.

With

13

With partie coloured plumes and purple bill,
A woondrous bird among the reſt there flew,
That in plaine ſpeech ſung louelaies loud and ſhrill,
Her leden was like humaine language trew,
So much ſhe talkt and with ſuch wit and skill,
That ſtrange it ſeemed how much good ſhe knew,
Her feathred fellowes all ſtood huſht to heare,
Dombe was the winde, the waters ſilent weare.

14

The gentlie budding roſe (quoth ſhe) behold,
That firſt ſcant peeping foorth with virgin beames,
Halfe ope, halfe ſhut, her beauties doth vpfold
In their deare leaues, and leſſe ſeene, fairer ſeames,
And after ſpreeds them foorth more broad and bold,
Then languiſheth and dies in laſt extreames,
Nor ſeemes the ſame, that decked bed and boure
Of many a ladie late, and paramoure:

15

So, in the paſſing of a day, doth pas
The bud and bloſſome of the life of man,
Nor ere doth flouriſh more, but like the gras
Cut downe, becommeth withred, pale and wan:
O gather then the roſe while time thou has,
Short is the day, done when it ſcant began,
Gather the roſe of loue, while yet thou maſt
Louing, be lou'd; embraſing, be embraſt.

16

He ceaſt, and as approouing all he ſpoke,
The quire of birds their heau'nly tunes renew,
The turtles ſigh'd, and ſighes with kiſſes broke,
The foules to ſhades vnſeene, by paires, withdrew;
It ſeemd the laurell chaſt, and ſtubborne oke,
And all the gentle trees on earth that grew,
It ſeemd the land, the ſea, and heau'n aboue,
All breath'd out fancie ſweete, and ſigh'd out loue.

17

Through all this muſicke rare, and ſtronge conſent
Of ſtrange allurements, ſweete boue meane and meaſure,
Seuere, firme, conſtant, ſtill the knights foorth went,
Hardning their harts gainſt falſe entiſing pleaſure,
Twixt leafe and leafe, their ſight before they ſent,
And after crept themſelues at eaſe and leaſure,
Till they beheld the Queene, ſet with their knight
Beſides the lake, ſhaded with bowes from ſight:

Her

18

Her breaſts were naked,for the day was hot,
Her lockes vnbound,wau'd in the wanton winde;
Somedeale ſhe ſwet (tir'd with the game you wot)
Her ſweat-drops bright,white,round,like pearles of Inde,
Her humide eies a firie ſmile foorth ſhot,
That like ſunne-beames in ſiluer fountaines ſhinde,
Ore him her lookes ſhe hung, and her ſoft breaſt
The pillow was,where he and loue tooke reſt.

19

His hungrie eies vpon her face he fed,
And feeding them ſo,pinde himſelfe away;
And ſhe,declining often downe her hed,
His lippes,his cheekes,his eies kiſt,as he lay,
Wherewith he ſigh'd,as if his ſoule had fled
From his fraile breaſt to hers,and there would ſtay
With her beloued ſprite,the armed pare
Theſe follies all beheld and this hot fare.

20

Downe by the louers ſide there pendant was
A Chriſtall mirrour,bright,pure,ſmooth and neat,
He roſe and to his miſtreſſe held the glas,
(A noble Page,grac'd with that ſeruice great)
She,with glad lookes; he with enflam'd (alas)
Beautie and loue beheld,both in one ſeat;
Yet them in ſundrie obiects each eſpies,
She,in the glaſſe; he,ſaw them in her eies:

21

Her,to commaund; to ſerue,it pleas'd the knight;
He proud of bondage; of her Empire,ſhee;
My deare (ſhe ſaid) that bleſſeſt with thy ſight
Euen bleſſed Angels,turne thine eies to me,
For painted in my hart and purtrai'd right
Thy woorth,thy beauties,and perfections bee,
Of which the forme,the ſhape,and faſhion beſt,
Not in this glas is ſeene,but in my breſt.

22

And if thou me diſdaine,yet be content
At leaſt ſo to behold thy louely hew,
That while thereon thy lookes are fixt and bent,
Thy happie eies themſelues may ſee and vew;
So rare a ſhape,no Chriſtall can preſent,
No glas containe that heau'n of beauties trew;
O let the skies thy woorthie mirrour bee!
And in cleere ſtarres thy ſhape and image ſee.

23

And with that word ſhe ſmil'd, and neretheleſſe
Her loue-toies ſtill ſhe vs'd, and pleaſures bold:
Her haire that donne ſhe twiſted vp in treſſe,
And looſer lockes in ſilken laces roll'd,
Her curles garland wiſe ſhe did vpdreſſe,
Wherein (like ritch ennamell laid on gold,)
The twiſted flowrets ſmil'd, and her white breſt
The Lillies (there that ſpring) with Roſes dreſt.

24

The iolly Peacocke ſpreeds not halfe ſo faire,
The eied feathers of his pompous traine;
Nor golden Iris ſo bendes in the aire
Her twentie colour'd bow, through cloudes of raine:
Yet all her ornaments, ſtrange, rich and raire,
Her girdle did in price and beautie ſtaine,
Not that (with ſcorne) which *Tuſcane Guilla* loſt;
Nor *Venus* Ceſton, could match this for coſt.

25

Of milde denaies, of tender ſcornes, of ſweet
Repulſes, warre, peace, hope, deſpaire, ioy, feare,
Of ſmiles, ieaſtes, mirth, woe, griefe, and ſad regreet;
Sighes, ſorrowes, teares, embracements, kiſſes deare,
That mixed firſt by weight and meaſure meet,
Then at an eaſie fire attempred weare;
This wondrous girdle did *Armida* frame,
And (when ſhe would be loued) wore the ſame.

26

But when her wooing fit was brought to end,
Shee congee tooke, kiſt him, and went her way;
For once ſhe vſed euery day to wend
Bout her affaires, her ſpels and charmes to ſay:
The youth remain'd, yet had no powre to bend
One ſtep from thence, but vſed there to ſtray
Mongſt the ſweete birds, through euerie walke & groue,
Alone, ſaue for an hermit falſe call'd Loue.

27

And when the ſilence deepe and friendly ſhaide
Recall'd the louers to their wonted ſport,
In a faire roome, for pleaſure built, they laide,
And longeſt nights with ioies made ſweet and ſhort.
Now while the queene her houſhold things ſuruaide,
And left her Lord, her garden, and diſport,
The twaine that hidden in the buſhes weare,
Before the Prince in gliſtring armes appeare:

28

As the fierce ſtead for age withdrawne from warre,
Wherein the glorious beaſt had alwaies wonne,
That in vile reſt from fight ſequeſtred farre,
Feedes with the mares at large, his ſeruice donne,
If armes he ſee, or heare the trumpets iarre,
He neieth lowd, and thither faſt doth ronne,
And wiſheth on his backe the armed knight,
Longing for iuſtes, for turnament and fight:

29

So farde *Rinaldo* when the glorious light
Of their bright harneſſe gliſtred in his eies,
His noble ſprite awaked at that ſight,
His bloud began to warme, his hart to riſe,
Though drunke with eaſe deuoid of wonted might,
On ſleepe till then his weakned vertue lies,
Vbaldo forward ſtept, and to him heild
Of dimonds cleere, that pure and pretious ſheild.

30

Vpon the targe his lookes amas'd he bent,
And therein all his wanton habite ſpide,
His ciuet, baulme, and perfumes redolent,
How from his lockes they ſmoakt, and mantle wide,
His ſword that many a Pagan ſtout had ſhent,
Bewrapt with flowres, hung idlie by his ſide,
So nicely decked, that it ſeemd the knight
Wore it for faſhion ſake, but not for fight.

31

As when from ſleepe and idle dreames abraid
A man awakt, cals home his wits againe;
So in beholding his attire he plaid,
But yet to view himſelfe could not ſuſtaine,
His lookes he downward caſt, and nought he ſaid,
Grieu'd, ſhamed, ſad, he would haue died faine,
And oft he wiſht the earth or Ocean wide
Would ſwallow him, and ſo his errours hide.

32

Vbaldo tooke the time, and thus begonne,
All Europe now and Aſia be in warre,
And all that Chriſt adore, and fame haue wonne,
In battaile ſtrong, in Syria fighting arre;
But thee alone (*Bertoldoes* noble ſonne)
This little corner keepes, exiled farre
From all the world, buried in ſloth and ſhame,
A carpet champion for a wanton dame.

33

What letharge hath in drowſineſſe vppend
Thy courage thus? what ſloth doth thee infect?
Vp,vp,our campe and *Godfrey* for thee ſend,
Thee fortune,praiſe,and victorie expect,
Come fatall champion,bring to happie end
This enterpriſe begonne,and all that ſect,
(Which oft thou ſhaken haſt)to earth full low
With thy ſharpe brand,ſtrike downe,kill,ouerthrow.

34

This ſaid,the noble infant ſtood a ſpace
Confuſed,ſpeechleſſe,ſenſleſſe,ill aſhamed;
But when that ſhame to iuſt diſdaine gaue place,
To fierce diſdaine,from courage ſprung vntamed,
Another redneſſe bluſhed through his face,
Whence worthie anger ſhone,diſpleaſure flamed,
His nice attire in ſcorne he rent and tore,
For of his bondage vile that witnes bore;

35

That donne,he haſted from the charmed fort,
And through the maze paſt with his ſearchers twaine.
Armida of her mount and chiefeſt port
Wondred to finde the furious keeper ſlaine,
A while ſhe feared,but ſhe knew in ſhort
That her deare Lord was fled,then ſaw ſhe plaine
(Ah wofull ſight!) how from her gates the man
In haſte,in feare,in wrath,in anger ran.

36

Whither O cruell,leau'ſt thou me alone?
She would haue cride,her griefe her ſpeeches ſtaid,
So that her wofull words are backward gone,
And in her hart a bitter Eccho maide,
Poore ſoule,of greater skill than ſhe was one
Whoſe knowledge from her thus her ioy conuaid,
This wiſt ſhe well,yet had deſire to proue
If art could keepe,if charmes recall her loue.

37

All what the witches of Theſſalia land
With lips vnpure yet euer ſaid or ſpake,
Words that could make heau'ns rolling circles ſtand,
And draw the damned ghoſtes from Limbo lake,
All well ſhe knew,but yet no time ſhe fand
To vſe her knowledge,or her charmes to make,
But left her artes, and forth ſhe ran to proue,
If ſingle beautie were beſt charme for loue.

38

She ran,nor of her honour tooke regarde,
Oh where be all her vants and triumphes now?
Loues Empire great of late ſhe made or marde,
To her his ſubiects humbly bend and bow,
And with her pride mixt was a ſcorne ſo harde,
That to be lou'd,ſhe lou'd,yet whilſt they wow
Her louers all ſhe hates,that pleas'd her will,
To conquer men,and conqu'red ſo,to kill.

39

But now her ſelfe,diſdain'd,abandoned,
Ran after him,that from her fled in ſcorne,
And her deſpiſed beautie laboured,
With humble plaints and praiers,to adorne;
She ran,and haſted after him that fled,
Through froſt and ſnow,through brier,buſh,and thorne,
And ſent her cries on meſſage her before,
That reacht not him,till he had reacht the ſhore:

40

O thou that leau'ſt but halfe behinde (quoth ſhee)
Of my poore hart,and halfe with thee doſt carrie,
O take this part,or render that to mee,
Elſe kill them both at once,ah tarrie,tarrie:
Heare my laſt words,no parting kiſſe of thee
I craue,for ſome more fit with thee to marrie
Keepe them (vnkinde) what fear'ſt thou if thou ſtay?
Thou mai'ſt denie,as well as runne away.

41

At this *Rinaldo* ſtopt,ſtood ſtill,and ſtaid,
She came,ſad,breathleſſe,wearie,faint,and weake,
So woe begone was neuer Nymph or maid;
And yet her beauties pride griefe could not breake,
On him ſhe lookt,ſhee gas'd,but nought ſhe ſaid,
She would not,could not,or ſhe durſt not ſpeake,
At her he lookt not,glanſt not,if he did,
Thoſe glances ſhamefaſte were,cloſe,ſecret,hid.

42

As cunning ſingers,ere they ſtraine on hie,
In loud melodious tunes,their gentle voice,
Prepare the hearers eares to harmonie,
With fainings ſweet,low notes,and warbles choice:
So ſhe,not hauing yet forgot pardie
Her woonted ſhifts and ſleights in *Cupides* toies,
A ſequence firſt of ſighes and ſobbes foorth caſt,
To breed compaſſion deere,than ſpake at laſt.

Suppoſe

43

Suppoſe not (cruell) that I come to wow,
Or pray, as Ladies doe their loues and Lords;
Such were we late, if thou diſdaine it now,
Or ſcorne to grant ſuch grace as loue affords,
At leaſt yet as an enmie liſten thow:
Sworne foes ſometime will talke, and chaffer words,
For what I aske thee, maiſt thou grant right well,
And leſſen nought thy wrath and anger fell.

44

If me thou hate, and in that hate delight,
I come not to appeaſe thee, hate me ſtill,
Its like for like; I bore great hate and ſpight
Gainſt Chriſtians all, chiefly I wiſht thee ill:
I was a Pagan borne, and all my might
Againſt *Godfredo* bent, mine art and skill,
I follow'd thee, tooke thee, and bore thee far
To this ſtrange iſle, and kept thee ſafe from war:

45

And more, which more thy hate may iuſtly moue,
More to thy loſſe, more to thy ſhame and griefe,
I thee enchanted and allur'd to loue,
Wicked deceit, craft worthie ſharpe repriefe,
Mine honor gaue I thee all gifts aboue,
And of my beauties made thee Lord and chiefe,
And to my ſutors old what I denaid,
That gaue I thee (my louer new) vnpraid.

46

But reckon that among my faultes, and let
Thoſe many wrongs prouoke thee ſo to wrath,
That hence thou ronne, and that at naught thou ſet
This pleaſant houſe, ſo many ioyes which hath;
Goe, trauaile, paſſe the ſeas, fight, conqueſt get,
Deſtroy our faith, what ſhall I ſay our fath?
Ah no! no longer ours, before thy ſhrine
Alone I pray, thou cruell ſaint of mine,

47

All only let me goe with thee (vnkinde)
A ſmall requeſt although I were thy foe,
The ſpoiler ſeldome leaues the praie behinde,
Who triumphes lets his captiues with him goe,
Among thy pris'ners poore *Armida* binde,
And let the campe encreaſe thy praiſes ſoe,
That thy beguiler ſo thou couldſt beguile,
And point at me, thy thrall and bondſlaue vile.

48

Deſpiſed bondſlaue, ſince my Lord doth hate
Theſe lockes, why keepe I them or hold them deare?
Come cut them off, that to my ſeruile ſtate
My habit anſwere may, and all my geare:
I follow thee in ſpite of death and fate
Through battles fierce where dangers moſt appeare,
Courage I haue and ſtrength enough (perchance)
To lead thy courſer ſpare, and beare thy lance:

49

I will or beare, or be my ſelfe, thy ſhield,
And to defend thy life, will looſe mine owne:
This breaſt, this boſome ſoft, ſhall be thy bield
Gainſt ſtormes of arrowes, darts and weapons throwne;
Thy foes pardie encountring thee in field,
Will ſpare to ſtrike thee (mine affection knowne)
Leaſt me they wound, nor will ſharpe veng'ance take
On thee, for this deſpiſed beauties ſake.

50

O wretch! dare I ſtill vant, or helpe inuoake
From this poore beautie, ſcorned and diſdained?
She ſaid no more, her teares her ſpeeches broake,
Which from her eies like ſtreames from ſprings down rained:
She would haue caught him by the hand or cloake,
But he ſtept backward, and himſelfe reſtrained,
Conquer'd his will, his hart ruth ſoft'ned not,
There plaintes no iſhue; loue, no entrance got.

51

Loue entred not to kindle in his breſt
(Which reaſon late had quencht) his wonted flame;
Yet entred pitie in the place at leſt:
Loues ſiſter, but a chaſt and ſober dame,
And ſtirr'd him ſo, that hardly he ſuppreſt
The ſpringing teares that to his eies vp came;
But yet euen there his plaints repreſſed weare,
And (as he could) he lookte, and fained cheare.

52

Madame (quoth he) for your diſtreſſe I grieue,
And would amend it, if I might or could,
From your wiſe hart that fond affection driue:
I cannot hate nor ſcorne you though I would,
I ſeeke no veng'ance, wrongs I all forgiue,
Nor you my ſeruant, nor my foe I hould,
Truth is, you err'de, and your eſtate forgot,
Too great your hate was, and your loue too hot.

53

But thoſe are common faultes, and faults of kind,
Excus'd by nature, by your ſexe and yeares;
I erred likewiſe, if I pardon find,
None can condemne you, that our treſpaſſe heares,
Your deare remembrance will I keepe in minde,
In ioes, in woes, in comforts, hopes and feares,
Call me your ſouldiour and your knight, as farre
As Chriſtian faith permits, and Aſias warre.

54

Ah let our faults and follies here take end,
And let our errours paſt you ſatisfie,
And in this Angle of the world ipend,
Let both the fame and ſhame thereof, now die,
From all the earth where I am knowne and kend
I wiſh this fact ſhould ſtill concealed lie:
Nor yet in following me poore knight, diſgrace
Your woorth; your beautie, and your princely race.

55

Stay here in peace, I goe, nor wend you may
With me, my guide your fellowſhip denies,
Stay here or hence depart ſome better way,
And calme your thoughts, you are both ſage and wiſe.
While thus he ſpoke, her paſſions found no ſtay,
But here and there ſhe turn'd and roll'd her eies,
And ſtaring on his face a while, at laſt
Thus in foule termes, her bitter wrath forth braſt.

56

Of Sophia faire thou neuer wert the childe,
Nor of the Azzaine race iſprong thou art,
The mad ſea waues thee bore, ſome Tigreſſe wilde
On Caucaſus cold crags, nurſt thee apart;
Ah cruell man! in whom no token milde
Appeeres, of pitie, ruth, or tender hart,
Could not my griefes, my woes, my plaints and all
One ſigh ſtraine from thy breaſt, one teare make fall?

57

What ſhall I ſay, or how renew my ſpeach?
He ſcornes me, leaues me, bids me call him mine:
The victor hath his foe within his reach;
Yet pardons her, that merits death and pine;
Heare how he counſels me, how he gan preach
(Like chaſt *Xenocrates*) gainſt loue diuine;
Oh heau'ns, oh gods! why doe theſe men of ſhame,
Thus ſpoile your Temples, and blaſpheme your name?

58

Go cruell,go,go with ſuch peace,ſuch reſt,
Such ioy,ſuch comfort,as thou leau'ſt me heare:
My angrie ſoule diſcharg'd from this weake breſt,
Shall haunt thee euer and attend thee neare,
And furie like in ſnakes and fire brands dreſt,
Shall aie torment thee,whom it late held deare:
And if thou ſcape the ſeas,the rockes and ſands,
And come to fight amid the Pagan bands,

59

There lying wounded,mongſt the hurt and ſlaine,
Of theſe my wrongs thou ſhalt the vengeance beare,
And oft *Armida* ſhalt thou call in vaine,
At thy laſt gaſpe; this hope I ſoone to heare:
Heare fainted ſhe,with ſorrow griefe and paine,
Her lateſt words ſcant well expreſſed were,
But in a ſwoune on earth outſtretcht ſhe lies,
Stiffe were her frozen limmes,clos'd were her eies.

60

Thou clos'd thine eies (*Armida*)heau'n enuide
Eaſe to thy griefe,or comfort to thy woe;
Ah,open them againe,ſee teares downe ſlide
From his kinde eies,whom thou eſteemes thy foe,
If thou hadſt heard, his ſighes had mollifide
Thine anger hard,he ſigh'd and mourned ſoe;
And as he could with ſad and rufull looke
His leaue of thee,and laſt farewell he tooke.

61

What ſhould he do? leaue on the naked ſand
This wofull ladie halfe aliue,halfe dead?
Kindneſſe forbod,pittie did that withſtand;
But hard conſtraint (alas) did thence him lead;
Away he went, the weſt winde blew from land
Mongſt the rich treſſes of their pilots head,
And with that golden ſaile the waues ſhe cleft,
To land he lookt,till land vnſeene he left.

62

Wakt from her traunce, forſaken, ſpeechleſſe ſad,
Armida wildly ſtar'd,and gas'd about,
And is he gone (quoth ſhe) nor pittie had
To leaue me thus twixt life and death in doubt?
Could he not ſtay? could not the traitor lad
From this laſt trance helpe or recall me out?
And do I loue him ſtill,and on this ſand
Still vnreuengde,ſtill mourne,ſtill weeping ſtand?

Fie

63

Fie no, complaintes farewell, with armes and art
I will purſue to death this ſpitefull knight,
Not earthes low center, nor ſeas deepeſt part,
Nor heau'n, nor hell, can ſhield him from my might,
I will oretake him, take him, cleaue his hart,
Such veng'ance fits a wronged louers ſpight,
In crueltie that cruell knight ſurpaſſe
I will, but what auaile vaine words, alaſſe?

64

O foole! thou ſhouldeſt haue beene cruell than,
(For than this cruell well deſeru'd thine ire)
When thou in priſon hadſt entrapt the man,
Now dead with cold, too late thou askeſt fire;
But though my wit, my cunning nothing can,
Some other meanes ſhall worke my harts deſire,
To thee (my beautie) thine be all theſe wrongs,
Veng'ance to thee, to thee reuenge belongs.

65

Thou ſhalt be his reward, with murdring brand
That dare this traitor of his head depriue,
O you my louers, on this rocke doth ſtand
The caſtle of her loue, for whom you ſtriue,
I, thee ſole heire of all Damaſcus land,
For this reuenge my ſelfe and kingdome giue,
If by this price my will I cannot gaine,
Nature, giues beautie; fortune, wealth in vaine.

66

But thee vaine gift (vaine beautie) thee I ſcorne,
I hate the kingdome, which I haue to giue,
I hate my ſelfe, and rue that I was borne,
Onely in hope of ſweet reuenge I liue,
Thus raging with fell ire ſhe gan returne
From that bare ſhore in haſte, and homeward driue,
And as true witneſſe of her franticke ire,
Her lockes wau'd looſe, face ſhone, eies ſparkled fire.

67

When ſhe came home, ſhe call'd with outcries ſhrill,
A thouſand deuils in Limbo deepe that wonne,
Blacke cloudes the skies with horrid darknes fill,
And pale for dread became th'eclipſed ſonne,
The whirlewinde bluſtred big on euerie hill,
And hell to roare vnder her feet begonne,
You might haue heard how through the pallace wide,
Some ſpirits howld, ſome barkt, ſome hiſt, ſome cride.

68

A ſhadow, blacker than the mirkeſt night,
Enuiron'd all the place, with darknes ſad,
Wherein a firebrand gaue a dreadfull light,
Kindled in hell by *Tiſiphone* the mad;
Vaniſht the ſhade, the ſun appeard in ſight,
Pale were his beames, the aire was nothing glad,
And all the pallace vaniſht was and gone,
Nor of ſo great a worke was left one ſtone.

69

As oft the clouds frame ſhapes of caſtles great
Amid the aire, that little time do laſt,
But are diſſolu'd by winde or Titans heat;
Or like vaine dreames ſoone made, and ſooner paſt:
The pallace vaniſht ſo, nor in his ſeat
Left ought, but rockes and crags, by kind there plaſt;
She in her coach which two old ſerpents drew,
Sat downe, and as ſhe vs'd, away ſhe flew.

70

She broake the clouds, and cleft the yeelding skie,
And bout her gathred tempeſt, ſtorme, and winde,
The lands that view the ſouth pole flew ſhe bie,
And left thoſe vnknowne countries farre behinde,
The ſtraites of *Hercules* ſhe paſt, which lie
Twixt Spaine and Africke, nor her flight enclinde
To north or ſouth, but ſtill did forward ride
Ore ſeas and ſtreames, till Syrias coaſts ſhe ſpide:

71

Nor went ſhe forward to Damaſcus faire,
But of her countrie deare ſhe fled the ſight,
And guided to Aſphaltes lake her chaire,
Where ſtood her caſtle, there ſhe ends her flight,
And from her damſels farre, ſhe made repaire
To a deepe vault, far from reſort and light,
Where in ſad thoughts a thouſand doubtes ſhe caſt,
Till griefe and ſhame, to wrath gaue place at laſt.

72

I will not hence (quoth ſhe) till Egypts lord
In aide of Sions king, his hoſt ſhall moue;
Then will I vſe all helps that charmes afford,
And change my ſhape, or ſexe if ſo behoue:
Well can I handle bowe, or launce, or ſword,
The worthies all will aide me, for my loue:
I ſeeke reuenge, and to obtaine the ſame,
Farewell regard of honour, farewell ſhame.

Nor

73

Nor let mine vncle and protector me
Reproue for this, he most deserues the blame,
My hart and sex (that weake and tender be)
He bent to deedes, that maidens euill became;
His neece a wandring damsell first made he,
He spurr'd my youth, and I cast off my shame,
His be the fault, if ought gainst mine estate
I did for loue, or shall commit for hate.

74

This said, her knights, her ladies, pages, squires
She all assembleth, and for iourney fit,
In such faire armes and vestures them attires,
As shew'd her wealth, and well declar'd her wit;
And forward marched, full of strange desires,
Nor rested she by day or night one whit,
Till she came there, where all the eastren bands,
Their kings and princes, lay on Gazaes sands.

The seuenteenth Booke of Godfrey *of Bulloigne.*

The argument.

Egypts great host in battaile ray forth brought,
The Caliph sends with Godfreyes *powre to fight;*
Armida *who* Rinaldoes *ruine sought,*
To them adioynes her selfe and Sirias might,
To satisfie her cruell will and thought,
She giues her selfe to him that kils her knight:
He takes his fatall armes, and in his sheild
His ancestors and their great deedes beheild.

1

GAza the citie on the frontire stands
Of Iudaes realme, as men to Egypt ride,
Built neare the sea, beside it of drie sands
Huge wildernesses lie, and desarts wide,
Which the strong windes lift from the parched lands,
And tosse like roring waues in roughest tide,
That from those stormes poore passengers almost
No refuge finde, but there are down'd and lost.

Within

2

Within this towne (wonne from the Turkes of yore)
Strong garriſon the king of Egypt plaſt,
And for it neerer was, and fitted more
That high empriſe, to which his thoughts he caſt,
He left great Memphis, and to Gaza bore
His regall throne, and there, from countries vaſt
Of his huge Empire, all the puiſſant hoaſt
Aſſembled he, and muſtred on the coaſt.

3

Come ſay (my muſe) what manner times theſe weare,
And in thoſe times how ſtood the ſtate of things,
What powre this monarch had, what armes they beare,
What nations ſubiect and what friends he brings;
For from all landes the Southren Ocean neare,
Or morning ſtarre, came Princes, Dukes and Kings,
And onely thou of halfe the world welnie
The armies, Lords, and Captaines, canſt deſcrie.

4

When Egypt from the Greekiſh Emperour
Rebelled firſt, and Chriſtes true faith denide,
Of Mahomets deſcent, a warriour
There ſet his throne, and rulde that kingdome wide,
Caliph he hight, and *Caliphes* ſince that houre
Are his ſucceſſors named all beſide:
So *Nilus* old his kings long time had ſeene
That *Ptolemies* and *Pharoes* call'd had beene.

5

Eſtabliſht was that kingdome in ſhort while,
And grew ſo great, that ouer Aſias landes
And Libias Realmes, it ſtretched many a mile,
From Syrias coaſtes as far as Cirene ſandes,
And Southward paſſed gainſt the courſe of Nile,
Through the hot clime where burnt Siene ſtandes,
Hence bounded in with ſandie deſartes waſt,
And thence with *Euphrates* ritch flood embraſt.

6

Maremma, Myrrhe and ſpices that doth bring,
And all the ritch red ſea it comprehends,
And to thoſe landes, toward the morning ſpring
That lie beyond that gulph, it farre extends:
Great is that Empire, greater by the king
That rules it now, whoſe worth the land amends,
And makes more famous, Lord thereof by blood,
By wiſedome, valour, and all vertues good.

7

With Turkes and Perſians war he oft did wage,
And oft he wonne, and ſometime loſt the feild,
Nor could his aduerſe fortune ought aſſwage
His valours heat, or make his proud hart yeild,
But when he grew vnfit for war through age,
He ſheath'd his ſword, and laid aſide his ſheild:
But yet his warlike minde he laid not downe,
Nor his great thirſt of rule, praiſe, and renowne,

8

But by his knights ſtill cruell wars maintain'd.
So wiſe his words, ſo quicke his wit appeares,
That of the kingdome large ore which he rain'd,
The charge ſeem'd not too weightie for his yeares;
His greatnes Africks leſſer kings conſtrain'd
To tremble at his name, all Inde him feares,
And other realmes that would his friendſhip hold,
Some armed ſoldiers ſent, ſome gifts, ſome gold.

9

This mightie Prince aſſembled had the flowre
Of all his realmes, againſt the French men ſtout,
To breake their riſing empire and their powre,
Nor of ſure conqueſt had he feare or dout:
To him *Armida* came, eu'n at the howre
When in the plaines (old Gazaes walles without)
The Lords and leaders all their armies bring
In battaile ray, muſtred before their king.

10

He on his throne was ſet, to which on hight
Who clombe, an hundred iuorie ſtaires firſt told,
Vnder a pentiſe wrought of ſiluer bright,
And troade on carpets made of ſilke and gold;
His robes were ſuch as beſt beſeemen might
A king, ſo great, ſo graue, ſo rich, ſo old,
And twin'd of ſixtie elles of lawne and more,
A Turbant ſtrange, adorn'd his treſſes hore.

11

His right hand did his pretious ſcepter weild,
His beard was gray, his lookes ſeuere and graue,
And from his eies (not yet made dim with eild)
Sparkled his former worth and vigor braue,
His geſtures all the maieſtie vpheild
And ſtate, as his old age and empire craue,
So *Phidias* caru'd, *Apelles* ſo (pardie)
Earſt painted *Ioue*, *Ioue* thundring downe from skie.

On

12

On either ſide him ſtood a noble lord,
Whereof the firſt held in his vpright hand,
Of ſeuere iuſtice the vnpartiall ſword;
The other bore the ſeale and cauſes ſcand,
Keeping his folke in peace and good accord,
And termed was Lord Chancelour of the land;
But Marſhall was the firſt, and vs'd to leed
His armies foorth to warre, oft with good ſpeed.

13

Of bould Circaſſians with their halberds long,
(About his throne) his guard ſtood in a ring,
All richly armd in guilden corſlets ſtrong,
And by their ſides their crooked ſwords downe hing:
Thus ſet, thus ſeated, his graue lords among,
His hoaſts and armies great beheld the king,
And euery band as by his throne it went,
Their enſignes low enclind, and armes downe bent:

14

Their ſquadrons firſt the men of Egypt ſhow,
In fowre troopes, and each his ſeu'rall guide,
Of the hie countrie two, two of the low,
Which Nile had wonne out of the ſalt ſea ſide,
His fertill ſlime firſt ſtopt the waters flow,
Then hardned to firme land the plough to bide,
So Egypt ſtill encreaſt, within farre plaſt
That part is now, where ſhips earſt anchor caſt.

15

The formoſt band the people were that dwell'd
In Alexandrias rich and fertile plaine,
Along the weſtren ſhore, whence Nile expell'd
The greedie billowes of the ſwelling maine;
Araſpes was their guide, who more excell'd
In wit and craft, than ſtrength or warlike paine,
To place an ambuſh cloſe, or to deuiſe
A treaſon falſe, was none ſo ſlie, ſo wiſe.

16

The people next that gainſt the morning raies
Along the coaſts of Aſia haue their ſeat,
Arontes led them, whom no warlike praiſe
Ennobled, but high birth and titles great,
His helme nere made him ſweat in toilſome fraies,
Nor was his ſleepe ere broake with trumpets threat,
But from ſoft eaſe to trie the toile of fight,
His fond ambition brought this carpet knight.

17

The third ſeem'd not a troupe or ſquadron ſmall,
But an huge hoaſt; nor ſeem'd it ſo much graine
In Egypt grew, as to ſuſtaine them all;
Yet from one towne thereof came all that traine,
A towne in people to huge ſhires equall,
That did a thouſand ſtreetes and more containe,
Great Caire it hight, whoſe Commons from each ſide
Came ſwarming out to war, *Campſon* their guide.

18

Next vnder *Gazell* martched they that plow
The fertill landes aboue that towne which lie,
Vp to the place where *Nilus* tumbling low,
Falles from his ſecond Catarrackt from hie:
Th'Egyptians weap'ned were with ſword and bow,
No weight of helme or hawberke liſt they trie,
And ritchly arm'd in their ſtrong foes no dreed
Of death, but great deſire of ſpoile, they breed.

19

The naked folke of Barca theſe ſucceed,
Vnarmed halfe, *Alarcon* led that band,
That long in deſarts liu'd (in extreme need)
On ſpoiles and praies, purchaſt by ſtrength of hand,
To battell ſtrong vnfit, their king did leed
His armie next brought from Zumara land;
Then he of Tripolie, for ſudden fight
And skirmiſh ſhort, both readie, bold and light.

20

Two Captaines next brought foorth their bandes to ſhow,
Whom ſtonie ſent and happie Arabie,
Which neuer felt the cold of froſt and ſnow,
Or force of burning heat, vnleſſe fame lie,
Where incenſe pure and all ſweete odours grow,
Where the ſole Phœnix, doth reuiue, not die,
And midſt the perfumes ritch and flowrets braue,
Both birth, and buriall, cradle hath, and graue.

21

Their cloathes not ritch, their garments were not gay,
But weapons like th'Egyptian troupes they had;
Th'Arabians next that haue no certaine ſtay,
No houſe, no home, no manſion good or bad,
But euer (as the Scythian Hordas ſtray)
From place to place their wandring cities gad:
Theſe haue both voice and ſtature feminine,
Haire, long and blacke; blacke face, and firie eine.

Long

22

Long Indian Canes(with iron arm'd)they beare,
And as vpon their nimble ſteedes they ride,
Like a ſwift ſtorme their ſpeedie troupes appeare,
If windes ſo faſt bring ſtormes from heauens wide:
By *Siphax* led the firſt Arabians weare;
Aldine the ſecond ſquadron had to guide,
And *Abiazer* proud,brought to the fight
The third,a theefe,a murdrer,not a knight.

23

The Iſlanders came than their Prince before,
Whoſe landes Arabias gulph enclos'd about,
Wherein they fiſh and gather oiſters ſtore,
Whoſe ſhels great pearles ritch and round powre out;
The red ſea ſent with them from his left ſhore,
Of Negroes grim a blacke and ougly rout;
Theſe *Agricalt* and thoſe *Oſmida* brought,
A man that ſet law,faith and truth at nought.

24

The Ethiops next which Meroe doth breed,
That ſweet and gentle iſle of Meroee,
Twixt Nile and Aſtrabore that far doth ſpreed,
Where two religions are,and kingdomes three,
Theſe Aſſamiro and Canario leed,
Both kings,both Pagans,and both ſubiects bee
To the great *Caliph*, but the third king kept
Chriſtes ſacred faith,nor to theſe warres out ſtept.

25

After two kings (both ſubiects alſo) ride,
And of two bandes of archers had the charge,
The firſt Soldan of Orms plaſt in the wide
Huge Perſian bay,a towne ritch, faire and large:
The laſt of Boecan,which at euerie tide
The ſea cuts off from Perſias Southren marge,
And makes an iſle; but when it ebs againe,
The paſſage there is ſandie, drie and plaine.

26

Nor thee (great *Altamore*) in her chaſt bed
Thy louing Queene kept with her deare embrace,
Shee tore her lockes, ſhe ſmote her breaſt,and ſhed
Salt teares to make thee ſtay in that ſweet place,
Seeme the rough ſeas more calme,cruell,ſhe ſed,
Than the milde lookes of thy kind ſpouſes face?
Or is thy ſhield,with blood and duſt defilde,
A dearer armefull than thy tender childe?

27

This was the mightie king of Sarmachand,
A captaine wiſe, well skill'd in feates of warre,
In courage fierce, matchleſſe for ſtrength of hand,
Great was his praiſe, his force was noiſed farre;
His worth rightwell the Frenchmen vnderſtand,
By whom his vertues fear'd and loued arre:
His men were arm'd with helmes and hawberks ſtrong,
And by their ſides broad ſwords and maſes hong.

28

Then from the manſions bright of freſh Aurore,
Alraſtus came, the glorious king of Inde,
A ſnakes greene skinne ſpotted with blacke he wore,
That was made ritch by art and hard by kinde,
An Elephant this furious Giant bore,
He fierce as fire, his mounture ſwift as winde:
Mutch people brought he from his kingdomes wide,
Twixt Indus, Ganges, and the ſalt ſea ſide.

29

The kings owne troupe came next, a choſen crew,
Of all the campe the ſtrength, the crowne, the flowre,
Wherein each ſouldiours had with honours dew
Rewarded beene, for ſeruice, ere that howre;
Their armes were ſtrong for need, and faire for ſhew,
Vpon fierce ſteeds well mounted roade this powre,
And heau'n it ſelfe with the cleare ſplendure ſhone
Of their bright armour, purple, gold and ſtone.

30

Mongſt theſe *Alarco* fierce, and *Odemare*
The muſter maiſter was, and *Hidraort*,
And *Rimedon*, whoſe raſhneſſe tooke no care
To ſhunne deathes bitter ſtroake, in field or fort,
Tigranes, *Rapold* ſterne, the men that fare
By ſea, that robbed in each creeke and port;
Ormond, and *Marlabuſt* th' Arabian nam'd,
Bicauſe that land rebellious he reclam'd.

31

There *Pirga*, *Arimon*, *Orindo* arre,
Brimarte the ſcaler, and with him *Swifant*
The breaker of wilde horſes brought from farre;
Then the great wraſtler ſtrong *Aridamante*,
And *Tiſipherne*, the thunderbolt of warre,
Whom none ſurpaſt, whom none to match durſt vante
At tilt, at turnay, or in combate braue,
With ſpeare or lance, with ſword, with maſe or glaue.

32

A falſe *Armenian* did this ſquadron guide,
That in his youth from Chriſtes true faith and light,
To the blinde lore of Paganiſme did ſlide,
That *Clement* late, now *Emireno*, hight;
Yet to his king he faithfull was, and tride
True in all cauſes, his in wrong and right:
A cunning leader and a ſouldiour bold,
For ſtrength and courage, yoong; for wiſedome, old.

33

When all theſe regiments were paſt and gone,
Appear'd *Armide*, and came her troupe to ſhow,
Set in a chariot bright with pretious ſtone,
Her gowne tuckt vp, and in her hand a bow;
In her ſweete face her new diſpleaſures ſhone,
Mixt with the natiue beauties there which grow,
And quickned ſo her lookes, that in ſharpe wiſe
It ſeemes ſhe threats, and yet her threats entiſe.

34

Her chariot like *Auroraes* glorious waine,
With Carbuncles and Iacinthes gliſtred round:
Her coachman guided with the golden raine
Foure Vnicornes, by couples yoakte and bound;
Of Squires and louely Ladies hundreths twaine,
(Whoſe ratling quiuers at their backes reſound)
On milke white ſteedes, waite on the chariot bright,
Their ſteeds to menage, readie; ſwift, to flight:

35

Follow'd her troupe led foorth by *Aradin*,
Which *Hidraort* from Syrias kingdome ſent,
As when the new borne Phœnix doth begin
To flie to Ethiope ward, at the faire bent
Of her ritch wings ſtrange plumes, and feathers thin,
Her crownes and chaines, with natiue gold beſprent,
The world amazed ſtands; and with her flie
An hoſte of wondring birdes, that ſing and crie:

36

So paſt *Armida*, lookt on, gaz'd on, ſoe,
A woondrous dame in habite, geſture, face;
There liu'd no wight to loue ſo great a foe,
But wiſht and long'd thoſe beauties to imbrace,
Scant ſeene, with anger ſullen, ſad for woe,
She conquer'd all the Lords and knights in place,
What would ſhee doe (her ſorowes paſt) thinke you,
When her faire eies, her lookes and ſmiles ſhall wowe?

37

She paſt, the king commaunded *Emiren*
Of his ritch throne to mount the loftie ſtage,
To whom his hoſte, his armie and his men,
He would commit, now in his grauer age.
With ſtately grace the man approched then;
His lookes, his comming honour did preſage:
The guard aſunder cleft, and paſſage maide,
He to the throne vp went, and there he ſtaide;

38

To earth he caſt his eies and bent his knee:
To whom the king thus gan his will explaine,
To thee this ſcepter *(Emiren)* to thee
Theſe armies I commit, my place ſuſtaine
Mongſt them, goe ſet the king of Iuda free,
And let the Frenchmen feele my iuſt diſdaine,
Goe, meete them, conquer them, leaue none on liue,
Or thoſe that ſcape from battell, bring captiue.

39

Thus ſpake the tyrant, and the ſcepter laid
With all his ſoueraigne powre vpon the knight:
I take this ſcepter at your hand (he ſaid)
And with your happie fortune goe to fight,
And truſt (my Lord) in your great vertues aid,
To venge all Aſias harmes, her wrongs to right,
Nor ere but victor will I ſee your face,
Our ouerthrow ſhall bring death, not diſgrace:

40

Heau'ns grant if euill (yet no miſhap I dread)
Or harme, they threaten gainſt this campe of thine,
That all that miſchiefe fall vpon my head,
Theirs be the conqueſt, and the danger mine;
And let them ſafe, bring home their captaine dead,
Buried in pompe of triumphes glorious ſhine.
He ceas'd, and then a murmur lowd vp went,
With noiſe of ioy and ſound of inſtrument;

41

Amid the noiſe and ſhout, vproſe the king,
Enuironed with many a noble peere,
That to his royall tent the monarch bring,
And there he feaſted them and made them cheere,
To him and him he talkt, and caru'd each thing,
The greateſt honour'd, meaneſt graced weere.
And while this mirth, this ioy and feaſt doth laſt,
Armida found fit time her nets to caſt:

42

But when the feaſt was done, ſhe (that eſpide
All eies on her faire viſage fixt and bent,
And by true notes and certaine ſignes deſcride,
How loues impoiſned fire their entrals brent)
Aroſe, and where the king ſate in his pride,
With ſtately pace and humble geſtures, went;
And as ſhe could in lookes in voice ſhe ſtroue
Fierce, ſterne, bould, angrie, and ſeuere to proue.

43

Great Emperour, behold me heere (ſhe ſaid)
For thee, my countrey, and my faith to fight,
A dame, a virgin, but a royall maid,
And worthie ſeemes this warre a princeſſe hight,
For by the ſword, the ſcepter is vpſtaid,
This hand can vſe them both, with skill and might,
This hand of mine can ſtrike, and at each blow
Thy foes and ours kill, wound, and ouerthrow.

44

Nor yet ſuppoſe this is the formoſt day
Wherein to warre I bent my noble thought,
But for the ſuretie of thy realmes, and ſtay
Of our religion true, ere this I wrought:
Your ſelfe beſt know if this be true I ſay,
Or if my former deeds reiois'd you ought,
When *Godfreyes* hardie knights and princes ſtrong
I captiue tooke, and held in bondage long:

45

I tooke them, bound them, and ſo ſent them bound
To thee, a noble gift, with whom they had
Condemned low in dungeon vnder ground
For euer dwelt, in woe and torment ſad:
So might thine hoaſt an eaſie way haue found
To end this doubtfull warre, with conqueſt glad,
Had not *Rinaldo* fierce my knights all ſlaine,
And ſet thoſe lords his friends, at large againe.

46

Rinaldo is well knowne, (and there a longe
And true rehearſall made ſhe of his deeds)
This is the knight that ſince hath done me wrong,
Wrong yet vntold, that ſharpe reuengement needs:
Diſpleaſure therefore, mixt with reaſon ſtrong,
This thirſt of warre in me, this courage breedes;
Nor how hee iniur'd me time ſerues to tell,
Let this ſuffice, I ſeeke reuengement fell,

And

47

And will procure it, for all ſhaftes that flie
Light not in vaine, ſome worke the ſhooters will,
And *Ioues* right hand with thunders caſt from skie,
Takes open vengeance oft for ſecret ill:
But if ſome champion dare this knight defie
To mortall battaile, and by fight him kill,
And with his hatefull head will me preſent,
That gift my ſoule ſhall pleaſe, my hart content:

48

So pleaſe, that for reward enioy he ſhall,
(The greateſt gift, I can or may afford)
My ſelfe, my beautie, wealth and kingdomes all,
To marrie him, and take him for my lord,
This promiſe will I keepe what ere befall,
And thereto binde my ſelfe by oath and word:
Now he that deemes this purchaſe woorth his paine,
Let him ſtep foorth and ſpeake, I none diſdaine.

49

While thus the Princeſſe ſaid, his hungrie eine
Adraſtus fed on her ſweete beauties light,
The gods forbid (quoth he) one ſhaft of thine
Should be diſchargd gainſt that diſcourteous knight,
His hart vnwoorthie is (ſhootreſſe diuine)
Of thine artillerie to feele the might,
To wreake thine ire behold me preſt and fit,
I will his head cut off, and bring thee it:

50

I will his hart with this ſharpe ſword diuide,
And to the vultures caſt his carkaſſe out.
Thus threatned he, but *Tiſipherne* enuide
To heare his glorious vaunt and boaſting ſtout,
And ſaid, but who art thou, that ſo great pride
Thou ſhew'ſt before the king, me, and this rout?
Pardie heere are ſome ſuch, whoſe woorth exceeds
Thy vaunting much, yet boaſt not of their deeds.

51

The Indian fierce replide, I am the man
Whoſe acts his words and boaſts haue aie ſurpaſt;
But if elſewhere the words thou now began
Had vttred beene, that ſpeech had beene thy laſt.
Thus quarrell'd they, they monarch ſtaid them than,
And twixt the angrie knights his ſcepter caſt;
Then to *Armida* ſaid, faire Queene, I ſee
Thy hart is ſtout, thy thoughts couragious bee:

52

Thou worthy art that their diſdaine and ire
At thy commaunds theſe knights ſhould both appeaſe,
That gainſt thy foe their courage hot as fire
Thou maiſt imploy, both when and where thou pleaſe,
There all their powre and force, and what deſire
They haue to ſerue thee, may they ſhew at eaſe.
The monarch held his peace when this was ſaid,
And they new proffer of their ſeruice maid:

53

Nor they alone, but all that famous weare
In feates of armes, boaſt that he ſhall be dead,
All offer her their aid, all ſay and ſweare
To take reuenge, on his condemned head:
So many armes mou'd ſhe againſt her deare,
And ſwore her darling vnder foote to tread.
But he, ſince firſt th'inchanted iſle he left,
Safe in his barge the roaring waues ſtill cleft.

54

By the ſame way return'd the well taught bote
By which it came, and made like haſte, like ſpeed;
The friendly winde (vpon her ſaile that ſmote)
So turn'd, as to returne her ſhip had need:
The youth ſometime the pole or beare did note,
Or wandring ſtarres, which cleereſt nights forth ſpreed:
Sometimes the floods, the hils, or mountaines ſteepe,
Whoſe woodie frontes oreſhade the ſilent deepe:

55

Now of the campe the man the ſtate enquires;
Now askes the cuſtomes ſtrange of ſundrie landes,
And ſail'd, till clad in beames and bright attires
The fourth daies ſunne on th'Eaſtren threſhold ſtandes:
But when the Weſtren ſeas had quencht thoſe fires,
Their frigot ſtroake againſt the ſhore and ſandes;
Then ſpoke their guide, the lande of Paleſtine
This is, here muſt your iourney end and mine;

56

The Knights ſhe ſet vpon the ſhore all three,
And vaniſht thence in twinkling of an eie.
Vproſe the night in whoſe deepe blacknes bee
All colours hid of things, in earth or skie,
Nor could they houſe, or hold, or harbour ſee,
Or in that deſart ſigne of dwelling ſpie,
Nor trackt of man or horſe, or ought that might
Enforme them of ſome path or paſſage right.

When

57

When they had mus'd what way they trauaile ſhould,
From the waſte ſhore their ſteps at laſt they twinde,
And loe far off at laſt their eies behould
Something (they wiſt not what) that cleerely ſhinde,
With raies of ſiluer and with beames of gould,
Which the darke foulds of nights blacke mantle linde,
Forward they went and marched gainſt the light,
To ſee and finde the thing, that ſhone ſo bright:

58

High on a tree they ſaw an armour new,
That gliſtred bright gainſt *Cinthias* ſiluer ray,
Therein (like ſtars in skies) the dimonds ſhew,
Fret in the gilden helme and hawberke gay,
The mightie ſhield all ſcored full they vew
Of pictures faire, ranged in meet array;
To keepe them ſate an aged man beſide,
Who to ſalute them roſe, when them he ſpide.

59

The twaine, who firſt were ſent in this purſute,
Of their wiſe friend well knew the aged face:
But when the wiſard ſage their firſt ſalute
Receiu'd, and quited had, with kinde embrace,
To the yong Prince (that ſilent ſtood and mute)
He turn'd his ſpeech: in this vnuſed place
For you alone I waite (my Lord) quoth he,
My chiefeſt care your ſtate and welfare be;

60

For (though you wote it not) I am your frend,
And for your profit worke, as theſe can tell,
I taught them how *Armidaes* charmes to end,
And bring you hither from loues hatefull cell,
Now to my words (though ſharpe perchance) attend,
Nor be aggreeu'd although they ſeeme too fell,
But keepe them well in minde, till in the truth
A wiſe and holier man inſtruct thy yuth.

61

Not vnderneath ſweete ſhades and fountaines ſhrill,
Among the nymphes, the fairies, leaues and flours;
But on the ſteepe, the rough and craggie hill
Of vertue, ſtandes this blis, this good of ours:
By toile and trauaile, not by ſitting ſtill
In pleaſures lap, we come to honors bours;
Why will you thus in ſloathes deepe valley lie?
The royall Eagles on high mountaines flie.

Nature

62

Nature liftes vp thy forehead to the skies,
And fils thy hart with high and noble thought,
That thou to heau'nward aie ſhould'ſt lift thine eies,
And purchaſe fame by deedes well donne and wrought,
She giues thee ire, by which hot courage flies
To conqueſt, not through braules and battailes (fought
For ciuill iarres) nor that thereby you might
Your wicked malice wreake and curſed ſpight:

63

But that your ſtrength ſpurr'd forth with noble wraith,
With greater furie might Chriſtes foes aſſault,
And that you bridle ſhould with leſſer ſcaith
Each ſecret vice, and kill each inward fault;
For ſo his godly anger ruled haith
Each righteous man, beneath heau'ns ſtarrie vault,
And at his will makes it now hot, now cold,
Now lets it ronne, now doth it fettred hold.

64

Thus parled he; *Rinaldo* huſht and ſtill
Great wiſdome heard in thoſe few words compilde,
He markt his ſpeech, a purple bluſh did fill
His guiltie cheekes, downe went his eie-ſight milde.
The hermit by his baſhfull lookes his will
Well vnderſtood, and ſaid, looke vp my childe,
And painted in this pretious ſhield behold
The glorious deeds of thy forefathers old:

65

Thine elders glorie herein ſee and know,
In vertues path how they troade all their daies,
Whom thou art farre behinde, a runner ſlow
In this true courſe of honour, fame and praies:
Vp, vp, thy ſelfe incite by the faire ſhow
Of Knigtly worth, which this bright ſhield bewraies,
That be thy ſpurre, to praiſe: at laſt the knight
Lookt vp, and on thoſe purtraites bent his ſight.

66

The cunning workeman had in little ſpace
Infinite ſhapes of men there well expreſt,
For there deſcribed was the worthie race,
And pedegree of all the houſe of *Eſt:*
Come from Romaine ſpring ore all the place
Flowed pure ſtreames of Chriſtall Eaſt and Weſt,
With Laurell crowned ſtood the Princes old,
Their warres the Hermit and their battailes told.

67

He ſhow'd him *Caius* firſt, when firſt in pray
To people ſtrange the falling empire went,
Firſt Prince of Eſt, that did the ſcepter ſway
Ore ſuch as choſe him Lord by free conſent,
His weaker neighbours to his rule obey,
Need made them ſtoupe, conſtraint doth force content;
After, (when Lord *Honorius* call'd the traine,
Of ſauage Gothes into his land againe,)

68

And when all Italie did burne and flame
With bloodie war, by this fierce people maid,
When Rome a captiue and a ſlaue became,
And to be quite deſtroi'd was moſt affraid,
Aurelius (to his euerlaſting fame)
Preſeru'd in peace the folke that him obai'd:
Next whom was *Forreſt*, who the rage withſtood
Of the bold Hunnes, and of their tyrant prood.

69

Knowne by his looke was *Attila* the fell,
Whoſe dragon eies ſhone bright with angers ſparke,
Worſe faced than a dog, who vew'd him well,
Suppos'd they ſaw him grin, and heard him barke;
But when in ſingle fight he loſt the bell,
How through his troupes he fled there might you marke,
And how Lord *Forreſt* after fortified
Aquilias towne, and how for it he died;

70

For there was wrought the fatall end and fine,
Both of himſelfe and of the towne he kept:
But his great ſonne renowned *Acarine*,
Into his fathers place and honour ſtept:
To cruell fate, not to the Hunnes, *Altine*
Gaue place, and when time ſeru'd againe forth lept,
And in the vale of Poe built for his ſeat
Of many a village ſmall, a citie great,

71

Againſt the ſwelling flood he bankt it ſtrong,
And thence vproſe the faire and noble towne,
Where they of Eſt ſhould by ſucceſſion long
Command, and rule in bliſſe and high renowne:
Gainſt *Odoacer* then he fought, but wrong
Oft ſpoileth right, fortune treads courage downe,
For there he dide for his deere countries ſake,
And of his fathers praiſe did ſo partake:

72

With him dide *Alphoriſio*, *Azzo* was
With his deere brother into exile ſent,
But homewards they in armes againe repas,
(The Herule king oppreſt) from baniſhment,
His front through pierced with a dart(alas:)
Next them of *Eſt* th'Epaminondas went,
That ſmiling ſeemd to cruell death to yeild,
When *Totila* was fled,and ſafe his ſheild.

73

Of *Boniface* I ſpeake,*Valerian*
His ſonne in praiſe and powre ſucceeded him,
Who durſt ſuſtaine(in yeeres though ſcant a man)
Of the proud Gothes an hundreth ſquadrons trim:
Then he that gainſt the Sclaues much honour wan,
Erneſto threatning ſtood with viſage grim,
Before him *Aldoard*,the Lombard ſtout
Who from Monſcelces bouldly earſt ſhut out.

74

There *Henrie* was and *Berengare* the bould,
That ſeru'd great *Charles* in his conqueſts hie,
Who in each battle giue the onſet would,
A hardie ſouldiour and a captaine ſlie;
After,prince *Lewes* did he well vphould
Againſt his nephew,king of Italie,
He wonne the fielde and tooke that king on liue:
Next him ſtood *Otho* with his children fiue.

75

Of *Almerike* the image next they vew,
Lord Marques of Ferrara firſt create,
Founder of many churches,that vpthrew
His eies,like one that vs'd to contemplate.
Gainſt him the ſecond *Azzo* ſtood in rew,
With *Berengarious* that did long debate,
Till after often change of fortunes ſtroake,
He wonne,and on all Itaile laid the yoake.

76

Albert his ſonne the Germaines warde among,
And there his praiſe and fame was ſpred ſo wide,
That hauing foil'd the Danes in battaile ſtrong,
His daughter yoong became great *Othoes* bride.
Behinde him *Hugo* ſtood with warfare long,
That broake the horne of all the Romaines pride,
Who of all Italy the Marques hight,
And Tuſcane whole,poſſeſſed as his right.

After

77

After *Tedaldo*, puiſſant *Boniface*
And *Beatrice* his deere poſſeſt the ſtage;
Nor was there left heire male of that great race,
T'enioy the ſcepter, ſtate and heritage;
The Princeſſe *Maude* alone ſupplide the place,
Supplide the want in number, ſexe and age;
For far aboue each ſcepter, throne and crowne,
The noble Dame aduanſt her vaile and gowne:

78

With manlike vigor ſhone her noble looke,
And more than manlike wrath her face oreſpred,
There the fell Normans, *Guichard* there forſooke
The field, till than who neuer fear'd nor fled;
Henrie the fourth ſhe beat, and from him tooke
His ſtandard, and in church it offered;
Which donne, the Pope backe to the Vaticane
She brought, and plaſt in *Peters* chaire againe.

79

As he that honour'd her, and held her deare
Azzo the fifth ſtood by her louely ſide;
But the fourth *Azzos* ofspring far and neare
Spred forth, and through Germania fructifide,
Sprong from that branch did *Guelpho* bold appeare,
Guelpho his ſonne by *Cunigond* his bride,
And in Bauarias field tranſplanted new
This Romane grift floriſht, encreaſt and grew.

80

A branch of Eſt there in the *Guelfian* tree
Engraffed was, which of it ſelfe was old,
Whereon you might the *Guelfoes* fairer ſee,
Renew their ſcepters and their crownes of gold,
On which heau'ns good aſpects ſo bended bee,
That high and broad it ſpred, and floriſht bold,
Till vndernearh his glorious branches lade
Halfe Germanie, and all vnder his ſhade.

81

This regall plant from his Italian rout
Sprong vp as hie, and bloſſom'd faire aboue,
For nenſt Lord *Guelpho*, *Bertold* iſſued out,
With the ſixt *Azzo* whom all vertues loue;
This was the pedegree of worthies ſtout,
Who ſeem'd in that bright ſhield to liue and moue.
Rinaldo waked vp and chear'd his face,
To ſee theſe worthies of his houſe and race.

82

To doe like actes his courage wiſht and ſought,
And with that wiſh tranſported him ſo farre,
That all thoſe deedes which filled aie his thought,
(Townes wonne, fortes taken, armies kild in warre)
As if they were things donne indeed and wrought,
Before his eies he thinks they preſent arre,
He haſtly armes him, and with hope and haſt,
Sure conqueſt met, preuented and imbraſt.

83

But *Charles*, who had told the death and fall
Of the yong Prince of Danes his late deere Lord,
Gaue him the fatall weapon, and withall,
Yong knight (quoth he) take with good lucke this ſword,
Your iuſt, ſtrong, valiant hand in battaile ſhall
Employ it long, for Chriſtes true faith and word,
And of his former Lord reuenge the wrongs,
Who lou'd you ſo, that deed to you belongs.

84

He anſwered, God for his mercie ſake,
Grant that this hand which holds this weapon good,
For thy deere maiſter may ſharpe veng'ance take,
May cleaue the Pagans hart, and ſhed his blood.
To this but ſhort replie did *Charles* make,
And thankt him much, nor more on termes they ſtood:
For loe the wiſard ſage that was their guide
On their darke iourney haſtes them forth to ride,

85

High time it is (quoth he) for you to wend
Where *Godfrey* you awaits, and many a knight,
There may we well arriue ere night doth end,
And through this darkneſſe can I guide you right.
This ſaid, vp to his coach they all aſcend,
On his ſwift wheeles forth roll'd the chariot light,
He gaue his courſers flit the rod and raine,
And gallopt forth and eaſtward droue amaine;

86

While ſilent ſo through nights darke ſhade they flie,
The Hermit thus beſpake the yong man ſtout,
Of thy great houſe, thy race, thine ofspring hie,
Here haſt thou ſeene the branch, the bole, the rout,
And as theſe worthies borne to chiualrie,
And deedes of armes, it hath tofore brought out;
So is it, ſo it ſhall be fertile ſtill,
Nor time ſhall end, nor age that ſeed ſhall kill.

87

Would God, as drawne from the forgetfull lap
Of antique time, I haue thine elders ſhowne;
That ſo I could the Catalogue vnwrap
Of thy great nephewes yet vnborne, vnknowne,
That ere this light they vew, their fate and hap
I might foretell, and how their chance is throwne,
That like thine elders ſo thou mightſt behold
Thy children many, famous, ſtout and bold.

88

But not by art or skill, of things future
Can the plaine troath reuealed be and told,
Although ſome knowledge doubtfull, darke, obſcure
We haue of comming haps in cloudes vprold;
Nor all which in this cauſe I know for ſure
Dare I foretell: for of that father old
The hermit *Peter*, learn'd I much, and hee
Withouten vaile heau'ns ſecrets great doth ſee.

89

But this (to him reueal'd by grace diuine)
By him to me declar'd, to thee I ſay,
Was neuer race Greeke, Barb'rous, or Latine,
Great in times paſt, or famous at this day,
Richer in hardie knights than this of thine;
Such bleſſings heau'n ſhall on thy children lay,
That they in fame ſhall paſſe, in praiſe orecome
The worthies old of Sparta, Carthage, Rome.

90

But mongſt the reſt I choſe *Alphonſus* bould,
In vertue firſt, ſecond in place and name,
He ſhall be borne when this fraile world growes ould,
Corrupted, poore, and bare of men of fame,
Better than he none ſhall, none can, or could
The ſword or ſcepter vſe, or guide the ſame,
To rule in peace, or to command in fight,
Thine ofſprings glorie and thy houſes light.

91

His yonger age foretokens true ſhall yeild
Of future valour, puiſſance, force and might,
From him no rocke the ſauage beaſt ſhall ſheild;
At tilt or turnay match him ſhall no knight:
After he conquer ſhall in pitched feild
Great armies, and win ſpoiles in ſingle fight,
And on his locks (rewards for knightly praiſe)
Shall garlands weare of graſſe, of oke, of baies.

92

His grauer age, as well that eild it fits,
Shall happie peace preſerue, and quiet bleſt,
And from his neighbours ſtrong mongſt whom he ſits,
Shall keepe his cities ſafe, in wealth and reſt,
Shall nouriſh artes, and cheriſh pregnant wits,
Make triumphes great, and feaſt his ſubiects beſt,
Reward the good, the euill with paines torment,
Shall dangers all foreſee; and ſeene, preuent.

93

But if it hap againſt thoſe wicked bands
That ſea and earth infeſt with blood and warre,
And in theſe wretched times to noble lands
Giue lawes of peace, falſe and vniuſt that arre,
That he be ſent, to driue their guiltie hands
From Chriſtes pure altars, and high temples farre,
O what reuenge? what veng'ance ſhall he bring
On that falſe ſect, and their accurſed king?

94

Too late the Moores, too late the Turkiſh king,
Gainſt him ſhould arme their troupes and legions bold;
For he beyond great Euphrates ſhould bring,
Beyond the froſen tops of Taurus cold,
Beyond the land where is perpetuall ſpring,
The croſſe, the Eagle white, the lillie of gold,
And by baptiſing of the Ethiops browne,
Of aged Nile reueale the ſprings vnknowne.

95

Thus ſaid the hermit, and his propheſie
The Prince accepted with content and pleaſure,
The ſecret thought of his poſteritie,
Of his concealed ioyes heapt vp the meaſure.
Meane-while the morning bright was mounted hie,
And chang'd heau'ns ſiluer wealth to golden treaſure,
And high aboue the Chriſtian tents they vew,
How the broad enſignes trembled, wau'd and blew;

96

When thus againe their leader ſage begonne,
See how bright *Phebus* cleeres the darkſome skies,
See how with gentle beames the friendly ſonne
The tents, the townes, the hils and dales deſcries,
Through my well guiding is your voiage donne,
From danger ſafe, in trauaile oft which lies,
Hence without feare of harme or doubt of foe,
March to the campe, I may no neerer goe.

Thus

97

Thus tooke he leaue, and made a quicke returne,
And forward went the champions three on fout,
And marching right against the rising morne,
A readie passage to the campe found out,
Meane-while had speedie fame the tidings borne
That to the tents approacht these Barons stout,
And starting from his throne and kingly seat
To entertaine them, rose *Godfredo* great.

The eighteenth Booke of Godfrey *of Bulloigne.*

The argument.

The charmes and spirits false therein which lie,
Rinaldo *chaseth from the forrest old;*
The host of Egypt comes; Vafrine *the spie*
Entreth their campe, stout, craftie, wise and bold,
Sharpe is the fight about the bulwarks hie
And ports of Zion, to assault the hold:
Godfrey *hath aide from heau'n, by force the towne*
Is wonne, the Pagans slaine, walles beaten downe.

1

ARriu'd, where *Godfrey* to imbrace him stood,
My soueraigne Lord, *Rinaldo* meekely said,
To venge my wrongs against *Gernando* prood,
My honours care prouokt my wrath vnstaid;
But that I you displeasd my chieftaine good,
My thoughts yet grieue, my hart is still dismai'd,
And here I come, prest all exploits to trie,
To make me gracious in your gracious eie.

2

To him that kneel'd (folding his friendly armes
About his necke) the Duke this answere gaue:
Let passe such speeches sad, of passed harmes,
Remembrance is the life of griefe; his graue,
Forgetfulnes; and for amends, in armes
Your wonted valour vse and courage braue;
For you alone to happie end must bring,
The strong enchantments of the charmed spring.

3

That aged wood whence heretofore we got
(To build our ſcaling engins) timber fit,
Is now the fearfull ſeat (but how none wot)
Where ougly feends and damned ſpirits ſit;
To cut one twiſt thereof aduentreth not
The boldeſt knight we haue, nor without it
This wall can battred be, where others dout
There venter thou, and ſhow thy courage ſtout.

4

Thus ſaid he, and the knight in ſpeeches few
Profred his ſeruice to attempt the thing,
To hard aſſaies his courage willing flew,
To him praiſe was no ſpur, words were no ſting:
Of his deare friends then he embraſt the crew,
To welcome him which came; for in a ring
About him *Guelfo, Tancred* and the reſt
Stood, of the campe the greateſt, chiefe and beſt:

5

When with the Prince theſe Lords had iterate
Their welcomes oft, and oft their deare embrace;
Towards the reſt of leſſer woorth and ſtate,
He turn'd, and them receiu'd with gentle grace;
The merrie ſouldiours bout him ſhout and prate,
With cries as ioyfull and as cheerefull face,
As if in triumphes chariot bright as ſunne,
He had return'd, Affricke or Aſia wonne.

6

Thus marched to his tent the champion good,
And there ſate downe with all his friends around;
Now of the warre he askt, now of the wood,
And anſwer'd each demaund they liſt propound.
But when they left him to his eaſe, vpſtood
The Hermit, and fit time to ſpeake once found,
My Lord he ſaid, your trauels woondrous arre,
Farre haue you ſtraied, erred, wandred farre;

7

Mutch are you bound to God aboue, who brought
You ſafe from falſe *Armidas* charmed hold;
And thee a ſtraying ſheepe whom once he bought,
Hath now againe reduced to his fold,
And againſt his heathen foes theſe men of nought,
Hath choſen thee in place next *Godfrey* bold;
Yet mai'ſt thou not polluted thus with ſinne,
In his high ſeruice, warre or fight beginne:

8

The world, the fleſh with their infection vile,
Pollute the thoughts impure, thy ſpirit ſtaine;
Not Poe, not Ganges, not ſeu'n mouthed Nile,
Not the wide ſeas can waſh thee cleane againe,
Onely to purge all faults which thee defile,
His blood hath powre who for thy ſinnes was ſlaine:
His helpe therefore inuoake, to him bewray
Thy ſecret faultes, mourne, weepe, complaine and pray.

9

This ſaid, the knight firſt with the Witch vnchaſt,
His idle loues and follies vaine lamented;
Then kneeling low with heauie lookes downe caſt,
His other ſinnes confeſt and all repented,
And meekely pardon crau'd for firſt and laſt.
The Hermit with his zeale was well contented,
And ſaid, on yonder hill next morne goe pray
That turnes his forehead gainſt the morning ray:

10

That done, march to the wood, whence each one brings
Such newes of furies, gobblings, feends, and ſprites,
The Giants, monſters, and all dreedfull things
Thou ſhalt ſubdue, which that darke groue vnites:
Let no ſtrange voice, that mournes or ſweetly ſings;
Nor beautie, whoſe glad ſmile fraile harts delites,
Within thy breaſt make ruth or pitie riſe,
But their falſe lookes and praiers falſe deſpiſe.

11

Thus he aduiſ'd him, and the hardie knight
Prepar'd him gladly to this enterpriſe,
Thoughtfull he paſt the day, and ſad the night;
And ere the ſiluer morne began to riſe,
His armes he tooke, and in a coate him dight
Of colour ſtrange, cut in the warlike guiſe;
And on his way ſole, ſilent, forth he went
Alone, and left his friends, and left his tent.

12

It was the time when gainſt the breaking day
Rebellious night yet ſtroue, and ſtill repined;
For in the Eaſt appear'd the morning gray,
And yet ſome lampes in *Ioues* high pallace ſhined,
When to mount Oliuet he tooke his way,
And ſaw (as round about his eies he twined)
Nights ſhadowes hence, from thẽce the mornings ſhine
This bright, that darke; that earthly, this diuine:

13

Thus to himſelfe he thought, how many bright
And ſplendant lamps ſhine in heau'ns temple hie,
Day hath his golden ſun, her moone the night,
Her fixt and wandring ſtars the azure skie,
So framed all by their creators might,
That ſtill they liue and ſhine, and nere ſhall die,
Till (in a moment) with the laſt daies brand
They burne, and with them burnes ſea, aire and land.

14

Thus as he muſed, to the top he went,
And there kneeld downe with reuerence and feare,
His eies vpon heau'ns eaſtren face he bent,
His thoughts aboue all heau'ns vplifted weare,
The ſinnes and errours (which I now repent)
Of mine vnbridled youth, O father deare
Remember not, but let thy mercy fall,
And purge my faults, and mine offences all.

15

Thus praied he, with purple wings vpflew
In golden weed the mornings luſtie queene,
Begilding (with the radiant beames ſhe threw)
His helme, his harneſſe and the mountaine greene,
Vpon his breſt and forehead gently blew
The aire, that balme and nardus breath'd vnſeene,
And ore his head let downe from cleereſt skies
A cloud of pure and precious dew there flies,

16

The heau'nly dew was on his garments ſpred,
To which compar'd, his clothes pale aſhes ſeame,
And ſpinkled ſo, that all that paleneſſe fled,
And thence of pureſt white bright raies outſtreame:
So cheered are the flowres late withered,
With the ſweete comfort of the morning beame;
And ſo returnd to youth, a ſerpent old
Adornes her ſelfe in new and natiue gold.

17

The louely whiteneſſe of his changed weed
The prince perceiued well, and long admirde,
Toward the forreſt marcht he on with ſpeed,
Reſolu'd, as ſuch aduentures great requir'de,
Thither he came whence ſtarinking backe, for dreed
Of that ſtrange deſarts ſight, the firſt retir'de,
But not to him fearefull or loathſome made
That forreſt was, but ſweete with pleaſant ſhade:

Forward

18

Forward he paſt, and in the groue before
He heard a ſound that ſtrange, ſweete, pleaſing was;
There roll'd a chriſtall brooke with gentle rore,
There ſigh'd the windes as through the leaues they pas,
There did the Nightingale her wrongs deplore,
There ſung the ſwan, and ſinging dide (alas)
There lute, harpe, cittren, humaine voice he hard,
And all theſe ſounds one ſound right well declard.

19

A dreedfull thunderclap at laſt he hard,
The aged trees and plants welnie that rent;
Yet heard he Nymphes and Sirens afterward,
Birdes, windes, and waters ſing, with ſweete conſent:
Whereat amazd he ſtaid, and well prepard
For his defence, heedfull and ſlow foorthwent:
Nor in his way his paſſage ought withſtood,
Except a quiet, ſtill, tranſparent flood,

20

On the greene banks which that faire ſtreame inbound,
Flowers and odours ſweetely ſmilde and ſmeld,
Which reaching out his ſtretched armes around,
All the large deſart in his boſome held,
And through the groue one chanell paſſage found,
That, in the wood; in that, the forreſt dweld: (made,
Trees, clad the ſtreames; ſtreames, greene thoſe trees aie
And ſo exchangd their moiſture and their ſhade.

21

The knight ſome way ſought out the floud to pas,
And as he ſought a wondrous bridge appeard,
A bridge of golde, a huge and weightie mas,
On arches great of that rich mettall reard;
When through that golden way he entred was,
Downe fell the bridge, ſwelled the ſtreame, and weard
The worke away, nor ſigne left where it ſtood,
And of a riuer calme became a flood:

22

He turnd, amaſd to ſee it troubled ſoe,
Like ſodaine brookes encreaſt with molten ſnow,
The billowes fierce that toſſed to and froe,
The whirlpooles ſuckt downe to their boſoms low;
But on he went to ſearch for wonders moe,
Through the thicke trees, there high and broad which grow,
And in that forreſt huge and deſart wide,
The more he ſought, more wonders ſtill he ſpide.

Where

23

Where ſo he ſtept, it ſeem'd the ioyfull ground
Renew'd the verdure of her flowrie weed,
A fountaine here, a welſpring there he found;
Here bud the Roſes, there the Lillies ſpreed;
The aged wood ore and about him round
Flouriſht with bloſſomes new, new leaues, new ſeed,
And on the boughes and branches of thoſe treene,
The barke was ſoftned, and renew'd the greene.

24

The Manna on each leafe did pearled lie,
The hony ſtilled from the tender rinde.
Againe he heard that woondrous harmonie,
Of ſongs and ſweete complaints of louers kinde,
The humaine voices ſung a triple hie,
To which reſpond the birdes, the ſtreames, the winde,
But yet vnſeene thoſe Nymphes, thoſe ſingers weare,
Vnſeene the lutes, harpes, viols which they beare.

25

He lookte, he liſtned, yet his thoughts denide
To thinke that true which hè both heard and ſee,
A Mirtle in an ample plaine he ſpide,
And thither by a beaten path went hee:
The Mirtle ſpred her mightie branches wide,
Higher than Pine, or Palme, or Cipreſſe tree:
And farre aboue all other plants was ſeene,
That forreſts Ladie, and that deſarts queene.

26

Vpon the tree his eies *Rinaldo* bent,
And there a maruell great and ſtrange began;
An aged Oake beſide him cleft and rent,
And from his fertill hollow wombe forth ran,
(Clad in rare weedes and ſtrange habiliment)
A Nymph, for age able to goe to man,
An hundreth plants beſide (euen in his ſight)
Childed an hundreth Nymphes, ſo great, ſo dight:

27

Such as on ſtages play, ſuch as we ſee
The Dryads painted, whom wilde Satires loue,
Whoſe armes, halfe naked; lockes vntruſſed bee,
With buskins laced on their legs aboue,
And ſilken roabes tuckt ſhort aboue their knee;
Such ſeem'd the *Siluan* daughters of this groue,
Saue that in ſtead of ſhafts and boughes of tree,
She bore a lute, a harpe or cittern ſhee.

28

And wantonly they caſt them in a ring,
And ſung and danſt to moue her weaker ſenſe,
Rinaldo round about enuironing,
As centers are with their circumference;
The tree they compaſt eeke, and gan to ſing,
That woods and ſtreames admir'd their excellence;
Welcome deere Lord, welcome to this ſweet groue,
Welcome our Ladies hope, welcome her loue;

29

Thou com'ſt to cure our Princeſſe, faint and ſicke
For loue, for loue of thee, faint, ſicke, diſtreſſed;
Late blacke, late dreadfull was this forreſt thicke,
Fit dwelling for ſad folke with griefe oppreſſed,
See with thy comming how the branches quicke
Reuiued are, and in new bloſſoms dreſſed:
This was their ſong, and after, from it went
Firſt a ſweet ſound, and then the myrtle rent.

30

If antique times admir'd *Silenus* old,
That oft appeer'd ſet on his laſie aſſe,
How would they wonder if they had behold
Such ſights as from the myrtle high did paſſe?
Thence came a Ladie faire with lockes of gold,
That like in ſhape, in face and beautie was
To ſweet *Armida*; *Rinald* thinkes he ſpies
Her geſtures, ſmiles and glances of her eies.

31

On him a ſad and ſmiling looke ſhe caſt,
Which twenty paſſions ſtrange at once bewraies,
And art thou come (quoth ſhe) return'd at laſt
To her, from whom but late thou ranſt thy waies?
Comſt thou to comfort me for ſorrowes paſt?
To eaſe my widow nights, and carefull daies?
Or comeſt thou to worke me griefe and harme?
Why nilt thou ſpeake? Why not thy face diſarme?

32

Comſt thou a friend or foe? I did not frame
That golden bridge to entertaine my foe,
Nor op'ned flowres and fountaines as you came,
To welcome him with ioy that brings me woe:
Put off thy helme, reioice me with the flame
Of thy bright eies, whence firſt my fires did groe:
Kiſſe me, embrace me, if you further venter,
Loue keepes the gate, the fort is eath to enter.

Thus

33

Thus as ſhe wowes, ſhe rowles her ruefull eies,
With pitious looke, and changeth oft her cheare,
An hundreth ſighes from her falſe hart vpflies,
She ſobbes, ſhe mournes, it is great ruth to heare,
The hardeſt breſt ſweete pitie mollifies,
What ſtonie hart reſiſts a womans teare?
But yet the knight, wiſe, warie, not vnkind,
Drew foorth his ſword and from her careleſſe twind.

34

Towards the tree he marcht, ſhe thither ſtart,
Before him ſtept, embraſt the plant and cride,
Ah, neuer do me ſuch a ſpitefull part,
To cut my tree, this forreſts ioy and pride,
Put vp thy ſword, elſe pierce therewith the hart
Of thy forſaken and deſpis'd *Armide*;
For through this breſt, and through this hart (vnkind)
To this faire tree thy ſword ſhall paſſage find.

35

He lift his brand, nor car'd though oft ſhe praid,
And ſhe her forme to other ſhape did change;
Such monſters huge, when men in dreames are laid,
Oft in their idle fancies roame and range:
Her bodie ſweld, her face obſcure was maid,
Vaniſht her garments rich, and veſtures ſtrange,
A gianteſſe before him high ſhe ſtands,
Like *Briareus* armd with an hundreth hands:

36

With fiftie ſwords, and fiftie targets bright,
She threatned death, ſhe roared, cride and fought,
Each other nymph in armour likewiſe dight,
A Cyclops great became: he feard them nought,
But on the myrtle ſmote with all his might,
That groand like liuing ſoules to death nie brought,
The skie ſeemd Plutoes court, the aire ſeemd hell,
Therein ſuch monſters roare, ſuch ſpirits yell:

37

Lightned the heau'n aboue, the earth below
Roared aloud, that thundred, and this ſhooke;
Bluſtred the tempeſts ſtrong, the whirlwinds blow,
The bitter ſtorme droue haileſtones in his looke;
But yet his arme grew neither weake nor ſlow,
Nor of that furie heed or care he tooke,
Till low to earth, the wounded tree downe bended,
Then fled the ſpirits all, the charmes all ended.

38

The heau'ns grew cleere, the aire waxt calme and ſtill,
The wood returned to his wonted ſtate,
Of witchcrafts free, quite void of ſpirits ill,
Of horrour full, but horrour there innate;
He further prou'd if ought withſtood his will
To cut thoſe trees, as did the charmes of late,
And finding nought to ſtop him, ſmilde, and ſaid,
O ſhadowes vaine! O fooles of ſhades affraid!

39

From thence home to the campward turn'd the knight,
The hermit cride vpſtarting from his ſeat,
Now of the wood the charmes haue loſt their might,
The ſprites are conquer'd, ended is the feat,
See where he comes, in gliſtring white all dight
Appear'd the man, bold, ſtately, high and great,
His eagles ſiluer wings to ſhine begunne,
With wondrous ſplendure gainſt the golden ſunne.

40

The campe receiu'd him with a ioyfull crie,
A crie the dales and hils about that fild;
Then *Godfrey* welcomd him with honours hie,
His glorie quencht all ſpite, all enuie kild:
To yonder dreadfull groue (quoth he) went I,
And from the fearfull wood (as mè you wild)
Haue driuen the ſprites away, thither let bee
Your people ſent, the way is ſafe and free.

41

Sent were the workmen thither, thence they brought
Timber enough, by good aduiſe ſelect,
And though, by skilleſſe builders fram'd and wrought,
Their engins rude and rammes were late elect,
Yet now the forts and towres (from whence they fought)
Were framed by a cunning architect,
William, of all the Genoas Lord and guide,
Which late rul'd all the ſeas from ſide to ſide;

42

But forced to retire from him at laſt,
The Pagan fleet the ſeas moiſt empire wunne,
His men with all their ſtuffe and ſtore in haſt
Home to the campe with their commander runne,
In skill, in wit, in cunning him ſurpaſt:
Yet neuer enginer beneath the ſunne,
Of Carpenters an hundreth large he brought,
That what their Lord deuiſed made and wrought.

This

43

This man begunne with woondrous arte to make,
Not rammes, not mightie brakes, not ſlings alone,
Wherewith the firme and ſolid walles to ſhake,
To caſt a dart or throw a ſhaft or ſtone;
But fram'd of Pines and Firres, did vndertake
To build a fortreſſe huge, to which was none
Yet euer like, whereof he cloath'd the ſides
Againſt the balles of fire, with raw bulles hides;

44

In morteſſes and ſockets framed iuſt,
The beames, the ſtuddes and punchions ioyn'd he faſt;
To beat the cities wall, beneath forth bruſt
A ramme with horned front, about her waſt
A bridge the engine from her ſide out thruſt,
Which on the wall when need requir'd ſhe caſt;
And from her top a turret ſmall vpſtood,
Strong, ſurely arm'd, and builded of like wood:

45

Set on an hundreth wheeles the rolling mas,
On the ſmoothe landes went nimbly vp and downe,
Though full of armes and armed men it was;
Yet with ſmall paines it ran, as it had flowne,
Woondred the campe ſo quicke to ſee it pas,
They prais'd the workmen, and their skill vnknowne,
And on that day two towres they builded more,
Like that which ſweet *Clorinda* burnt before.

46

Yet wholy were not from the Saracines
Their workes concealed, and their labours hid,
Vpon that wall which next the campe confines,
They placed ſpies who marked all they did:
They ſaw the aſhes wilde and ſquared Pines
How to the tents (trail'd from the groue) they ſlid;
And engins huge they ſaw, yet could not tell
How they were built, their formes they ſaw not well,

47

Their engins eeke they reard, and with great art
Repair'd each bulwarke, turret, port and towre,
And fortifide the plaine and eaſie part,
To bide the ſtorme of euerie warlike ſtowre,
Till as they thought no ſleight, or force of mart,
To vndermine or ſcale the ſame had powre:
And falſe *Iſmeno* gan new balles prepare
Of wicked fire, wilde, wondrous, ſtrange and rare.

48

He mingled brimſtone with Bitumen fell
Fetch from that lake where Sodome earſt did ſinke,
And from that flood which nine times compaſt hell,
Some of the liquor whot he brought, I thinke,
Wherewith the quenchleſſe fire he tempred well,
To make it ſmoake and flame and deadly ſtinke;
And for his wood cut downe the aged ſire
Would thus reuengement take, with flame and fire.

49

While thus the campe, and thus the towne were bent,
Theſe to aſſault, theſe to defend the wall,
A ſpeedie doue through the cleare welkin went,
Straight ore the tents, ſeene by the ſouldiers all
With nimble fannes the yeilding aire ſhe rent,
Nor ſeemd it that ſhe would alight or fall,
Till ſhe arriu'd neere that beſieged towne,
Then from the clouds at laſt ſhe ſtouped downe:

50

But loe (from whence I nolte) a falcon came,
Armed with crooked bill and talons long,
And twixt the campe and cittie croſt her game,
That durſt not bide her foes encounter ſtrong;
But right vpon the royall tent downe came,
And there the lordes and princes great among,
(When the ſharpe hauke nie toucht her tender head)
In *Godfreyes* lappe ſhe fell, with feare halfe dead:

51

The Duke receiu'd her, ſaued her, and ſpide,
As he beheld the bird, a wondrous thing,
About her necke a letter cloſe was tide,
By a ſmall thred, and truſt vnder her winge,
He looſed foorth the writ and ſpred it wide,
And read th'intent thereof, To Iudaies king,
(Thus ſaid the ſcedule) honors high encreaſe
Th'Egyptian chiefetaine wiſheth, health and peace:

52

Feare not (renowned prince) reſiſt, endure
Till the third day, or till the fourth at moſt,
I come and your deliuerance will procure,
And kill your coward foes and all their hoſt.
This ſecret in that briefe was clos'd vp ſure,
Writ in ſtrange language, to the winged poſt
Giu'n to tranſport; for in their warlike need
The Eaſt ſuch meſſage vs'd, oft with good ſpeed.

53

The Duke let goe the captiue doue at large,
And ſhe that had his counſell cloſe bewraid,
Traitreſſe to her great Lord toucht not the marge
Of Salems towne, but fled farre thence afraid;
The Duke before all thoſe, which had or charge
Or office high, the letter red, and ſaid;
See how the goodnes of the Lord foreſhoes
The ſecret purpoſe of our craftie foes.

54

No longer then let vs protract the time,
But ſcale the bulwarke of this fortreſſe hie,
Through ſweat and labour gainſt thoſe rockes ſublime
Let vs aſcend, which to the Southward lie;
Hard will it be that way in armes to clime,
But yet the place and paſſage both know I,
And that high wall by ſcite ſtrong on that part,
Is leaſt defenſt by armes, by worke and art.

55

Thou *Raimond*, on this ſide with all thy might
Aſſault the wall, and by thoſe cragges aſcend,
My ſquadrons with mine engins huge ſhall fight,
And gainſt the Northren gate my puiſſance bend;
That ſo our foes beguiled with the ſight,
Our greateſt force and powre ſhall there attend,
While my great towre from thence ſhall nimbly ſlide,
And batter downe ſome worſe defended ſide;

56

Camillo thou not farre from me ſhalt reare
Another towre, cloſe to the walles ibrought.
This ſpoken, *Raimond* old that ſate him neare,
(And while he talkte great things toſt in his thought)
Said, to *Godfredoes* counſell giuen vs heare,
Nought can be added, from it taken nought:
Yet this I further wiſh that ſome were ſent
To ſpie their campe, their ſecret and entent;

57

That may their number and their ſquadrons braue
Deſcribe, and through their tents diſguiſed maske:
Quoth *Tancred*, loe, a ſubtle ſquire I haue,
A perſon fit to vndertake this taske,
A man, quicke, readie, bold, ſlie to deceaue,
To anſwere, wiſe; and well aduiſde to aske;
Well languaged, and that with time and place
Can change his looke, his voice, his gate, his grace.

Sent

58

Sent for he came, and when his lord him tould
What *Godfreyes* pleasure was, and what his owne;
He smilde, and said foorthwith he gladly would,
I goe quoth he, careleſſe what chance be throwne,
And where encamped be theſe Pagans bould,
Will walke, in euery tent a ſpie vnknowne,
Their campe euen at noone day I enter ſhall,
And number all their horſe and footemen all;

59

How great, how ſtrong, how arm'd this army is,
And what their guide entendes, I will declare,
To me the ſecrets of that hart of his,
And hidden thoughts ſhall open lie and bare.
Thus *Vafrine* ſpoke, nor longer ſtaid on this,
But for a mantle changd the cote he ware,
Nakte was his necke, and bout his forehead bould,
Of linnen white full twentie yeards he rould;

60

His weapons were a Syrian bow and quiuer,
His geſtures barb'rous, like the Turkiſh traine,
Wondred all they that heard his toong deliuer
Of euery land the language true and plaine,
In Tire, a borne Phenician, by the riuer
Of Nile, a knight bred in th'Egyptian maine,
Both people would haue thought him, foorth he rides
On a ſwift ſtead, ore hils and dales that glides.

61

But ere the third day came the French foorth ſent
Their pioners to eeu'n the rougher waies,
And readie made each warlike inſtrument,
Nor ought their labour interrupts or ſtaies;
The nights in buſie toile they likewiſe ſpent,
And with long eueninges lenghtned foorth ſhort daies,
Till nought was left the hoſts that hinder might,
To vſe their vtmoſt powre, and ſtrength in fight.

62

That day, which of th'aſſault the day foreronne,
The godly Duke in praier ſpent welnie,
And all the reſt, bicauſe they had miſdonne,
The Sacrament receiue, and mercie crie;
Then oft the Duke his engins great begonne
To ſhew, where leaſt he would their ſtrength applie;
His foes reiois'd, deluded in that ſort,
To ſee them bent againſt their ſureſt port:

63

But after aided by the friendly night
His greateſt engin to that ſide he brought,
Where plaineſt ſeem'd the wall, where with their might
The flankers leaſt could hurt them as they fought,
And to the Southren mountaines greateſt hight
To raiſe his turret old *Raimondo* ſought;
And thou *Camillo* on that part hadſt thine,
Where from the North the wals did Weſtward twine.

64

But when amid the Eſtren heau'n appear'd
The riſing morning bright as ſhining glas,
The troubled Pagans ſaw, and ſeeing fear'd,
How the great towre ſtood not where late it was,
And here and there tofore vnſeene was rear'd,
Of timber ſtrong a huge and fearfull mas,
And numberleſſe with beames, with roapes and ſtrings
They view the iron rammes, the brakes and ſlings.

65

The Syrian people now were no whit ſlow,
Their beſt defences to that ſide to beare,
Where *Godfrey* did his greateſt engin ſhow,
From thence where late in vaine they placed weare
But he who at his backe rightwell did know,
The hoſte of Egypt to be p roaching neare,
To him call'd *Guelfo*, and the *Roberts* twaine,
And ſaid, on horſebacke looke you ſtill remaine,

66

And haue regard while all our people ſtriue
To ſcale this wall, where weake it ſeemes and thin,
Leaſt vnawares ſome ſudden hoſte arriue,
And at our backes vnlookte for warre begin.
This ſaid, three fierce aſſaults at once they giue,
The hardie ſouldiours all would die or win,
And on three parts reſiſtance makes the king,
And rage gainſt ſtrēgth, deſpaire gainſt hope doth bring;

67

Himſelfe vpon his limmes with feeble eild
That ſhooke, (vnweildie with their proper weight,)
His armour laid and long vnuſed ſheild,
And marcht gainſt *Raimond* to the mountaines height,
Great *Soliman* gainſt *Godfrey* tooke the feild,
Fore nenſt *Camillo* ſtood *Argantes* ſtreight
Where *Tancred* ſtrong he found, ſo fortune will,
That this good Prince his wonted foe ſhall kill.

The

68

The archers ſhot their arrowes ſharpe and keene
Dipt in the bitter iuice of poyſon ſtrong,
The ſhadie face of heau'n was ſcantly ſeene,
Hid with the cloudes of ſhaftes and quarries long;
Yet weapons ſharpe with greater furie beene,
Caſt from the towres the Pagan troupes among,
For thence flew ſtones and clifts of marble rockes,
Trees ſhod with iron, timber, logges and blockes.

69

A thunderbolt ſeem'd euerie ſtone, it brake
His lims and armours ſo on whom it light,
That life and ſoule it did not onely take,
But all his ſhape and face disfigur'd quight;
The launces ſtai'd not in the wounds they make,
But through the gored bodie tooke their flight,
From ſide to ſide, through fleſh, through skin and rinde
They flew, and flying, left ſad death behinde.

70

But yet not all this force and furie droue
The Pagan people to forſake the wall,
But to reuenge theſe deadly blowes they ſtroue,
With dartes that flie, with ſtones and trees that fall;
For need ſo cowards oft couragious proue,
For libertie they fight, for life and all,
And oft with arrowes, ſhaftes and ſtones that flie,
Giue bitter anſwere to a ſharpe replie.

71

This while the fierce aſſailants neuer ceaſe,
But ſternly ſtill maintaine a threefold charge,
And gainſt the cloudes of ſhaftes draw nie at eaſe,
Vnder a pentiſe made of many a targe,
The armed towres cloſe to the bulwarks preaſe,
And ſtriue to grapple with the battled marge,
And lanch their bridges out, meane-while below
With iron fronts the rammes the walles downe throw.

72

Yet ſtill *Rinaldo* vnreſolued went,
And far vnworthie him this ſeruice thought,
If mongſt the common ſort his paines he ſpent;
Renowne ſo got the Prince eſteemed nought:
His angrie lookes on euerie ſide he bent,
And where moſt harme, moſt danger was he ſought,
And where the wall high, ſtrong and ſureſt was,
That part would he aſſault, and that way pas.

73

And turning to the worthies him behind,
All hardie knights, whom *Dudon* late did guide,
O ſhame (quoth he) this wall no warre doth find,
When battred is elſewhere each part, each ſide;
All paine is ſafetie to a valiant mind,
Each way is eath to him that dares abide,
Come let vs ſcale this wall, though ſtrong and hie,
And with your ſhieldes keepe off the darts that flie:

74

With him vnited all while thus he ſpake,
Their targets hard aboue their heads they threw,
Which ioynd in one an iron pentiſe make,
That from the dreadfull ſtorme preſeru'd the crew,
Defended thus their ſpeedie courſe they take,
And to the wall without reſiſtance drew,
For that ſtrong penticle protected well
The knights, from all that flew and all that fell.

75

Againſt the fort *Rinaldo* gan vpreare
A ladder huge, an hundreth ſteps of hight,
And in his arme the ſame did eaſlie beare,
And mooue, as windes do reeds or ruſhes light,
Sometime a tree, a rocke, a dart, or ſpeare,
Fell from aboue, yet forward clombe the knight,
And vpward feareleſſe preaſed, careleſſe ſtill,
Though mount Olympus fell or Oſſa hill:

76

A mount of ruines, and of ſhaftes a wood
Vpon his ſhoulders and his ſhield he bore,
One hand the ladder held whereon he ſtood,
The other bare his targe his face before;
His hardie troupe, by his enſample good
Prouokt, with him the place aſſaulted ſore,
And ladders long againſt the wall they clappe,
Vnlike in courage yet, vnlike in happe:

77

One dide, an other fell, he forward went,
And theſe he comforts, and he threatneth thoſe,
Now with his hand outſtrecht the battlement
Welnie he reacht, when all his armed foes
Ran thither, and their force and furie bent
To throw him headlong downe, yet vp he goes,
A wondrous thing, one knight whole armed bands
Alone, and hanging in the aire, withſtands:

With-

78

Withſtands,and forceth his great ſtrength ſo farre,
That like a palme whereon huge weight doth reſt,
His forces ſo reſiſted ſtronger arre,
His vertues higher riſe the more oppreſt,
Till all that would his entrance bould debarre
He backewarde droue,vpleaped,and poſſeſt
The wall,and ſafe and eaſie with his blade,
To all that after came,the paſſage made,

79

There killing ſuch as durſt and did withſtand,
To noble *Euſtace* that was like to fall,
He reached foorth his friendly conqu'ring hand,
And next himſelfe helpt him to mount the wall.
This while *Godfredo* and his people fand
Their liues to greater harmes and dangers thrall,
For there not man with man,nor knight with knight
Contend,but engins there with engins fight.

80

For in that place the Paynims rear'd a poſt,
Which late had ſeru'd ſome gallant ſhip for maſt,
And ouer it another beame they croſt,
Pointed with iron ſharpe,to it made faſt
With ropes,which as men would the dormant toſt,
Now out,now in,now backe,now forward caſt,
In his ſwift pullies oft the men withdrew
The tree,and oft the riding balke foorth threw:

81

The mightie beame redoubled oft his blowes,
And with ſuch force the engine ſmote and hit,
That her broad ſide the towre wide open throwes,
Her ioints were broke,her rafters cleft and ſplit;
But yet gainſt euery hap whence miſchiefe growes
Prepard,the piece (gainſt ſuch extreames made fit)
Lanch foorth two ſithes,ſharpe,cutting,long & broad,
And cut the ropes whereon the engin road:

82

As an oulde rocke,which age or ſtormie wind
Teares from ſome craggie hill or mountaine ſteepe,
Doth breake,doth bruſe,and into duſt doth grind
Woods,houſes,hamlets,herds,and fould of ſheepe;
So fell the beame,and downe with it all kind
Of armes,of weapons,and of men did ſweepe,
Wherewith the towres once or twiſe did ſhake,
Trembled the wals,the hils and mountaines quake.

Victorious

83

Victorious *Godfrey* boldly forward came,
And had great hope euen then the place to win;
But loe a fire, with ſtinch, with ſmoake, and flame,
Withſtood his paſſage, ſtopt his entrance in:
Such burnings *Etna* yet could neuer frame,
When from her entrals hot her fires begin,
Nor yet in ſommer on the Indian plaine
Such vapours warme, from ſcorching aire, downe raine.

84

There balles of wilde fire, there flie burning ſpeares,
This flame was blacke, that blew; this red as blood;
Stinch welnie choaketh them, noiſe deafes their eares,
Smoake blindes their eies, fire kindleth on the wood;
Nor thoſe raw hides which for defence it weares,
Could ſaue the towre, in ſuch diſtreſſe it ſtood;
For now they wrinkle, now it ſweates and fries,
Now burnes, vnleſſe ſome helpe come down from skies.

85

The hardie Duke before his folke abides,
Nor chang'd he colour, countenance or place,
But comforts thoſe that from the ſcaldred hides,
With water ſtroue th'approching flames to chace:
In theſe extremes the Prince and thoſe he guides
Halfe roaſted ſtood before fierce *Vulcans* face,
When loe a ſudden and vnlookt for blaſt,
The flames againſt the kindlers backward caſt:

86

The windes droue backe the fire where heaped lie
The Pagans weapons, where their engins weare,
Which kindling quickly in that ſubſtance drie,
Burnt all their ſtore and all their warlike geare:
O glorious captaine! whom the Lord from hie
Defends, whom God preſerues, and holds ſo deare;
For thee heau'n fights, to thee the windes (from farre,
Call'd with thy trumpets blaſt) obedient arre.

87

But wicked *Iſmen* to his harme that ſaw,
How the fierce blaſt droue backe the fire and flame,
By art would nature change, and thence withdraw
Thoſe noiſome windes, elſe calme and ſtill the ſame;
Twixt two falſe Wizards without feare or aw
Vpon the walles in open ſight he came,
Blacke, griſly, loathſome, grim and ougly faced,
Like *Pluto* old, betwixt two furies placed;

88

And now the wretch thoſe dreadfull words begunne,
Which trouble make deepe hell and all her flocke,
Now trembled is the aire, the golden ſunne
His fearefull beames in cloudes did cloſe and locke,
When from the towre (which *Iſmen* could not ſhunne)
Out flew a mightie ſtone, late halfe a rocke,
Which light ſo iuſt vpon the Wizards three,
That driu'n to duſt their bones and bodies bee.

89

To leſſe than nought their members old were torne,
And ſhiuer'd were their heads to pieces ſmall,
As ſmall, as are the bruſed graines of corne,
When from the mill reſolu'd to meale they fall;
Their damned ſoules to deepeſt hell downe borne
(Far from the ioy and light celeſtiall)
The furies plunged in th'infernall lake,
O mankinde! at their ends enſample take.

90

This while the engin which the tempeſt could,
Had ſau'd from burning with his friendly blaſt,
Approched had ſo neere the battred hould,
That on the walles her bridge at eaſe ſhe caſt:
But *Soliman* ran thither fierce and bould,
To cut the planke whereon the Chriſtians paſt,
And had perform'd his will, ſaue that vpreard
High in the skies a turret new appeard;

91

Farre in the aire vp clombe the fortreſſe tall
Higher than houſe, then ſteeple, church or towre;
The Pagans trembled to behold the wall,
And citie ſubiect to her ſhot and powre;
Yet kept the Turke his ſtand, though on him fall
Of ſtones and dartes a ſharpe and deadly ſhowre,
And ſtill to cut the bridge, he hopes and ſtriues,
And thoſe that feare, with cheerfull ſpeech reuiues.

92

The Angell *Michaell* to all the reſt
Vnſeene, appear'd before *Godfredoes* eies,
In pure and heau'nly armour ritchly dreſt,
Brighter than *Titans* raies in cleereſt skies;
Godfrey (quoth he) this is the moment bleſt
To free this towne that long in bondage lies,
See, ſee what legions in thine aide I bring,
For heau'n aſſiſts thee, and heau'ns glorious king:

Liſt

93

Lift vp thine eies and in the aire behold
The ſacred armies, how they muſtred bee,
That cloud of fleſh in which from times of old
All mankinde wrapped is, I take from thee,
And from thy ſenſes their thicke miſt vnfold,
That face to face thou maiſt theſe ſpirits ſee,
And for a little ſpace, right well ſuſtaine
Their glorious light, and vew thoſe angels plaine.

94

Behold the ſoules of euery Lord and knight
That late bore armes and dide for Chriſtes deare ſake,
How on thy ſide againſt this towne they fight,
And of thy ioy and conqueſt will partake:
There where the duſt and ſmoke blinde all mens ſight,
Where ſtones and ruines ſuch an heape doe make,
There *Hugo* fights, in thickeſt cloude imbard,
And vndermines that bulwarks groundworke hard.

95

See *Dudon* yonder, who with ſword and fire
Aſſailes and helpes to ſcale the northren port,
That with bold courage doth thy folke inſpire,
And reares their ladders gainſt th'aſſaulted fort:
He that high on the mount in graue attire
Is clad, and crowned ſtands in kingly ſort,
Is Biſhop *Ademare*, a bleſſed ſpirite,
Bleſt for his faith, crown'd for his death and merite.

96

But higher lift thy happie eies, and vew
Where all the ſacred hoſts of heau'n appeare;
He lookt, and ſaw where winged armies flew,
Innumerable, pure, diuine, and cleare;
A battaile round of ſquadrons three they ſhew,
And all by threes thoſe ſquadrons ranged weare,
Which ſpreading wide in rings, ſtill wider goe,
Mou'd with a ſtone, calme water circleth ſoe.

97

With that he winkte and vaniſht was and gone
That wondrous viſion when he lookt againe,
His worthies fighting vew'd he one by one,
And on each ſide ſaw ſignes of conqueſt plaine,
For with *Rinaldo* gainſt his yeelding fone,
His knights were entred and the Pagans ſlaine.
This ſeene, the Duke no longer ſtay could brooke,
But from the bearer bold his enſigne tooke:

98

And on the bridge he ſtept, but there was ſtaid
By *Soliman*, who entrance all denide,
That narrow tree to vertue great was maid,
The field as in few blowes right ſoone was tride,
Here will I giue my life for Sions aid,
Here will I end my daies, the Soldan cride,
Behinde me cut, or breake this bridge, that I
May kill a thouſand Chriſtians firſt, then die.

99

But thither fierce *Rinaldo* threat'ning went,
And at his ſight fled all the Soldans traine,
What ſhall I doe? if here my life be ſpent,
I ſpend and ſpill (quoth he) my blood in vaine:
With that his ſteps from *Godfrey* backe he bent,
And to him let the paſſage free remaine,
Who threat'ning follow'd as the Soldan fled,
And on the walles the purple croſſe diſpred,

100

About his head he toſt, he turn'd, he caſt
That glorious enſigne, with a thouſand twines,
Thereon the winde breathes with his ſweeteſt blaſt,
Thereon with golden raies glad *Phebus* ſhines,
Earth laughes for ioy, the ſtreames forbeare their haſt,
Floods clap their hands, on mountaines dance the pines,
And Sions towres and ſacred temples ſmile,
For their deliu'rance from that bondage vile.

101

And now the armies rear'd the happie crie
Of victorie, glad, ioyfull, lowd and ſhrill,
The hils reſound, the Eccho ſhowteth hie,
And *Tancred* bold that fights and combats ſtill,
With proud *Argantes*, brought his towre ſo nie,
That on the wall, againſt the boaſters will,
In his deſpite, his bridge he alſo laid,
And wonne the place, and there the croſſe diſplaid.

102

But on the ſouthren hill (where *Raimond* fought,
Againſt the townesmen and their aged king)
His hardie Gaſcoignes gained ſmall or nought;
Their engin to the walles they could not bring,
For thither all his ſtrength the Prince had brought,
For life and ſafetie ſternly combatting,
And for the wall was feebleſt on that coſt,
There were his ſoldiers beſt, and engins moſt.

Beſides,

103

Beſides, the towre vpon that quarter found
Vnſure, vneaſie, and vneeu'n the way,
Nor art could helpe, but that the rougher ground
The rolling maſſe did often ſtop and ſtay;
But now of victorie the ioyfull ſound
The king and *Raimond* heard, amid their fray;
And by the ſhowte they and their ſoldiers know,
The towne was entred on the plaine below.

104

Which heard, *Raimondo* thus beſpake this crew,
The towne is wonne (my friends) and doth it yet
Reſiſt? are we kept out ſtill by theſe few?
Shall we no ſhare in this high conqueſt get?
But from that part the king at laſt withdrew,
He ſtroue in vaine their entrance there to let,
And to a ſtronger place his folke he brought,
Where to ſuſtaine th'aſſault a while he thought.

105

The conquerours at once now entred all,
The walles were wonne, the gates were op'ned wide,
Now bruſed, broken downe, deſtroyed fall
The portes, and towres, that battrie durſt abide;
Rageth the ſword, death murdreth great and ſmall,
And proud twixt woe and horrour ſad doth ride,
Here ronnes the blood, in ponds there ſtands the gore,
And drownes the knights in whom it liu'd before.

The nineteenth Booke of Godfrey *of Bulloigne.*

The argument.

Tancred *in ſingle combat killes his foe*
Argantes *ſtrong: the king and Soldan flie*
To Dauids *towre and ſaue their perſons ſoe:*
Erminia *well inſtructs* Vafrine *the ſpie,*
With him ſhe rides away, and as they goe
Findes where her Lord for dead on earth doth lie,
Firſt ſhe laments, then cures him: Godfrey *heares*
Ormondoes *treaſon, and what marks he beares.*

Now

1

NOW death,or feare,or care to ſaue their liues,
From their forſaken walles the Pagans chace:
Yet neither force,nor feare,nor wiſdome driues
The conſtant knight *Argantes*,from his place;
Alone,againſt ten thouſand foes he ſtriues,
Yet dreedleſſe,doubtleſſe,careleſſe ſeem'd his face,
Not death,not danger,but diſgrace he feares,
And ſtill vnconquer'd(though oreſet)appeares.

2

But mongſt the reſt vpon his helmet gay
With his broad ſword *Tancredie* came and ſmote:
The Pagan knew the Prince by his array,
By his ſtrong blowes,his armour and his cote;
For once they fought,and when night ſtaid that fray,
New time they choſe to end their combat hote,
But *Tancred* fail'd,wherefore the Pagan knight
Cride,*(Tancred)* com'ſt thou thus,thus late to fight?

3

Too late thou com'ſt and not alone to warre,
But yet the fight I neither ſhun nor feare,
Although from knighthood true thou erreſt farre,
Since like an enginer thou doſt appeare,
That towre,that troupe,thy ſhield and ſafetie arre,
Strange kinde of armes in ſingle fight to beare;
Yet ſhalt thou not eſcape(O conqu'rer ſtrong
Of Ladies faire)ſharpe death,to venge that wrong.

4

Lord *Tancred* ſmiled,with diſdaine and ſcorne,
And anſwer'd thus,to end our ſtrife(quoth hee)
Behold at laſt I come,and my retorne
(Though late)perchance will be too ſoone for thee;
For thou ſhalt wiſh(of hope and helpe forlorne)
Some ſea or mountaine plaſt twixt thee and mee,
And well ſhalt know before we end this fray,
No feare or cowardiſe hath caus'd my ſtay.

5

But come aſide thou,by whoſe proweſſe dies
The monſters,knights and giants in all lands,
The killer of weake women thee defies.
This ſaid,he turned to his fighting bands
And bids them all retire,forbeare he cries
To ſtrike this knight,on him let none lay hands;
For mine he is(more than a common fo)
By challenge new and promiſe old alſo.

6

Deſcend(the fierce *Circaſſian* gan replie)
Alone,or all this troupe for ſuccour take
To deſarts waſte,or place frequented hie,
For vantage none I will the fight forſake:
Thus giuen and taken was the bold defie,
And through the preaſe (agreed ſo) they brake,
Their hatred made them one,and as they wend
Each knight his foe did for deſpite defend.

7

Great was his thirſt of praiſe,great the deſire
That *Tancred* had the Pagans blood to ſpill,
Nor could that quench his wrath,or calme his ire,
If other hand his foe ſhould foile or kill,
He ſau'd him with his ſhield,and cride retire
To all he met,and doe this knight none ill:
And thus defending gainſt his friends his foe,
Through thouſand angrie weapons ſafe they goe.

8

They left the citie,and they left behind
Godfredoes campe,and far beyond it paſt,
And came where into creekes and boſomes blinde
A winding hill his corners turn'd and caſt,
A valley ſmall and ſhadie dale they finde,
Amid the mountaines ſteepe ſo laid and plaſt,
As it ſome Theatre or cloſed place
Had beene,for men to fight,or beaſts to chace,

9

There ſtai'd the champions both,with ruefull eies
Argantes gan the fortreſſe wonne to vew;
Tancred his foe withouten ſhield eſpies,
And farre away his target therefore threw,
And ſaid,whereon doth thy ſad hart deuies?
Thinkſt thou this howre muſt end thy life vntrew?
If this thou feare,and doſt foreſee thy fate,
Thy feare is vaine,thy foreſight comes too late.

10

I thinke (quoth he) on this diſtreſſed towne,
The aged Queene of Iudaies ancient land,
Now loſt,now ſacked, ſpoil'd and troden downe,
Whoſe fall in vaine I ſtriued to withſtand,
A ſmall reuenge for Sions fort orethrnowne
That head can be cut offby my ſtrong hand;
This ſaid,togither with great heed they flew,
For each his foe for bold and hardie knew:

11

Tancred of bodie actiue was and light,
Quicke, nimble, ready both of hand and foot:
But higher by the head the Pagan knight,
Of limmes farre greater was, of hart as stout:
Tancred laid low and trauerst in his fight,
Now to his ward retired, now strucke out,
Oft with his sword his foes fierce blowes he broake,
And rather chose to warde, than beare his stroake.

12

But bould, and boult vpright *Argantes* fought,
Vnlike in gesture, like in skill and art,
His sword out stretcht before him farre he brought;
Nor would his weapon touch, put pierce his hart,
To catch his point prince *Tancred* stroue and sought,
But at his breast or helmes vnclosed part
He threatned death, and would with stretcht out brand
His entrance close, and fierce assaults withstand.

13

With a tall ship so doth a gallie fight,
When the still windes stirre not th'vnstable maine,
Where this in nimblenesse, as that in might,
Excels; that stands, this goes and comes againe,
And shifts from prow to poope with turnings light;
Meanewhile the other doth vnmou'd remaine,
And on her nimble foe approcheth nie,
Her weightie engins tumbleth downe from hie:

14

The christian sought to enter on his foe,
Voiding his point, which at his brest was bent;
Argantes at his face a thrust did throe,
Which while the prince awards, and doth preuent,
His ready hand the Pagan turned soe,
That all defence his quickenes farre orewent,
And pierst his side, which done he said and smilde,
The craftsman is in his owne craft beguilde:

15

Tancredie bit his lips for scorne and shame,
Nor longer stood on points of fence and skill,
But to reuenge so fierce and fast he came,
As if his hand could not oretake his will,
And at his visour aiming iust, gan frame
To his proud boast an answere sharpe, but still
Argantes broake the thrust; and at halfe sword,
Swift, hardie, bould, in stept the christian lord.

16

With his left foote faſt forward gan he ſtride,
And with his left the Pagans right arme hent,
With his right hand meanewhile the mans right ſide
He cut,he wounded,mangled,tore,and rent,
To his victorious teacher (*Tancred* cride)
His conquerd ſcholler hath this anſwer ſent;
Argantes chafed,ſtruggled, turnd and twind,
Yet could not ſo his captiue arme vnbind:

17

His ſword at laſt he let hang by the chaine,
And gripte his hardie foe in both his hands,
In his ſtrong armes *Tancred* caught him againe,
And thus each other held and wrapt in bands.
With greater might *Alcides* did not ſtraine,
The giant *Antheus* on the Libian ſands,
On holdfaſt knots their brawnie armes they caſt,
And whom he hateth moſt,each held embraſt:

18

Such was their wreſtling,ſuch their ſhockes and throwes,
That downe at once they tumbled both to ground,
Argantes (were it hap or skill who knowes)
His better hand looſe and in freedome found;
But the good prince his hand more fit for blowes
With his huge weight the Pagan vnderbound;
But he,his diſaduantage great that knew,
Let go his hold,and on his feete vpflew:

19

Farre ſlower roſe th'vnweldie Saracine,
And caught a rappe ere he was reard vpright.
But as againſt the bluſtring windes a pine
Now bends his toppe,now lifts his head on hight,
His courage ſo(when it gan moſt decline)
The man r'enforced,and aduanſt his might,
And with fierce change of blowes renewd the fray,
Where rage, for skill: horrour,for art bore ſway.

20

The purple drops from *Tancreds* ſides downe railed,
But from the Pagan ran whole ſtreames of blood,
Wherewith his force grew weake,his courage quailed,
As fiers die which fuell want or food.
Tancred that ſaw his feeble arme now failed
To ſtrike his blowes,that ſcant he ſtirr'd or ſtood,
Aſſwagd his anger and his wrath alaid,
And ſtepping backe,thus gently ſpoke and ſaid.

Yeild

21

Yeeld hardie knight, and chance of warre, or mee
Confeſſe to haue ſubdew'd thee in this fight,
I will no trophee, triumph, ſpoile of thee,
Nor glorie wiſh, nor ſeeke a victors right:
More terrible than earſt, herewith grew hee,
And all awakt, his furie, rage and might,
And ſaid, dar'ſt thou of vantage ſpeake or thinke?
Or moue *Argantes* once to yeeld or ſhrinke?

22

Vſe, vſe, thy vantage, thee and fortune both
I ſcorne, and puniſh will thy fooliſh pride:
As a hot brand flames moſt ere it forth go'th,
And dying blazeth bright on euery ſide;
So he (when blood was loſt) with anger wroth,
Reuiu'd his courage, when his puiſſance dide,
And would his lateſt howre which now drew nie
Illuſtrate with his end, and nobly die;

23

He ioin'd his left hand to her ſiſter ſtrong,
And with them both let fall his weightie blade.
Tancred to warde his blow his ſword vp flong,
But that it ſmote aſide, nor there it ſtade,
But from his ſhoulder to his ſide along
It glanſt, and many wounds at once it made:
Yet *Tancred* feared nought, for in his hart,
Found coward dread no place, feare had no part.

24

His fearefull blow he doubled, but he ſpent
His force in waſt, and all his ſtrength in vaine:
For *Tancred* from the blow againſt him bent
Leaped aſide, the ſtroke fell on the plaine,
With thine owne weight orethrowne to earth thou went
(*Argantes* ſtout) nor could'ſt thy ſelfe ſuſtaine,
Thy ſelfe thou threweſt downe, O happie man!
Vpon whoſe fall none boaſt, or triumph can:

25

His gaping wounds the fall ſet open wide,
The ſtreames of blood about him made a lake,
Helpt with his left hand on one knee he tride
To reare himſelfe, and new defence to make:
The curteous Prince ſtept backe, and yeeld thee, cride,
No hurt he profred him, no blow he ſtrake.
Meane-while by ſtealth the Pagan falſe him gaue
A ſodaine wound, threat'ning with ſpeeches braue:

26

Herewith *Tancredie* furious grew, and saide,
Villaine, dost thou my mercie so despies?
Therewith he thrust and thrust againe his blade,
And through his ventall pierst his dazeled eies:
Argantes dide, yet no complaint he made,
But as he furious liu'd, he careleſſe dies;
Bold, proud, disdainfull, fierce and voide of feare;
His motions last, last lookes, last speeches weare.

27

Tancred put vp his sword, and praises glad
Gaue to his God, that sau'd him in this fight;
But yet this bloodie conquest feebled had
So much the conquerours force, strength, and might,
That through the way he fear'd which homeward lad
He had not strength enough to walke vpright;
Yet as he could his steps from thence he bent,
And foote by foot a heauie pace foorth went;

28

His legges could beare him but a little stound,
And more he hastes (more tirde) lesse was his speed,
On his right hand, at last, laid on the ground
He lean'd, his hand weake like a shaking reed,
Daz'led his eies, the world on wheeles ran round;
Day wrapt her brightnesse vp in sable weed;
At length he swouned, and the victor knight
Nought diffred from his conquer'd foe in sight.

29

But while these Lords their priuate fight pursue,
Made fierce and cruell through their secret hate,
The victors ire destroi'd the faithlesse crue
From street to street, and chas'd from gate to gate.
But of the sacked towne the image true
Who can describe? or paint the woefull state?
Or with fit words this spectacle expresse
Who can? or tell the cities great distresse?

30

Blood, murder, death, each streete, house, church defilde,
There heaps of slaine appeare, there mountaines hie;
There vnderneath th'vnburied hils vppilde
Of bodies dead, the liuing buried lie;
There the sad mother with her tender childe
Doth teare her tresses loose, complaine, and flie,
And there the spoiler (by her Amber haire)
Drawes to his lust the virgin chast and faire.

31

But through the way that to the Weſt hill yood,
Whereon the old and ſtately temple ſtands,
All ſoild with gore, and wet with lukewarme blood
Rinaldo ronne, and chas'd the Pagan bands,
Aboue their heads he heau'd his curtlax good,
Life in his grace, and death lay in his hands;
Nor helme nor target ſtrong his blowes off beares,
Beſt armed there ſeem'd he, no armes that weares;

32

For gainſt his armed foes he onely bends
His force, and ſcornes the naked folke to wound;
Them whom no courage armes, no armes defends,
He chaſed with his lookes, and dreedfull ſound:
Oh, who can tell how farre his force extends?
How theſe he ſcornes, threats thoſe, laies them on ground?
How with vnequall harme, with equall feare
Fled all, all that well arm'd or naked weare,

33

Faſt fled the people weake, and with the ſame
A ſquadron ſtrong is to the temple gone,
Which burnt and builded oft, ſtill keepes the name
Of the firſt founder, wiſe king *Salomone*,
That Prince this ſtately houſe did whilome frame
Of Cedar trees, of gold and marble ſtone;
Now not ſo ritch, yet ſtrong and ſure it was,
With turrets hie, thicke wals, and doores of bras.

34

The knight arriued where in warlike ſort
The men that ample church had fortified,
And cloſed found each wicket, gate and port,
And on the top defences readie ſpied,
He lift his frowning lookes and twiſe that fort
From his high top downe to the groundworke eied,
And entrance ſought, and twiſe with his ſwift fout
The mightie place he meaſured about.

35

Like as a Wolfe about the cloſed fold
Rangeth by night his hoped pray to get,
Enrag'd with hunger, and with malice old,
Which kinde twixt him and harmeleſſe ſheepe hath ſet:
So ſearcht he high and low about that hold,
Where he might enter without ſtop or let,
In the great court he ſtai'd, his foes aboue
Attend th'aſſault, and would their fortune proue.

There

36

There lay by chance a poſted tree therebie,
Kept for ſome needfull vſe, what ere it were,
The armed gallies not ſo thicke nor hie
Their tall and loftie maſts at Genes vpreare;
This beame the knight againſt the gates made flie
From his ſtrong hands, all weights which lift and beare,
Like a light lance the tree he ſhooke and toſt,
And brus'd the gate, the threſhold, and the poſt.

37

No marble ſtone, no mettall ſtrong outbore
The wondrous might, of that redoubled blow,
The braſen henges from the walles it tore,
It breoke the lockes, and laid the dores downe low,
No iron ramme, no engin could do more,
Nor cannons great that thunderbolts forth throw,
His people like a flowing ſtreame inthrong,
And after them entred the victor ſtrong;

38

The wofull ſlaughter blacke and loathſome maid
That houſe, ſometime the ſacred houſe of God,
O heau'nly iuſtice! if thou be delaid
On wretched ſinners ſharper fals thy rod,
In them this place profaned which inuaid
Thou kindled ire, and mercy all forbod,
Vntill with their hart blouds the Pagans vile
This temple waſht, which they did late defile.

39

But *Soliman* this while himſelfe faſt ſped
Vp to the fort, which *Dauids* towre is named,
And with him all the ſouldiers left he led,
And gainſt each entrance new defences framed:
The tyrant *Aladine* eeke thither fled,
To whom the Soldan thus (farre off) exclamed,
Come, come, renowned king, vp to this rocke,
Thy ſelfe, within this fortreſſe ſafe vplocke:

40

For well this fortreſſe ſhall thee and thy crowne
Defend, awhile heere may we ſafe remaine.
Alas (quoth he) alas, for this faire towne,
Which cruell warre beates downe eeu'n with the plaine,
My life is done, mine empire troden downe,
I raind, I liu'd, but now nor liue nor raine;
For now (alas) behold the fatall howre,
That ends our liues, and ends our kingly powre.

Where

41

Where is your vertue, where your wiſedome graue,
And courage ſtout? the angrie Soldan ſaid,
Let chance our kingdomes take which earſt ſhe gaue;
Yet in our harts our kingly worth is laid;
But come and in this fort your perſon ſaue,
Refreſh your wearie limmes and ſtrength decaid:
Thus counſeld he and did to ſafetie bring,
Within that fort the weake and aged king.

42

His iron mace in both his hands he hent,
And on his thigh his truſtie ſword he tide,
And to the entrance fierce and fearleſſe went,
And kept the ſtrait, and all the French deſide:
The blowes were mortall which he gaue or lent,
For whom he hit he ſlew, elſe by his ſide
Laid low on earth, that all fled from the place
Where they beheld that great and dreedfull mace.

43

But old *Raimondo* with his hardie crew
By chance came thither, to his great miſhap,
To that defended path the old man flew,
And ſcorn'd his blowes and him that kept the gap,
He ſtroake his foe, his blow no blood foorth drew,
But on the front with that he caught a rap,
Which in a ſwoune, low in the duſt him laid,
Wide open, trembling, with his armes diſplaid.

44

The Pagans gathred hart at laſt, though feare
Their courage weake had put to flight but late,
So that the conquerours repulſed weare,
And beaten backe, elſe ſlaine before the gate:
The Soldan (mongſt the dead beſide him neare
That ſaw Lord *Raimond* lie in ſuch eſtate)
Cride to his men, within theſe barres (quoth he)
Come draw this knight, and let him captiue be.

45

Forward they ruſht to execute his word,
But hard and dang'rous that empriſe they found,
For none of *Raimonds* men forſooke their Lord,
But to their guides defence they flocked round,
Thence furie fights, hence pitie drawes the ſword,
Nor ſtriue they for vile cauſe, or on light ground,
The life and freedome of that champion braue,
Thoſe ſpoile, theſe would preſerue, thoſe kill, theſe ſaue.

But

46

But yet at laſt (if they had longer fought)
The hardie Soldane would haue wonne the field;
For gainſt his thundring mace auailed nought
Or helme of temper fine, or ſeu'nfold ſhield:
But from each ſide great ſuccour now was brought
To his weake foes, now fit to faint and yield,
And both at once to aide and helpe the ſame
The ſoueraigne Duke and yoong *Rinaldo* came.

47

As when a ſhepherd, raging round about
That ſees a ſtorme with winde, haile, thunder, raine,
(When gloomy cloudes haue daies bright eie put out)
His tender flockes driues from the open plaine,
To ſome thicke groue or mountaines ſhadie fout,
Where heau'ns fierce wrath they may vnhurt ſuſtaine,
And with his hooke, his whiſtle and his cries
Driues foorth his fleecie charge, and with them flies:

48

So fled the Soldan, when he gan deſcrie
This tempeſt come from angrie warre foorth caſt,
The armours claſhte and lightned gainſt the skie,
And from each ſide ſwords, weapons, fire out braſt:
He ſent his folke vp to the fortreſſe hie,
To ſhunne the furious ſtorme, himſelfe ſtaid laſt,
Yet to the danger he gaue place at length,
For wit, his courage; wiſedome, rulde his ſtrength.

49

But ſcant the knight was ſafe the gate within,
Scant cloſed were the doores, when hauing broake
The barres, *Rinaldo* doth aſſault begin
Againſt the port, and on the wicket ſtroake
His matchleſſe might, his great deſire to win,
His oath and promiſe, doth his wrath prouoake,
For he had ſworne (nor ſhould his word be vaine)
To kill the man that had Prince *Sweno* ſlaine.

50

And now his armed hand that caſtle great
Would haue aſſaulted, and had ſhortly wonne,
Nor ſafe pardie the Soldan there a ſeat
Had found his fatall foes ſharpe wrath to ſhonne,
Had not *Godfredo* ſounded the retreat;
For now darke ſhades to ſhrowd the earth begonne,
Within the towne the Duke would lodge that night
And with the morne renew th'aſſault and fight.

With

51

With cheerefull looke thus to his folke he ſaid,
High God hath holpen well his children deare,
This worke is donne, the reſt this night delai'd
Doth little labour bring, leſſe doubt, no feare,
This towre (our foes weake hope and lateſt aid)
We conquer will, when ſunne ſhall next appeare:
Meane-while with loue and tender ruth goe ſee
And comfort thoſe which hurt and wounded bee;

52

Goe cure their wounds which boldly ventured
Their liues, and ſpilt their bloods to get this hold,
That fitteth more this hoſt for Chriſt forth led,
Then thirſt of veng'ance, or deſire of gold;
Too much (ah) too much blood this day is ſhed!
In ſome we too much haſte to ſpoile behold,
But I command no more you ſpoile and kill,
And let a trumpet publiſh forth my will;

53

This ſaid, he went where *Raimond* panting lay,
Wakt from the ſwoune wherein he late had beene.
Nor *Soliman* with countenance leſſe gay
Beſpake his troupes, and kept his griefe vnſeene;
My friends, you are vnconquered this day,
In ſpite of fortune, ſtill our hope is greene,
For vnderneath great ſhowes of harme and feare,
Our dangers ſmall, our loſſes little weare:

54

Burnt are your houſes, and your people ſlaine,
Yet ſafe your towne is, though your walles be gone,
For in your ſelues and in your ſoueraigne
Conſiſts your citie, not in lime and ſtone;
Your king is ſafe, and ſafe is all his traine,
In this ſtrong fort defended from their fone,
And on this emptie conqueſt let them boſt,
Till with this towne againe, their liues be loſt;

55

And on their heads the loſſe at laſt will light,
For with good fortune proud and inſolent,
In ſpoile and murder ſpend they day and night,
In riot, drinking, luſt and rauiſhment,
And may amid their praies with little fight
At eaſe be ouerthrowne, kild, ſlaine and ſpent,
If in this careleſneſſe th'Egyptian hoaſt
Vpon them fall, which now drawes neere this coaſt.

Meane-while

56

Meane-while the higheſt buildings of this towne
We may ſhake downe with ſtones, about their eares,
And with our dartes and ſpeares from engins throwne,
Commaund that hill Chriſts ſepulchre that beares:
Thus comforts he their hopes and harts caſt downe,
Awakes their valours, and exiles their feares.
But while theſe things hapt thus, *Vafrino* goes
Vnknowne, amid ten thouſand armed foes.

57

The ſunne nie ſet had brought to ende the day,
When *Vafrine* went the Pagan hoſte to ſpie,
He paſt vnknowne a cloſe and ſecret way;
A traueller, falſe, cunning, craftie, ſlie,
Paſt Aſcalon he ſaw the morning gray
Step ore the threſhold of the Eſtren skie,
And ere bright Titan, halfe his courſe had runne,
That campe, that mightie hoſte to ſhow begunne.

58

Tents infinite and ſtandards broad he ſpies,
This red, that white, that blew, this purple was,
And heares ſtrange toongs, and ſtranger harmonies
Of trumpets, clarions, and well ſounding bras:
The Elephant there braies, the Camell cries;
The horſes neigh as to and fro they pas:
Which ſeene and heard, he ſaid within his thought,
Hither all Aſia is, all Affricke, brought.

59

He view'd the campe awhile, her ſcite and ſeat,
What ditch, what trench it had, what rampire ſtrong,
Nor cloſe, nor ſecret waies to worke his feat
He longer ſought, nor hid him from the throng;
But entred through the gates, broad, roiall, great,
And oft he askt, and anſwer'd oft among,
In queſtions wiſe, in anſweres ſhort and ſlie;
Bold was his looke, eies quicke, front lifted hie:

60

On euerie ſide he pried here and theare,
And markt each way, each paſſage and each tent:
The knights he notes, their ſteads, and armes they beare;
Their names, their armours and their gouerment,
And greater ſecrets hopes to learne, and heare
Their hidden purpoſe, and their cloſe entent:
So long he walkt and wandred, till he ſpide
The way t'approch the great Pauilions ſide;

There

61

There as he lookte, he ſaw the canuaſſe rent,
Through which the voice found eath and open way,
From the cloſe lodgings of the regall tent,
And inmoſt cloſet, where the captaine lay;
So that if *Emireno* ſpake, forth went
They ſound to them that liſten what they ſay,
There *Vafrine* watcht, and thoſe that ſaw him thought
To mend the breach, that there he ſtood and wrought.

62

The captaine great within bare headed ſtood,
His bodie arm'd and clad in purple weed;
Two Pages bore his ſhield and helmet good,
He leaning on a bending launce, gaue heed
To a bigge man, whoſe lookes were fierce and prood,
With whom he parled of ſome haughtie deed,
Godfredoes name as *Vafrine* watcht he hard,
Which made him giue more heed, take more regard:

63

Thus ſpake the Chieftaine to that ſurly ſire,
Art thou ſo ſure that *Godfrey* ſhall be ſlaine?
I am (quoth he) and ſweare nere to retire
(Except he firſt be kill'd) to court againe,
I will preuent thoſe that with me conſpire:
Nor other guerdon aske I for my paine,
But that I may hang vp his harneſſe braue
At Caire, and vnder them theſe words engraue,

64

Theſe armes *Ormondo* tooke in noble fight
From *Godfrey* proud, that ſpoil'd all Aſias lands,
And with them tooke his life, and here on hight
(In memorie thereof) this trophie ſtands.
The Duke replide, nere ſhall that deed (bold knight)
Paſſe vnrewarded at our ſou'raignes hands,
What thou demaundeſt ſhall he gladly grant,
Nor gold nor guerdon ſhalt thou wiſh, or want.

65

Thoſe counterfeited armours than prepare,
Bicauſe the day of fight approacheth faſt,
They readie are (quoth he:) then both forbare
From further talke, theſe ſpeeches were the laſt.
Vafrine (theſe great things heard) with griefe and care
Remain'd aſtound, and in his thoughts oft caſt
What treaſon falſe this was, how feigned weare
Thoſe armes, but yet that doubt he could not cleare.

66

From thence he parted, and broad waking lay
All that long night, nor ſlumbred once nor ſlept:
But when the campe by peepe of ſpringing day
Their banners ſpred, and knights on horſebacke lept,
With them he marched foorth in meete array,
And where they pitched, lodg'd, and with them kept,
And then from tent to tent he ſtalkt about,
To heare and ſee, and learne this ſecret out;

67

Searching about on a ritch throne he fand
Armida ſet, with dames and knights around,
Sullen ſhe ſate, and ſigh'd, it ſeemd ſhe ſcand
Some weightie matters in her thoughts profound,
Her roſie cheeke leand on her lillie hand,
Her eies (loues twinckling ſtars) ſhe bent to ground,
Weepe ſhe, or no, he knowes not, yet appeares
Her humid eies eu'n great with childe with teares.

68

He ſawe before her ſet *Adraſtus* grim,
That ſeemed ſcant to liue, mooue, or reſpire,
So was he fixed on his miſtres trim,
So gazed he, and fed his fond deſire;
But *Tiſiperne* beheld now her, now him,
And quakte, ſometime for loue, ſometime for ire,
And in his cheekes the colour went and came,
For their wrathes fire now burnt, now ſhone loues flame.

69

Then from the garland faire of virgins bright,
(Mongſt whom he lay encloſd) roſe *Altamore*,
His hot deſire he hid and kept from ſight,
His lookes were ruld by *Cupids* craftie lore,
His left eie viewd her hand, her face; his right
Both watcht her beauties hid, and ſecret ſtore,
And entrance found where her thin vaile bewraid
The milken way betweene her breaſts that laid.

70

Her eies *Armida* lift from earth at laſt,
And cleard againe her front and viſage ſad,
Midſt clouds of woe her lookes which ouercaſt
She lightned foorth a ſmile, ſweete, pleaſant, glad;
My Lord (quoth ſhe) your oath and promiſe paſt,
Hath freed my hart of all the griefes it had,
That now in hope of ſweete reuenge it liues,
Such ioy, ſuch eaſe, deſired vengeance giues.

Cheare

71

Cheare vp thy lookes (anſwer'd the Indian king)
And for ſweete beauties ſake, appeaſe thy woe,
Caſt at your feete ere you expect the thing,
I will preſent the head of thy ſtrong foe;
Elſe ſhall this hand his perſon captiue bring
And caſt in priſon deepe, he boaſted ſoe.
His riuall heard him well, yet anſwerd nought,
But bit his lips, and grieu'd in ſecret thought.

72

To *Tiſiphern* the damſell turning right,
And what ſay you, my noble lord? (quoth ſhe)
He taunting ſaid, I, that am ſlow to fight
Will follow farre behinde, the worth to ſee
Of this your terrible and puiſſant knight,
In ſcórnefull words this bitter ſcoffe gaue hee.
Good reaſon (quoth the king) thou come behinde,
Nor ere compare thee with the prince of Inde.

73

Lord *Tiſiphernes* ſhooke his head, and ſaid,
Oh had my powre free like my courage beene,
Or had I libertie to vſe this blade,
Who ſlow, who weakeſt is, ſoone ſhould be ſeene,
Nor thou, nor thy great vants make me affraid,
But cruell loue I feare, and this faire queene.
This ſaid, to chalenge him the king foorth lept,
But vp their miſtreſſe ſtart and twixt them ſtept:

74

Will you thus robbe me of that gift (quoth ſhee)
Which each hath vowd to giue by word and oth?
You are my champions, let that title bee
The bond of loue and peace, betweene you both;
He that diſpleaſd is, is diſpleaſd with mee,
For which of you is grieud, and I not wroth?
Thus warnd ſhe them, their harts (for ire nie broake)
In forced peace and reſt, thus bore loues yoake.

75

All this heard *Vafrine* as he ſtood beſide,
And hauing learn'd the troth, he left the tent,
That treaſon was againſt the chriſtians guide
Contriud, he wiſt, yet wiſt not how it went,
By words, and queſtions farre off, he tride
To finde the truth, more difficult, more bent
Was he to know it, and reſolud to die,
Or of that ſecret cloſe th'entent to ſpie.

76

Of ſlie intelligence he prou'd all waies,
All crafts, all wiles, that in his thoughts abid,
Yet all in vaine the man by wit aſſaies,
To know that falſe compact and practiſe hid:
But chance (what wiſdome could not tell) bewraies,
Fortune of all his doubt the knots vndid,
So that prepard for *Godfreies* laſt miſhappe
(At eaſe) he found the net, and ſpide the trappe.

77

Thither he turnd againe, where ſeated was
The angrie louer, twixt her friends and lords,
For in that troupe much talke he thought would pas,
Each great aſſemblie ſtore of newes affords,
He ſided there a luſtie louely las,
And with ſome courtly tearmes the wench he bords,
He faines acquaintance, and as bold appeares
As he had knowne that virgin twentie yeares:

78

He ſaid, would ſome ſweete ladie grace me ſoe,
To chuſe me for her champion, friend, and knight,
Proud *Godfreies* or *Rinaldoes* head (I troe)
Should feele the ſharpnes of my curtlax bright;
Aske me the head (faire miſtreſſe) of ſome foe,
For to your beautie vowed is my might,
So he began, and ment in ſpeeches wiſe
Further to wade, but thus he brake the iſe:

79

Therewith he ſmild, and ſmiling gan to frame
His lookes, ſo to their ould and natiue grace,
That towards him another virgin came,
Heard him, beheld him, and with baſhfull face
Said, for thy miſtreſſe chuſe no other dame
But me, on me thy loue and ſeruice place,
I take thee for my champion, and apart
Would reaſon with thee, if my knight thou art.

80

Withdrawne, ſhe thus began, *Vafrine* (pardie)
I know thee well, and me thou knowſt of old,
To his laſt trumpe this droue the ſubtile ſpie,
But ſmiling towards her he turnd him bold,
Nere that I wote I ſaw thee earſt with eie,
Yet for thy worth all eies ſhould thee behold,
Thus much I know right well, for from the ſame
Which earſt you gaue me diffrent is my name.

My

81

My mother bore me neere *Biſertas* wall,
Her name was *Lesbine*, mine is *Almanſore*:
I knew long ſince (quoth ſhe) what men thee call,
And thine eſtate, diſſemble it no more,
From me thy friend hide not thy ſelfe at all,
If I bewraie thee let me die therefore,
I am *Erminia*, daughter to a prince,
But *Tancreds* ſlaue, thy fellow ſeruant ſince;

82

Two happie months within that priſon kind,
Vnder thy guard, reioiced I tó dwell,
And thee a keeper meeke and good did find,
The ſame, the ſame I am; behould me well.
The ſquire her louely beautie call'd to mind,
And markt her viſage faire: from thee expell
All feare (ſhe ſaies) for me liue ſafe and ſure,
I will thy ſafetie, not thy harme procure.

83

But yet I praie thee (when thou doſt retorne)
To my deare priſon lead me home againe;
For in this hatefull freedome eau'n and morne
I ſigh for ſorrow, mourne and weepe for paine:
But if to ſpie perchance thou here ſoiorne,
Great hap thou haſt, to know their ſecrets plaine,
For I their treaſons falſe, falſe traines, can ſay,
Which fewe beſide can tell, none will bewray.

84

On her he gazd, and ſilent ſtood this while,
Armidas ſleights he knew, and traines vniuſt,
Women haue toongs of craft, and harts of guile,
They will, they will not, fooles that on them truſt,
For in their ſpeech, is death; hell, in their ſmile;
At laſt he ſaid, if hence depart you luſt,
I will you guide, on this conclude we heare,
And further ſpeech, till fitter time, forbeare.

85

Forthwith (ere thence the campe remooue) to ride
They were reſolu'd, their flight that ſeaſon fits,
Vafrine departs, ſhe to the dames beſide
Returnes, and there on thornes awhile ſhe ſits,
Of her new knight ſhe talkes, till time and tide
To ſcape vnmarkt ſhe finde, then forth ſhe gits,
Thither where *Vafrine* her vnſeene abode,
There tooke ſhee horſe, and from the campe they rode.

86

And now in desarts waste and wilde arriued,
Farre from the campe, farre from resort and sight,
Vasrine began, gainst *Godfreies* life contriued
The false compacts and traines vnfould aright:
Then she those treasons (from their spring deriued)
Repeats, and brings their hid deceits to light,
Eight knights she saies, (all courtiers braue) there arre,
(But *Ormond* strong, the rest surpasseth farre)

87

These (whether hate or hope of gaine them moue)
Conspired haue, and fram'd their treason soe,
That day when *Emiren* by fight shall proue
To winne lost Asia from his christian foe,
These, with the crosse scor'd on their armes aboue,
And armd like Frenchmen, will disguised goe,
Like *Godfreies* guard that gould and white do weare,
Such shall their habite be, and such their geare:

88

Yet each will beare a token in his creast,
That so their friends for Pagans may them know:
But in close fight when all the souldiours best
Shall mingled be, to giue the fatall blow,
They will creepe neere, and pierce *Godfredoes* brest,
While of his faithfull guard they beare false show,
And all their swords are dipt in poison strong,
Bicause each wound shall bring sad death ere long.

89

And for their chiefetaine wist I knew your guize,
What garments, ensignes, and what armes you carrie,
Those feigned armes he forst me to deuize,
So that from yours but small or nought they varrie:
But these vniust commands my thoughts despize,
Within their campe therefore I list not tarrie,
My hart abhorres I should this hand defile
With spot of treason, or with act of guile.

90

This is the cause, but not the cause alone:
And there she ceast, and blusht, and on the maine
Cast downe her eies, these last words scant outgone,
She would haue stopt, nor durst pronounce them plaine.
The squire, what she conceald, would know, as one
That from her breast her secret thoughts could straine,
Of little faith (quoth he) why wouldst thou hide
Those causes true, from me thy squire and guide?

With

91

With that ſhe fecht a ſigh, ſad, ſore, and deepe,
And from her lips her words ſlow, trembling came,
Fruitleſſe (ſhe ſaid) vntimely, hard to keepe,
Vaine modeſtie farewell, and farewell ſhame,
Why hope you reſtleſſe loue to bring on ſleepe?
Why ſtriue your fires to quench ſweete *Cupids* flame?
No, no, ſuch cares, and ſuch reſpects beſeeme
Great Ladies, wandring maides them nought eſteeme.

92

That night, fatall to me and Antioch towne,
Then made a praie to her commaunding foe,
My loſſe was greater than was ſeene or knowne,
There ended not, but thence began my woe:
Light was the loſſe of friends, of Realme or crowne;
But with my ſtate, I loſt my ſelfe alſoe,
Nere to be found againe, for then I loſt
My wit, my ſenſe, my hart, my ſoule almoſt.

93

Through fire and ſword, through blood and death *(Vafrine)*
(Which all my friends did burne, did kill, did chace)
Thou know'ſt I ronne to thy deere Lord and mine,
When firſt he entred had my fathers place,
And kneeling with ſalt teares in my ſwolne eine;
Great Prince (quoth I) grant mercie, pitie, grace,
Saue not my kingdome, not my life I ſaide,
But ſaue mine honour, let me die a maide.

94

He lift me by the trembling hand from ground,
Nor ſtaide he till my humble ſpeech was donne;
But ſaid, a friend and keeper haſt thou found
(Faire virgin) nor to me in vaine you ronne:
A ſweetneſſe ſtrange from that ſweet voices ſound
Pierced my hart, my breſts weake fortreſſe wonne,
Which creeping through my boſome ſoft, became
A wound, a ſickenes, and a quenchleſſe flame.

95

He viſits me, with ſpeeches kinde and graue
He ſought to eaſe my griefes, and ſorrowes ſmart:
He ſaid, I giue thee libertie, recaue
All that is thine, and at thy will depart:
Alas, he robb'd me when he thought he gaue,
Free was *Ermmia*: but captiu'd her hart,
Mine was the bodie, his the ſoule and minde,
He gaue the cage, but kept the birde behinde.

96

But who can hide deſire, or loue ſuppreſſe?
Oft of his worth with thee in talke I ſtroue,
Thou (by my trembling fit that well couldſt gueſſe
What feauer held me) ſaidſt, thou art in loue;
But I denaid, for what can maids doe leſſe?
And yet my ſighes thy ſayings true did proue,
In ſtead of ſpeech, my lookes, my teares, mine eies,
Told in what flame, what fire, thy miſtreſſe fries.

97

Vnhappie ſilence, well I might haue told
My woes, and for my harmes haue ſought reliefe,
Since now my paines and plaints I vtter bold,
Where none that heares can helpe or eaſe my griefe:
From him I parted, and did cloſe vpfold
My wounds within my boſome, death was chiefe
Of all my hopes and helpes, till loues ſweet flame
Pluckt off the bridle of reſpect and ſhame,

98

And caus'd me ride to ſeeke my Lord and knight,
For he that made me ſicke could make me ſound:
But on an ambuſh I miſchanſt to light
Of cruell men, in armour clothed round,
Hardly I ſcapt their hands by mature flight,
And fled to wilderneſſe and deſart ground,
And there I liu'd in groues and forreſts wilde,
With gentle groomes and ſhepheards daughters milde.

99

But when hot loue, which feare had late ſuppreſt,
Reuiu'd againe, there nould I longer ſit,
But rode the way I came, nor ere tooke reſt,
Till on like danger, like miſhap I hit,
A troupe to forrage and to ſpoile addreſt,
Encountred me, nor could I flie from it:
Thus was I tane, and thoſe that had me cought
Egyptians were, and me to Gaza brought,

100

And for a preſent to their captaine gaue,
Whom I entreated and beſought ſo well,
That he mine honour had great care to ſaue,
And ſince with faire *Armida* let me dwell.
Thus taken oft, eſcaped oft I haue,
Ah, ſee what haps I paſt, what dangers fell,
So often captiue, free ſo oft againe,
Still my firſt bandes I keepe, ſtill my firſt chaine.

101

And he that did this chaine ſo ſurely binde
About my hart, which none can looſe but hee,
Let him not ſay, goe (wandring damſell) finde
Some other home, thou ſhalt not bide with mee,
But let him welcome me with ſpeeches kinde,
And in my wonted priſon ſet me free:
Thus ſpake the Princeſſe, thus ſhe and her guide
Talkt day and night, and on their iourney ride,

102

Through the high waies *Vafrino* would not pas,
A path more ſecret, ſafe and ſhort, he knew,
And now cloſe by the cities wall he was,
When ſunne was ſet, night in the Eaſt vpflew,
With drops of blood beſmeerd he found the gras,
And ſaw where lay a warriour murdred new,
That all bebled the ground, his face to skies
He turnes, and ſeemes to threat, though dead he lies:

103

His harneſſe and his habit both bewraid
He was a Pagan, forward went the ſquire,
And ſaw whereas another champion laid
Dead on the land, all foild with blood and mire,
This was ſome Chriſtian knight *Vafrino* ſaid;
And marking well his armes and ritch attire,
He loos'd his helme, and ſaw his viſage plaine,
And cride, alas, here lies *Tancredie* ſlaine!

104

The woefull virgin tarried, and gaue heed
To the fierce lookes of that proud Saracine,
Till that high crie (full of ſad feare and dreed)
Pierſt through her hart with ſorrow, griefe and pine,
At *Tancreds* name thither ſhe ranne with ſpeed,
Like one halfe mad, or drunke with too much wine,
And when ſhe ſawe his face, pale, bloodleſſe, dead,
She lighted, nay, ſhe tumbled from her ſtead:

105

Her ſprings of teares ſhe looſeth foorth, and cries
Hither why bringſt thou me, ah fortune blinde?
Where dead (for whom I liu'd) my comfort lies,
Where warre, for peace; trauell for reſt I finde;
Tancred, I haue thee, ſee thee, yet thine eies
Lookte not vpon thy loue and handmaide kinde,
Vndoe their doores, their lids faſt cloſed ſeuer,
Alas, I finde thee for to loſe thee euer.

106

I neuer thought that to mine eies (my deare)
Thou could'ſt haue greeuous or vnpleaſant beene;
But now would blinde or rather dead I weare,
That thy ſad plight might be vnknowne, vnſeene,
Alas, where is thy mirth and ſmiling cheare?
Where are thine eies cleere beames and ſparkles ſheene?
Of thy faire cheeke where is the purple read,
And foreheads whitnes? are all gone, all dead?

107

Though gone, though dead, I loue thee ſtill behold;
Death wounds, but kils not loue; yet if thou liue
Sweete ſoule, ſtill in his breſt, my follies bold
Ah, pardon, loues, deſires and ſtealthes forgiue;
Grant me from his pale mouth ſome kiſſes cold,
Since death doth loue of iuſt reward depriue;
And of thy ſpoiles ſad death affoord me this,
Let me his mouth pale, cold and bloodleſſe kis;

108

O gentle mouth! with ſpeeches kinde and ſweete,
Thou didſt relieue my griefe, my woe and paine,
Ere my weake ſoule from this fraile bodie fleete,
Ah, comfort me with one deare kiſſe or twaine,
Perchance if we aliue had hapt to meete,
They had beene giu'n which now are ſtolne, O vaine,
O feeble life, betwixt his lips out flie,
O let me kiſſe thee firſt, then let me die!

109

Receiue my yeilded ſpirit, and with thine
Guide it to heau'n, where all true loue hath place:
This ſaide, ſhe ſigh'd, and tore her treſſes fine,
And from her eies two ſtreames powrde on his face,
The man reuiued with thoſe ſhowres diuine,
Awakt, and opened his lips a ſpace:
His lips were open; but faſt ſhut his eies,
And with her ſighes, one ſigh from him vpflies.

110

The dame perceiu'd that *Tancred* breath'd and ſight,
Which calm'd her grieues ſomedeale and eas'd her feares:
Vncloſe thine eies (ſhe ſaies) my Lord and knight,
See my laſt ſeruices, my plaints and teares,
See her that dies to ſee thy woefull plight,
That of thy paine her part and portion beares,
Once looke on me, ſmall is the gift I craue,
The laſt which thou canſt giue, or I can haue.

111

Tancred lookt vp, and clos'd his eies againe,
Heauie and dim, and ſhe renew'd her woe:
Quoth *Vafrine*, cure him firſt, and then complaine,
Med'cine is lifes chiefe friend; plaint her moſt foe,
They pluckt his armour off, and ſhe each vaine,
Each ioint, and ſinew felt, and handled ſoe,
And ſearcht ſo well, each thruſt, each cut and wound,
That hope of life her loue and skill ſoone found.

112

From wearineſſe and loſſe of blood ſhe ſpide
His greateſt paines and anguiſh moſt proceede,
Nought but her vaile amid thoſe deſarts wide
She had to binde his wounds, in ſo great neede,
But loue could other bands (though ſtrange) prouide,
And pitie wept for ioy to ſee that deede,
For with her amber lockes cut off each wound
She tide: O happie man, ſo cur'd, ſo bound!

113

For why her vaile was ſhort and thin, thoſe deepe
And cruell hurtes to faſten, rowle, and binde,
Nor ſalue, nor ſimple had ſhe, yet to keepe
Her knight on liue, ſtrong charmes of wondrous kinde
She ſaid, and from him droue that deadly ſleepe,
That now his eies he lifted, turn'd and twinde,
And ſaw his ſquire, and ſaw that curteous dame
In habit ſtrange, and wondred whence ſhe came.

114

He ſaid, O *Vafrine*, tell me, whence com'ſt thow?
And who this gentle ſurgeon is, diſcloſe;
She ſmil'd, ſhe ſigh'd, ſhe lookt ſhe wiſt not how,
She wept, reioiſt, ſhe bluſht as red as roſe,
You ſhall know all (ſhe ſaies) your ſurgeon now
Commands you ſilence, reſt, and ſoft repoſe,
You ſhall be ſound, prepare my guerdon meete,
His head then laid ſhe in her boſome ſweete.

115

Vafrine deuis'd this while how he might beare
His maiſter home, ere night obſcur'd the land,
When loe a troupe of ſoldiers did appeare,
Whom he deſcride to be *Tancredies* band,
With him when he and *Argant* met they weare;
But when they went to combat hand for hand,
He bod them ſtay behinde, and they obaid,
But came to ſeeke him now, ſo long he ſtaid.

116

Beſides them, many follow'd that enqueſt,
But theſe alone found out the righteſt way,
Vpon their friendly armes the men addreſt
A ſeat, whereon he ſate, he lean'd, he lay:
(Quoth *Tancred*) ſhall the ſtrong Circaſſian reſt
In this broad field, for wolues and crowes a pray?
Ah no, defraud not you that champion braue
Of his iuſt praiſe, of his due tombe and graue,

117

With his dead bones no longer warre haue I,
Boldly he dide, and noblie was he ſlaine,
Then let vs not that honour him denie,
Which after death alonely doth remaine:
The Pagan dead they lifted vp on hie,
And after *Tancred* bore him through the plaine.
Cloſe by the virgin chaſt did *Vafrine* ride,
As he that was her ſquire, her guard, her guide.

118

Not home (quoth *Tancred*) to my wonted tent,
But beare me to this roiall towne, I pray,
That if cut ſhort by humaine accident
I die, there I may ſee my lateſt day,
The place where Chriſt vpon his croſſe was rent,
To heau'n perchance may eaſier make the way,
And ere I yeeld to deathes and fortunes rage,
Perform'd ſhall be my vow and pilgrimage,

119

Thus to the cittie was *Tancredie* borne,
And fell on ſleepe, laid on a bed of downe.
Vafrino where the damſell might ſoiorne,
A chamber got, cloſe, ſecret, neere his owne:
That done he came the mightie Duke beforne,
And entrance found, for till his newes were knowne
Nought was concluded mongſt thoſe knights & Lords,
Their counſell hung on his report and words.

120

Where weake and wearie wounded *Raimond* laid,
Godfrey was ſet vpon his couches ſide,
And round about the man a ring was maid
Of lords and knights, that fild the chamber wide;
There while the ſquire his late diſcou'rie ſaid,
To breake his talke none anſwerd, none replide,
My lord (he ſaid) at your command I went
And vew'd their campe, each cabbin, booth and tent;

But

121

But of that mightie hoaſt the number trew
Expect not that I can, or ſhould deſcrie,
All couerd with their armies might you vew
The fieldes, the plaines, the dales and mountaines hie,
I ſaw what way ſo ere they went and drew,
They ſpoild the land, drunke flouds and fountaines drie,
For not whole Iordan could haue giu'n them drinke,
Nor all the graine in Syria, bread, I thinke.

122

But yet amongſt them many bands are found
Both horſe and foote, of little force and might,
That keep no order, know no trumpets ſound,
That draw no ſword, but farre off ſhoot and fight,
But yet the Perſian army doth abound
With many a footeman ſtrong, and hardie knight,
So doth the kings owne troupe which all is framed
Of ſouldiours old, th'immortall ſquadron named.

123

Immortall called is that band of right,
For of that number neuer wanteth one,
But in his emptie place ſome other knight
Steps in, when any man is dead or gone:
This armies leader *Emireno* hight,
Like whom in wit and ſtrength are fewe or none,
Who hath in charge in plaine and pitched feild,
To fight with you, to make you flie or yeild.

124

And well I know their armie and their hoſt,
Within a day or two, will here arriue:
But thee, *Rinaldo*, it behooueth moſt
To keepe thy noble head, for which they ſtriue,
For all the chiefe in armes or courage, boſt
They will the fame to queene *Armida* giue,
And for the fame ſhe giues her ſelfe in price,
Such hire will many hands to worke entice.

125

The chiefe of theſe (that haue thy murder ſworne)
Is *Altamore*, the king of Sarmachand;
Adraſtus then, whoſe realme lies neere the morne,
A hardie giant, bould, and ſtrong of hand,
This king vpon an elephant is borne,
For vnder him no horſe can ſtirre or ſtand;
The third is *Tiſipherne*, as braue a lord
As euer put on helme, or guirt on ſword.

126

This ſaid, from yong *Rinaldoes* angrie eies
Flew ſparks of wrath, flames in his viſage ſhinde,
He long'd to be amid thoſe enimies,
Nor reſt nor reaſon in his hart could finde.
But to the Duke *Vafrine* his talke applies,
The greateſt newes (my Lord) are yet behinde,
For all their thoughts, their crafts and counſels tend
By treaſon falſe to bring thy life to end:

127

Then all from point to point he gan expoſe
The falſe compact, how it was made and wrought,
The armes and enſignes fained, poiſon cloſe,
Ormondos vant, what praiſe, what thanke he ſought,
And what reward, and ſatisfide all thoſe
That would demaund, enquire, or aske of ought,
Silence was made a while, when *Godfrey* thus,
Raimondo ſay, what counſell giu'ſt thou vs?

128

Not as we purpos'd late, next morne (quoth hee)
Let vs not ſcale, but round beſiege this towre,
That thoſe within may haue no iſſue free
To ſallie out, and hurt vs with their powre,
Our campe well reſted and refreſhed ſee,
Prouided well gainſt this laſt ſtorme and ſhowre,
And then in pitched field, fight, if you will;
If not, delay, and keepe this fortreſſe ſtill:

129

But leaſt you be endangred, hurt or ſlaine,
Of all your cares take care your ſelfe to ſaue,
By you this campe doth liue, doth winne, doth raine,
Who elſe can rule or guide theſe ſquadrons braue?
And for the traitors ſhall be noted plaine,
Command your garde to change the armes they haue,
So ſhall their guile be knowne, in their owne net
So ſhall they fall, caught in the ſnare they ſet.

130

As it hath euer (thus the Duke begonne)
Thy counſell ſhewes thy wiſdome and thy loue,
And what you left in doubt, ſhall thus be donne,
We will their force in pitched battell proue;
Clos'd in this wall and trench, the fight to ſhonne,
Doth ill this campe beſeeme, and worſe behoue,
But we their ſtrength and manhood will aſſay,
And trie, in open field and open day.

131

The fame of our great conqueſts to ſuſtaine,
Or bide our lookes and threates, they are not able,
And when this armie is ſubdu'd and ſlaine,
Then is our empire ſetled, firme and ſtable,
The towre ſhall yeeld, or but reſiſt in vaine,
For feare her anchor is, deſpaire her cable,
Thus he concludes, and rowling downe the weſt
Faſt ſet the ſtarres, and call'd them all to reſt.

The twentith Booke of Godfrey of Bulloigne.

The argument.

The Pagan hoſt arriues, and cruell fight
Makes with the Chriſtians, and their faithfull powre;
The Soldan longs in field to proue his might,
With the old king quits the beſieged towre;
Yet both are ſlaine, and in eternall night
A famous hand giues each his fatall howre;
Rinald *appeaſd* Armida; *firſt the feild*
The Chriſtians winne; then praiſe to God they yeild.

1

THe ſunne call'd vp the world from idle ſleepe,
And of the day ten howres were gone and paſt,
When the bould troupe that had the towre to keepe,
Eſpide a ſodaine miſt, that ouercaſt
The earth, with mirkſome clouds and darknes deepe,
And ſawe it was th'Egyptian campe at laſt,
Which rais'd the duſt, for hils and valleies broad
That hoaſt did ouerſpread and ouerload:

2

Therewith a merrie ſhout and ioyfull crie
The Pagans reard, from their beſieged hold;
The cranes from Thrace with ſuch a rumour flie,
His hoarie froſt and ſnow when Hyems old
Powres downe, and faſt to warmer regions hie,
From the ſharpe winds, fierce ſtormes and tempeſts cold,
And quicke and readie this new hope and aid,
Their hands, to ſhoot; their toongs to threaten maid.

3

From whence their ire, their wrath and hardie threat
Proceeds, the French well knew, and plaine eſpide,
For from the wals and ports the army great
They ſaw, her ſtrenght, her number, pompe and pride,
Swelled their breſts with valours noble heat,
Battaile and fight they wiſht, arme, arme, they cride,
The youth to giue the ſigne of fight all praid
Their Duke, and were diſpleaſd, bicauſe delaid,

4

Till morning next for he refuſd to fight,
Their haſte and heat he bridled, but not brake,
Nor yet with ſodaine fray or skirmiſh light,
Of theſe new foes would he vaine triall make,
After ſo many warres (he ſaies) good right
It is, that one daies reſt at leaſt you take,
For thus in his vaine foes he cheriſh would
The hope, which in their ſtrength they haue and hould.

5

To ſee Auroras gentle beame appeare,
The ſouldiers armed, preſt and ready lay,
The skies were neuer halfe ſo faire and cleare,
As in the breaking of that bleſſed day,
The merrie morning ſmild, and ſeemd to weare
Vpon her ſiluer crowne, ſuns golden ray,
And without clond, heau'n his redoubled light
Bent downe, to ſee this field, this fray, this fight.

6

When firſt he ſawe the day breake, ſhew and ſhine,
Godfrey his hoaſt in good array brought out,
And to beſiege the tyrant *Aladine*
Raimond he left, and all the faithfull rout,
That from the townes was come of Paleſtine,
To ſerue and ſuccour their deliuerer ſtout,
And with them left a hardie troupe beſide
Of Gaſcoignes ſtrong; in armes well prou'd, oft tride.

7

Such was *Godfredoes* count'nance, ſuch his cheare,
That from his eie ſure conqueſt flames and ſtreames,
Heau'ns gracious fauours in his lookes appeare,
And great and goodly more than earſt he ſeames,
His face and forehead full of nobleſſe weare,
And on his checke ſmiled youthes purple beames,
And in his gate, his grace, his actes, his eies
Somewhat (farre more than mortall) liues and lies.

He

8

He had not marched farre, ere he eſpied
Of his proud foes the mightie hoaſt draw nie,
A hill at firſt he tooke, and fortified
At his left hand which ſtood his armie bie,
Broad in the front, behinde more ſtraite vp tied,
His armie readie ſtoode the fight to trie,
And to the middle ward well armd he brings
His footemen ſtrong, his horſemen ſerud for wings;

9

To the left wing, ſpred vnderneath the bent
Of the ſteepe hill, that ſau'd their flanke and ſide,
The *Roberts* twaine, two leaders good, he ſent;
His brother had the middle ward to guide;
To the right wing himſelfe in perſon went,
Downe, where the plaine was dangrous broad, and wide,
And where his foes with their great numbers, would
Perchance enuiron round his ſquadrons bould.

10

There all his Lorreners and men of might,
All his beſt armd he plaſt, and choſen bands,
And with thoſe horſe ſome footemen armed light,
That archers were, (vſd to that ſeruice) ſtands,
Th'aduentrers then, in battaile and in fight
Well tride, a ſquadron famous through all lands,
On the right hand he ſet, ſomedeale aſide,
Rinaldo was their leader, lord, and guide.

11

To whom the Duke, in thee our hope is laid
Of victorie, thou muſt the conqueſt gaine,
Behinde this mightie wing, ſo farre diſplaid,
Thou with thy noble ſquadron cloſe remaine;
And when the Pagans would our backs inuade,
Aſſaile them then, and make their onſet vaine;
For if I geſſe aright, they haue in minde
To compaſſe vs, and charge our troupes behinde.

12

Then through his hoaſt, that tooke ſo large a ſcope,
He road, and vewd them all, both horſe and fout,
His face was bare, his helme vnclos'd and ope,
Lightned his eies, his lookes bright fire ſhot out,
He cheres the fearefull, comforts them that hope,
And to the bould recounts his boaſting ſtout,
And to the valiant his aduentures hard,
Theſe bids he looke for praiſe, thoſe for reward.

13

At laſt he ſtaid, whereof his ſquadrons bold,
And nobleſt troupes, aſſembled was beſt part,
There from a riſing banke his will he told,
And all that heard his ſpeech thereat tooke hart:
And as the molten ſnow from mountaines cold
Runs downe in ſtreames, with eloquence and art,
So from his lips his words and ſpeeches fell,
Shrill, ſpeedie, pleaſant, ſweete, and placed well.

14

My hardie hoſt, you conqu'rours of the Eaſt,
You ſcourge, wherewith Chriſt whips his heathen fone,
Of victorie, behould the lateſt feaſt,
See the laſt day, for which you wiſht alone;
Not without cauſe the Sarzens moſt and leaſt,
Our gratious Lord hath gathred here in one,
For all your foes and his, aſſembled arre,
That one daies fight may end ſeaune yeares of warre.

15

This fight ſhall bring vs many victories,
The danger none, the labour will be ſmall,
Let not the number of your enimies
Diſmay your harts, grant feare no place at all;
For ſtrife and diſcord through their armie flies,
Their bands ill rankt themſelues entangle ſhall,
And fewe of them to ſtrike or fight ſhall come,
For ſome want ſtrength, ſome hart, ſome elbow rome.

16

This hoſt, with whom you muſt encounter now,
Are men halfe naked, without ſtrength or skill,
From idlenes, or following the plow,
Late preſſed foorth to warre, againſt their will,
Their ſwordes are blunt, ſhieldes thinne, ſoone pierced throw,
Their banners ſhake, their bearers ſhrinke, for ill
Their leaders heard, obaid, or follow'd bee,
Their loſſe, their flight, their death I well foreſee:

17

Their captaine, clad in purple, armd in gould,
That ſeemes ſo fierce, ſo hardie, ſtout and ſtrong,
The Moores or weake Arabians vanquiſh could,
Yet can he not reſiſt your valours long,
What can he do, (though wiſe, though ſage, though bould)
In that confuſion, trouble, thruſt and throng?
Ill knowne he is, and woorſe he knowes his hoſt,
Strange lords ill feard are, ill obaid of moſt.

18

But I am captaine of this choſen crew,
With whom I oft haue conquer'd, triumpht oft,
Your lands and linages long ſince I knew,
Each knight obaies my rule, milde, eaſie, ſoft,
I know each ſword, each dart, each ſhaft I vew,
Although the quarrell flie in skies aloft,
Whether the ſame of Ireland be or France,
And from what bowe it comes, what hand perchance.

19

I aske an eaſie, and an vſuall thing,
As you haue oft, this day, ſo winne the feild,
Let zeale and honour be your vertues ſting,
Your liues, my fame, Chriſts faith, defend and ſheild,
To earth theſe Pagans ſlaine and wounded bring,
Tread on their necks, make them all die or yeild,
What need I more exhort you? from your eies
I ſee how victorie, how conqueſt flies.

20

Vpon the captaine (when his ſpeech was donne)
It ſeemd a lampe and golden light downe came,
As from nights azure mantle oft doth ronne
Or fall, a ſliding ſtarre, or ſhining flame;
But from the boſome of the burning ſonne
Proceeded this, and garland wiſe the ſame
Godfredoes noble head encompaſt round,
And (as ſome thought) foreſhewd he ſhould be cround:

21

Perchance (if mans proud thought, or ſaucie tong,
Haue leaue to iudge, or gueſſe at heau'nly things)
This was the angell which had kept him long,
That now came downe, and hid him with his wings.
While thus the Duke beſpeakes his armies ſtronge,
And euerie troupe and band in order brings,
Lord *Emiren* his hoaſt diſpoſed well,
And with bould words whet on their courage fell:

22

The man brought foorth his armie great with ſpeed,
In order good, his foes at hand he ſpide,
Like the newe moone his hoaſt two hornes did ſpreed,
In midſt the foote, the horſe were on each ſide,
The right wing kept he for himſelfe to leed,
Great *Altamore* receau'd the left to guide,
The middle ward led *Muleaſſes* prood,
And in that battaile faire, *Arvuda* ſtood.

On

23

On the right quarter ſtood the Indian grim,
With *Tiſipherne* and all the kings owne band;
But where the left winge ſpred her ſquadrons trim
Ore the large plaine,did *Altamoro* ſtand,
With Aphrican and Perſian kings with him,
And two that came from Meroes hot ſand,
And all his crosbowes and his ſlinges he plaſt,
Where roome beſt ſeru'd to ſhoot,to throw,to caſt.

24

Thus *Emiren* his hoſt put in array,
And road from band to band,from ranke to ranke,
His Truchmen now,and now himſelfe doth ſay,
What ſpoile his folke ſhall gaine,what praiſe,what thanke,
To him that feard,looke vp,ours is the day
He ſaies,vile feare to bould harts neuer ſanke,
How dareth one againſt an hundreth fight?
Our crie,our ſhade,will put them all to flight.

25

But to the bould,go hardie knight (he ſaies,)
His praie out of this lions pawes go teare,
To ſome before his thoughts the ſhape he laies,
And makes therein the image true appeare,
How his ſad countrie him entreats and praies,
His houſe,his louing wife,and children deare,
Suppoſe(quoth he)thy countrie doth beſeech
And pray thee thus,ſuppoſe this is her ſpeech:

26

Defend my lawes,vphold my temples braue,
My blood,from waſhing of my ſtreetes, withhold,
From rauiſhing my virgins keepe,and ſaue
Thine auncеſtors dead bones and aſhes cold,
To thee thy fathers deare,and parents graue
Shew their vncoured heads,white,hoarie,ould,
To thee thy wife her breſts with teares oreſpred
Thy ſonnes,their cradles,ſhewes,thy mariage bed.

27

To all the reſt,you for her honours ſake,
Whom Aſia makes her champions,by your might
Vpon theſe theeues,weake, feeble,fewe, muſt take
A ſharpe reuenge,yet iuſt,deſerud and right,
Thus many words in ſeu'rall toongs he ſpake,
And all his ſundry nations to ſharpe fight
Encouraged, but now the Dukes had donne
Their ſpeeches all,the hoaſts togither ronne.

28

It was a great, a ſtrange, and wondrous ſight,
When front to front thoſe noble armies met,
How euerie troupe, how in each troupe each knight
Stood preſt to moue, to fight, and praiſe to get,
Looſe in the winde waued their enſignes light,
Trembled the plumes that on their creſts were ſet;
Their armes impreſes, colours, gold and ſtone
Gainſt the ſunne beames, ſmild, flamed, ſparkled, ſhone.

29

Of drie topt Oakes, they ſeemd two forreſts thicke:
So did each hoſte with ſpeares and pikes abound,
Bent were their bowes, in reſts their launces ſticke,
Their hands ſhooke ſwords, their ſlings held cobles round:
Each ſtead to runne was readie, preſt and quicke
At his commaunders ſpurre, his hand, his ſound;
He chafes, he ſtampes, careers, and turnes about,
He fomes, ſnorts, neies, and fire and ſmoake breaths out.

30

Horrour it ſelfe in that faire fight ſeem'd faire,
And pleaſure flew amid ſad dreed and feare:
The trumpets ſhrill, that thundred in the aire,
Were muſicke milde and ſweete to euerie eare:
The faithfull campe (though leſſe) yet ſeem'd more raire
In that ſtrange noice, more warlike, ſhrill and cleare,
In notes more ſweete, the Pagan trumpets iarre,
Theſe ſung, their armours ſhin'd, theſe gliſtred farre.

31

The Chriſtian trumpets giue the deadly call,
The Pagans anſwere, and the fight accept;
The godly Frenchmen on their knees downe fall
To pray, and kiſt the earth, and then vplept
To fight, the land betweene was vaniſht all,
In combat cloſe each hoſte to other ſtept;
For now the wings had skirmiſh hot begonne,
And with their battels forth the footmen ronne.

32

But who was firſt of all the Chriſtian traine,
That gaue the onſet firſt, firſt wonne renowne?
Gildippes thou wert ſhe, for (by thee ſlaine)
The king of Orms, *Hircano*, tumbled downe,
The mans breſt bone thou clou'ſt and rent in twaine,
So heau'n with honour would thee bleſſe and crowne:
Pierſt through he fell, and falling hard withall,
His foe prais'd for her ſtrength, and for his fall.

33

Her launce thus broake, the hardie dame forth drew
(With her ſtrong hand) a fine and trenchant blade,
And gainſt the Perſians fierce and bold ſhe flew,
And in their troupe wide ſtreets and lanes ſhe made;
Euen in the girdling ſtead deuided new
In peeces twaine, *Zopire* on earth ſhe lade;
And then *Alarcos* head ſhe ſwapt off cleene,
Which like a football tumbled on the greene.

34

A blow feld *Artaxerxes*, with a thruſt
Was *Argens* ſlaine, the firſt lay in a trance,
Iſmaels left hand cut off fell in the duſt;
For on his wreſt her ſword fell downe by chance:
The hand let goe the bridle where it luſt,
The blow vpon the courſers eares did glance,
Who felt the raines at large, and with the ſtroake
Halfe mad, the rankes diſordred, troubled, broake:

35

All theſe, and many moe, by time forgot,
She ſlew and wounded, when againſt her came
The angrie Perſians all, caſt on a knot,
For on her perſon would they purchace fame:
But her deare ſpouſe and husband wanted not
(In ſo great need) to aide the noble dame;
Thus ioin'd, the haps of warre vnhurt they proue,
Their ſtrength was double, double was their loue.

36

The noble louers vſe well might you ſee,
A wondrous guiſe, till then vnſeene, vnhard,
To ſaue themſelues forgot both he and ſhee,
Each others life did keepe, defend and guard;
The ſtroakes that gainſt her Lord diſcharged bee,
The dame had care to beare, to breake, to ward,
His ſhield kept off the blowes bent on his deare,
Which (if need be) his naked head ſhould beare.

37

So each ſau'd other, each for others wrong
Would veng'ance take, but not reuenge their owne:
The valiant Soldan *Artabano* ſtrong
Of Boecan iſle, by her was ouerthrowne,
And by his hand (the bodies dead among)
Aluante (that durſt his miſtreſſe wound) fell downe,
And ſhe betweene the eies hit *Arimonte*,
(Who hurt her Lord) and cleft in twaine his fronte.

But

38

But *Altamore* who had that wing to lead
Farre greater ſlaughter on the Chriſtians made;
For where he turn'd his ſword, or twinde his ſtead,
He ſlew, or man and beaſt on earth downe lade,
Happie was he that was at firſt ſtrucke dead,
That fell not downe on liue, for whom his blade
Had ſpar'd, the ſame caſt in the duſtie ſtreete
His horſe tore with his teeth, brus'd with his feete.

39

By this braue Perſians valour kild and ſlaine
Were ſtrong *Brunello*, and *Ardonio* great;
The firſt his head and helme had cleft in twaine,
The laſt in ſtranger wiſe he did entreat,
For through his hart he pierſt, and through the vaine
Where laughter hath his fountaine and his ſeat,
So that (a dreedfull thing, beleeu'd vneath)
He laught for paine, and laught himſelfe to death.

40

Nor theſe alone with that accurſed knife
Of this ſweete light and breath depriued lie;
But with that cruell weapon loſt their life
Gentonio, *Guaſcar*, *Roſimond* and *Guie*;
Who knowes how many in that fatall ſtrife
He ſlew? What knights his courſer fierce made die?
The names and countries of the people ſlaine
Who tels? their wounds and deaths who can explaine?

41

With this fierce king encounter durſt not one,
Not one durſt combat him in equall field,
Gildippes vndertooke that taske alone;
No doubt could make her ſhrinke, no danger, yield,
By *Thermodonte* was neuer *Amazone*,
(That menag'd ſteeled axe, or caried ſhield)
That ſeem'd ſo bold as ſhe, ſo ſtronge, ſo light,
When foorth ſhe ronne to meet that dreadfull knight:

42

She hit him, where with gold and ritch anmaile,
His Diademe did on his helmet flame,
She broake and cleft the crowne, and caus'd him vaile
His proud and loftie top, his creſt downe came,
Strong ſeem'd her arme that could ſo well aſſaile:
The Pagan ſhooke for ſpite, and bluſht for ſhame,
Forward he ruſht, and would at once requite
Shame, with diſgrace; and with reuenge, deſpite.

Right

43

Right on the front he gaue that Ladie kinde
A blow, ſo huge, ſo ſtrong, ſo great, ſo ſore,
That out of ſenſe and feeling, downe ſhe twinde:
But her deare knight his loue from ground vpbore,
Were it their fortune, or his noble minde,
He ſtaid his hand, and ſtroake the dame no more:
A Lion ſo ſtalkes by, and with proud eies
Beholds, but ſcornes to hurt, a man that lies.

44

This while *Ormondo* falſe, whoſe cruell hand
Was arm'd, and preſt to giue the traitrous blow,
With all his fellowes mongſt *Godfredoes* band
Entred vnſeene, diſguis'd that few them know:
The theeuiſh Wolfes (when night oreſhades the land)
That ſeeme like faithfull dogs in ſhape and ſhow,
So to the cloſed folds in ſecret creepe,
And entrance ſeeke, to kill ſome harmleſſe ſheepe.

45

He proched nie, and to *Godfredoes* ſide
The bloodie Pagan now was placed neare;
But when his colours gold and white he ſpide,
And ſaw the other ſignes that forged weare,
See ſee, this traitor falſe (the captaine cride)
That like a Frenchman would in ſhow appeare,
Behold how neere his mates and he are crept.
This ſaid, vpon the villaine foorth he lept,

46

Deadly he wounded him, and that falſe knight
Nor ſtrikes, nor wards, not ſtriueth to be gone;
But (as *Meduſas* head ware in his ſight)
Stood like a man new turn'd to marble ſtone,
All lances broke, vnſheath'd all weapons bright,
All quiuers emptied were, on them alone,
In parts ſo many were the traitours cleft,
That thoſe dead men, had no dead bodies left.

47

When *Godfrey* was with Pagan blood beſpred
He entred then the fight, and that was paſt,
Where the bold Perſian fought and combatted,
Where the cloſe rankes he op'ned, cleft and braſt;
Before the knight the troupes and ſquadrons fled,
As Affricke duſt before the Southren blaſt,
The Duke recall'd them, in array them placed,
Staid thoſe that fled, and him aſſail'd that chaced.

48

The champions ſtrong there fought a battell ſtout,
Troie neuer ſaw the like by *Xanthus* old:
A conflict ſharpe there was meane-while on fout
Twixt *Baldwine* good and *Muleaſſes* bold:
The horſemen alſo(neare the mountaines rout,
And in both wings) a furious skirmiſh hold,
And where the barb'rous Duke in perſon ſtood,
Twixt *Tiſiphernes* and *Adraſtus* prood;

49

With *Emiren Robert* the Norman ſtroue,
Long time they fought, yet neither loſt nor wonne;
The other *Roberts* helme the Indian cloue,
And broke his armes, their fight would ſoone be donne:
From place to place did *Tiſiphernes* roue,
And found no match, againſt him none durſt ronne,
But where the preaſe was thickeſt thither flew
The knight, and at each ſtroke feld, hurt or ſlew.

50

Thus fought they long, yet neither ſhrinke nor yeild,
In equall ballance hung their hope and feare:
All full of broken lances lay the feild,
All full of armes that clou'n and ſhattred weare,
Of ſwords, ſome to the body naile the ſheild,
Some cut mens throtes, and ſome their bellies teare,
Of bodies, ſome vpright, ſome groueling lay,
And for themſelues eat graues out of the clay:

51

Beſide his lord ſlaine lay the noble ſtead,
There friend with friend lay kild, like louers trew,
There foe with foe, the liue vnder the dead,
The victor vnder him whom late he ſlew:
A hoarce vnperfect ſound did each where ſpread,
Whence neither ſilence, nor plaine outcries flew,
There furie roares, ire threats, and woe complaines,
One weepes, another cries, he ſighes for paines.

52

The armes that late ſo faire and glorious ſeame,
Now ſoild and ſlubbred, ſad and ſullen grow,
The ſteele his brightnes loſt; the gould his beame;
The colours had no pride, nor beauties ſhow;
The plumes and feathers on their creſts that ſtreame,
Are ſtrowed wide vpon the earth below:
The hoſts both clad in blood, in duſt and mire,
Had changd their cheare, their pride, their rich attire.

53

But now the Moores, Arabians, Ethiops blacke,
(Of the left wing that held the vtmoſt marge)
Spread forth their troupes and purpos'd at the backe
And ſide, their heedleſſe foes t'aſſaile and charge:
Slingers and Archers were not ſlow, nor ſlacke
To ſhoot and caſt, when with his battell large
Rinaldo came, whoſe furie, haſte, and ire,
Seem'd earthquake, thunder, tempeſt, ſtorme and fire.

54

The firſt he met was *Aſimire* his throne
That ſet in *Meroës* hot, ſunne-burnt, land,
He cut his necke in twaine, fleſh, skin and bone,
The ſable head downe tumbled on the ſand;
But when by death of this blacke Prince alone,
The taſte of blood and conqueſt once he fand, (brought,
Whole ſquadrons then, whole troupes to earth he
Things wondrous, ſtrange, incredible, he wrought;

55

He gaue moe deaths than ſtroakes, and yet his blowes
Vpon his feeble foes fell oft and thicke,
To mooue three toongs as a fierce ſerpent ſhowes,
Which rolles the one ſhe hath ſwift, ſpeedie, quicke;
So thinkes each Pagan, each Arabian trowes,
He weilds three ſwords, all in one hilt that ſticke,
His readineſſe their eies ſo blinded hath,
Their dreed that wounder bred, feare gaue it fath,

56

The Affricke tyrants and the Negro kings
Fell downe on heapes, drown'd each in others blood,
Vpon their people ranne the knights he brings,
Prickt forward by their guides enſample good,
Kild were the Pagans, broake their bowes and ſlings:
Some dide, ſome fell; ſome yeelded, none withſtood:
A maſſacre was this, no fight; theſe put
Their foes to death; thoſe hold their throates to cut.

57

Small while they ſtood, with hart and hardie face
On their bold breſts deepe wounds and hurts to beare,
But fled away, and troubled in the chace
Their rankes diſordred be with too much feare:
Rinaldo follow'd them from place to place,
Till quite diſcomfit and diſperſt they weare,
That done he ſtaies, and all his knights recalles,
And ſcornes to ſtrike his foe that flies or falles.

Like

58

Like as the winde ſtopt by ſome wood or hill,
Growes ſtrong and fierce, teares boughes and trees in twaine,
But with milde blaſts, more temprate, gentle, ſtill,
Blowes through the ample field, or ſpatious plaine;
Againſt the rockes as ſea-waues murmur ſhrill,
But ſilent paſſe amid the open maine:
Rinaldo ſo, when none his force withſtood,
Aſſwagd his furie, calmd his angrie mood,

59

He ſcornd vpon their fearefull backes that fled
To wreake his ire, and ſpend his force in vaine,
But gainſt the footemen ſtrong his troupes he led,
Whoſe ſide the Moores had open left and plaine,
The Affricanes, that ſhould haue ſuccoured
That battaile, all were ronne away or ſlaine,
Vpon their flanke with force and courage ſtout,
His men at armes aſſaild the bands on fout:

60

He brake their pikes, and brake their cloſe array,
Entred their battaile, feld them downe around,
So winde or tempeſt with impetious ſway
The eares of ripened corne ſtrikes flat to ground:
With blood, armes, bodies dead, the hardned clay
Plaſtred the earth, no graſſe nor greene was found,
The horſemen running through & through their bands,
Kill, murder, ſlay, few ſcape, not one withſtands.

61

Rinaldo came where his forlorne *Armide*
Sate on her golden chariot mounted hie,
A noble guard ſhe had on euery ſide
Of lords, of louers, and much chiualrie:
She knew the man when firſt his armes ſhe ſpide,
Loue, hate, wrath, ſweet deſire, ſtroue in her eie,
He changd ſome deale, his looke & countnance bold,
She changd from froſt, to fire; from heat, to cold:

62

The prince paſt by the chariot of his deare,
Like one that did his thoughts elſewhere beſtow,
Yet ſuffred not her knights and louers neare
Their riuall ſo to ſcape withouten blow,
One drew his ſword, another coucht his ſpeare,
Herſelfe an arrow ſharpe ſet in her bow,
Diſdaine her ire new ſharpt and kindled hath,
But loue appeaſd her, loue aſſwagd her wrath.

63

Loue brideled furie, and reuiu'd of new
His fire, not dead, though buried in diſpleaſure,
Three times her angrie hand the bow vp drew,
And thrice againe let ſlacke the ſtring at leaſure;
But wrath preuail'd at laſt, the reed out flew,
For loue findes meane, but hatred knowes no meaſure,
Out flew the ſhaft, but with the ſhaft, this charme,
This wiſh ſhe ſent: heau'ns grant it doe no harme:

64

She bids the reed returne the way it went,
And pearſe her hart which ſo vnkinde could proue,
Such force had loue, though loſt and vainly ſpent,
What ſtrength hath happie, kinde and mutuall loue?
But ſhe that gentle thought did ſtraight repent,
Wrath, furie, kindnes, in her boſome ſtroue,
She would, ſhe would not, that it miſt or hit,
Her eies, her hart, her wiſhes followed it.

65

But yet in vaine the quarrell lighted not,
For on his hawberke hard the knight it hit,
Too hard for womans ſhaft or womans ſhot,
In ſtead of pearſing there it broke and ſplit;
He turn'd away, ſhe burnt with furie hot,
And thought he ſcorn'd her powre, and in that fit
Shot oft and oft, her ſhaftes no entrance found,
And while ſhe ſhot, loue gaue her wound on wound.

66

And is he then vnpearceable (quoth ſhee)
That neither force nor foe he needes regard?
His lims (perchance) arm'd with that hardnes bee,
Which makes his hart ſo cruell and ſo hard,
No ſhot that flies from eie or hand I ſee,
Hurtes him, ſuch rigor doth his perſon gard,
Arm'd, or diſarm'd; his foe, or miſtreſſe kinde,
Deſpis'd alike, like hate, like ſcorne I finde.

67

But what new forme is left, deuiſe, or art,
By which, to which exchang'd, I might finde grace?
For in my knights and all that take my part
I ſee no helpe, no hope, no truſt I place,
To his great proweſſe, might, and valiant hart,
All ſtrength is weake, all courage vile and bace.
This ſaid ſhe, for ſhe ſaw, how, through the feild,
Her champions flie, faint, tremble, fall and yeild.

Nor

68

Nor left alone can ſhe her perſon ſaue,
But to be ſlaine or taken ſtands in feare,
Though with her bow a iauelin long ſhe haue,
Yet weake was *Phebes* bow, blunt *Pallas* ſpeare.
But, as the ſwan, that ſees the Eagle braue,
Threatning her fleſh and ſiluer plumes to teare,
Falles downe, to hide her mongſt the ſhadie brookes;
Such were her fearfull motions, ſuch her lookes.

69

But *Altamore*, this while that ſtroue and ſought
From ſhamefull flight his Perſian hoſt to ſtay,
That was diſcomfit and deſtroi'd to nought,
Whilſt he alone mantain'd the fight and fray,
Seeing diſtreſt the goddeſſe of his thought,
To aide her ran, nay flew, and laid away
All care, both of his honour and his hoſt,
If ſhe were ſafe, let all the world be loſt.

70

To the ilguarded chariot ſwift he flew,
His weapon made him way with bloodie warre:
Meane-while Lord *Godfrey* and *Rinaldo* ſlew
His feeble bands, his people murdred arre,
He ſaw their loſſe, but aided not his crew,
A better louer than a leader farre,
He ſet *Armida* ſafe, then turn'd againe
With tardie ſuccour, for his folke were ſlaine.

71

And on that ſide the woefull Prince behield
The battell loſt, no helpe nor hope remain'd;
But on the other wing the Chriſtians yield,
And flie, ſuch vantage there th'Egyptians gain'd,
One of the *Roberts* was nigh ſlaine in field;
The other by the Indian ſtrong conſtrain'd
To yeeld himſelfe, his captiue and his ſlaue;
Thus equall loſſe and equall foile they haue.

72

Godfredo tooke the time and ſeaſon, fit
To bring againe his ſquadrons in array,
And either campe well ordred, rang'd and knit,
Renew'd the furious battel, fight and fray,
New ſtreames of blood were ſhed, new ſwords them hit;
New combats fought, new ſpoiles were borne away,
And vnreſolu'd and doubtfull (on each ſide)
Did praiſe and conqueſt, *Mars* and Fortune ride.

73

Betweene the armies twaine while thus the fight
Waxt ſharpe, hot, cruell, though renewd but late,
The *Soldan* clombe vp to the towers hight,
And ſawe farre off their ſtrife and fell debate,
As from ſome ſtage or theatre the knight
Saw plaid the tragedie of humaine ſtate,
Sawe death, blood, murder, woe and horrour ſtrange,
And the great acts of fortune, chance and change:

74

At firſt aſtoniſht and amazd he ſtood,
Then burnt with wrath, and ſelfe conſuming ire,
Swelled his boſome like a raging flood,
To be amid that battaile, ſuch deſire.
Such haſte he had, he dond his helmet good,
His other armes he had before entire,
Vp, vp, he cride, no more, no more, within
This fortreſſe ſtay, come follow, die or win.

75

Whether the ſame were prouidence diuine,
That made him leaue the fortreſſe he poſſeſt,
For that the empire proud of Paleſtine
This day ſhould fall, to riſe againe more bleſt;
Or that he breaking felt the fatall line
Of life, and would meete death with conſtant breſt,
Furious and fierce he did the gates vnbarre,
And ſodaine rage brought foorth, and ſodaine warre;

76

Nor ſtaide he till the folke on whom he cride
Aſſemble might, but out alone he flies,
A thouſand foes the man alone defide,
And ronne among a thouſand enimies:
But with his furie cald from euery ſide,
The reſt ronne out, and *Aladine* foorth hies,
The cowards had no feare, the wiſe no caire,
This was not hope, nor courage, but deſpaire.

77

The dreadfull Turke with ſodaine blowes downe caſt,
The firſt he met, nor gaue them time to plaine,
Or pray, in murdring them he made ſuch haſte,
That dead they fell, ere one could ſee them ſlaine;
From mouth to mouth, from eie to eie foorth paſt
The feare and terrour, that the faithfull traine
Of Syrian folke, not vſd to dangrous fight,
Were broken, ſcattred, and nigh put to flight.

78

But with leſſe terrour and diſorder leſſe,
The Gaſcoignes kept array, and kept their ground,
Though moſt the loſſe and perill them oppreſſe,
Vnwares aſſaild they were, vnreadie found:
No rauning tooth or tallon hard I gueſſe
Of beaſt, or eager hauke, doth ſlay and wound
So many ſheepe, or foules weake, feeble, ſmall,
As his ſharpe ſword kild knights and ſouldiours tall:

79

It ſeemd his thirſt and hunger ſwage he would
With their ſlaine bodies, and their blood powrd out,
With him his troupes and *Aladino* ould
Slew their beſiegers, kild the Gaſcoigne rout:
But *Raimond* ranne to meete the *Soldan* bould,
Nor to encounter him had feare or dout,
Though his right hand by proofe too well he know,
Which laid him late for dead, at one huge blow,

80

They met and *Raimond* fell amid the feild,
This blow againe vpon his forehead light,
It was the fault and weakenes of his eild,
Age is not fit to beare ſtroakes of ſuch might,
Each one lift vp his ſword, aduanſt his ſheild,
Thoſe would deſtroy, and theſe defend the knight,
On went the *Soldan*, for the man he thought
Was ſlaine, or eaſlie might be captiue brought.

81

Among the reſt he ranne, he ragd, he ſmote,
And in ſmall ſpace, ſmall time, great wonders wrought;
And as his rage him led and furie hote,
To kill and murder matter new he ſought:
As from his ſupper poore, with hungrie throte,
A peaſant haſts to a rich feaſt ibrought,
So from this skirmiſh to the battaile great
He ranne, and quencht with blood his furies heat.

82

Where battred was the wall he ſallied out,
And to the field in haſte and heat he goes,
With him went rage and furie, feare and dout
Remaind behind, among his ſcattred foes:
To win the conqueſt, ſtroue his ſquadron ſtout,
Which he vnperfect left, yet loth to loes
The day: the Chriſtians fight, reſiſt and die,
And readie were to yeeld, retire and flie.

83

The Gaſcoigne bands retir'd, but kept array,
The Syrian people ran away outright,
The fight was neere the place where *Tancred* lay,
His houſe was full of noiſe, and great affright,
He roſe and looked foorth to ſee the fray,
Though euery limme were weake, faint, voide of might,
He ſawe the countie lie, his men orethrowne,
Some beaten backe, ſome kild, ſome felled downe:

84

Courage in noble harts that nere is ſpent,
Yet fainted not, though faint were euery lim,
But reinforſt each member cleft and rent,
And want of blood and ſtrenght ſupplide in him,
In his left hand his heauie ſhield he hent,
Nor ſeemd the weight too great, his curtlax trim
His right hand drew, nor for more armes he ſtood,
Or ſtaid, he needs no more, whoſe hart is good:

85

But comming foorth, cride, whither will you ronne,
And leaue your leader to his foes in pray?
What? ſhall theſe heathen of his armour wonne,
(In their vile temples) hang vp trophies gay?
Go home to Gaſcoigne then, and tell his ſonne,
That where his father dide you ran away,
This ſaid, againſt a thouſand armed foes,
He did his breſt weake, naked, ſicke, oppoes,

86

And with his heauie, ſtronge, and mightie targe,
(That with ſeau'n hard buls hides was ſurely lind)
And ſtrengthned with a couer thicke and large,
Of ſtiffe and well attempred ſteele behind,
He ſhielded *Raimond* from the furious charge,
From ſwords, from darts, from weapons of each kind,
And all his foes droue backe with his ſharpe blade,
That ſure and ſafe he lay, as in a ſhade.

87

Thus ſau'd, thus ſhielded *Raimond* gan reſpire,
He roſe and reard himſelfe in little ſpace,
And in his boſome burnt the double fire
Of vengeance, wrath, his hart; ſhame fill'd his face;
He lookt around to ſpie, (ſuch was his ire)
The man, whoſe ſtroake had laid him in that place,
Whom when he ſees not, for diſdaine he quakes,
And on his people ſharpe reuengement takes.

88

The Gaſcoines turne againe, their Lord in haſte
To venge their loſſe his band reordred brings,
The troupe that durſt ſo much now ſtood agaſt,
For where ſad feare grew late, now boldnes ſprings,
Now follow'd, they that fled; fled, they that chaſt;
So in one howre altreth the ſtate of things,
Raimond requites his loſſe, ſhame, hurt and all,
And with an hundreth deathes reueng'd one fall.

89

Whil'ſt *Raimond* wreaked thus his iuſt diſdaine
On the proud heads of captaines, Lords and peares,
He ſpies great Sions king amid the traine,
And to him leapes, and high his ſword he reares,
And on his forehead ſtrikes, and ſtrikes againe,
Till helme and head he breakes, he cleaues, he teares,
Downe fell the king, the guiltleſſe land he bit,
That now keepes him, bicauſe he kept not it.

90

Their guides one murdred thus, the other gone,
The troupes diuided were in diuers thought,
Deſpaire made ſome ronne headlong gainſt their fone,
To ſeeke ſharpe death, that comes vncall'd, vnſought;
And ſome (that laid their hope on flight alone)
Fled to their fort againe; yet chance ſo wrought,
That (with the fliers) in the victors pas,
And ſo the fortreſſe wonne, and conquer'd was.

91

The hold was wonne, ſlaine were the men that fled,
In courtes, halles, chambers high; aboue, below,
Old *Raimond* faſt vp to the leads him ſped,
And there (of victorie true ſigne and ſhow)
His glorious ſtandard to the winde he ſpred,
That ſo both armies his ſucceſſe might know.
But *Soliman* ſaw not the towne was loſt,
For far from thence he was, and neere the hoſt;

92

Into the field he came, the lukewarme blood
Did ſmoke, and flow through all the purple feild,
There of ſad death the court and pallace ſtood,
There did he triumphes lead, and trophies beild,
An armed ſtead faſt by the Soldan yood,
That had no guide, nor lord the raines to weild,
The tyrant tooke the bridle, and beſtroad
The courſers emptie backe, and foorth he road.

Great

93

Great, yet but ſhort and ſodaine, was the aid,
That to the Pagans, faint and weake he brought,
A thunderbolt he was, you would haue ſaid,
Great, yet that comes and goes as ſwift as thought,
And of his comming ſwift, and flight vnſtaid
Eternall ſignes in hardeſt rockes hath wrought,
For by his hand an hundreth knights were ſlaine,
But time forgot hath all their names, but twaine;

94

Gildippes faire, and *Edward* thy deare lord,
Your noble death, ſad end, and woefull fate,
(If ſo much powre our vulgar toong afford)
To all ſtrange wits, ſtrange eares let me dilate,
That ages all your loue, and ſweete accord,
Your vertue, proweſſe, worth, may imitate,
And ſome kind ſeruant of true loue (that heares)
May grace your death, my verſes, with ſome teares.

95

The noble ladie thither boldly flew,
Where the fierce *Soldan* fought, and him defide,
Two mightie blowes ſhe gaue the Turke vntrew,
One cleft his ſhield, the other pierſt his ſide;
The prince the damſell by her habite knew,
See, ſee, this mankind ſtrumpet, ſee (he cride)
This ſhameleſſe whore, for thee fit weapons weare
Thy needle and ſpindle, not a ſword and ſpeare.

96

This ſaid, full of diſdaine, rage, and deſpite,
A ſtrong, a fierce, a deadly ſtroake he gaue,
And pierſt her armour, pierſt her boſome white,
Worthie no blowes, but blowes of loue, to haue,
Her dying hand let goe the bridle quite,
She faints, ſhe falles, twixt life and death ſhe ſtraue,
Her lord to helpe her came, but came too late,
Yet was not that his fault, it was his fate.

97

What ſhould he do? to diuers parts him call
Iuſt ire and pittie kind, one bids him goe,
And ſuccour his deare ladie, like to fall;
The other cals for vengeance on his foe,
Loue biddeth both, loue ſaies he muſt doe all,
And with his ire, ioines griefe; with pittie, woe.
What did he then? with his left hand the knight
Would hould her vp, reuenge her with his right.

98

But to resist against a knight so bold
Too weake his will and powre deuided, weare;
So that he could not his faire loue vphold,
Nor kill the cruell man that slew his deare,
His arme, that did his mistres kind enfold
The Turke cut off, pale grew his lookes and cheare,
He let her fall, himselfe fell by her side,
And for he could not saue her, with her dide.

99

As the high elme (whom his deare vine hath twind
Fast in her hundred armes, and houlds embrast,)
Beares downe to earth his spouse and darling kind,
If storme or cruell steele the tree downe cast,
And her full grapes to nought doth bruze and grind,
Spoiles his owne leaues, faints, withers, dies at last,
And seemes to mourne and die, not for his owne
But for her death, with him that lies orethrowne:

100

So fell he mourning, mourning for the dame,
Whom life and death had made for euer his;
They would haue spoke, but not one word could frame,
Deepe sobs their speech, sweete sighes their language is,
Each gazd on others eies, and, while the same
Is lawfull, ioine their hands, embrace and kis:
And thus sharpe death, their knot of life vntied,
Togither fainted they, togither died.

101

But now swift fame her nimble wings dispred,
And told each where their chance, their fate, their fall,
Rinaldo heard the case, by one that fled
From the fierce Turke, and brought him newes of all,
Disdaine, goodwill, woe, wrath the champion led
To take reuenge, shame, griefe, for vengeance call.
But as he went *Adrastus* with his blade,
Forestall'd the way, and shew of combate made.

102

The giant cride, by sundrie signes I note,
That whom I wish, I search, thou, thou art hee,
I markt each woorthies sheild, his helme, his cote,
And all this day haue call'd and cride for thee,
To my sweete saint I haue thy head deuote,
Thou must my sacrifice, my offring bee,
Come let vs heere our strength and courage trie,
Thou art *Armidas* foe, her champion I.

Thus

103

Thus he defide him, on his front before,
And on his throat he ſtroke him, yet the blow
His helmet neither bruſed, cleft nor tore,
But in his ſaddle made him bend and bow;
Rinaldo hit him on the flanke ſo ſore,
That neither art nor hearbe could helpe him now;
Downe fell the Giant ſtrong, one blow ſuch powre,
Such puiſſance had; ſo falles a thundred towre.

104

With horrour, feare, amaſedneſſe and dreed,
Cold were the harts of all that ſaw the fray,
And *Soliman* (that view'd that noble deed)
Trembled, his paleneſſe did his feare bewray;
For in that ſtroake he did his ende arreed,
He wiſt not what to thinke, to doe, to ſay,
A thing in him vnuſed, rare and ſtrange,
But ſo doth heau'n mens harts turne, alter, change.

105

As when the ſicke or frantike men oft dreame
In their vnquiet ſleepe, and ſlumber ſhort,
And thinke they ronne ſome ſpeedie courſe, and ſeame
To mooue their legs and feete in haſtie ſort;
Yet feele their limmes farre ſlower than the ſtreame
Of their vaine thoughts, that beares them in this ſport,
And oft would ſpeake, would crie, would call or ſhout,
Yet neither ſound, nor voice, nor word ſend out:

106

So runne to fight the angrie Soldan would,
And did enforce his ſtrength, his might, his ire,
Yet felt not in himſelfe his courage ould,
His woonted force, his rage and hot deſire,
His eies (that ſparkled wrath and furie bould)
Grew dim and feeble, feare had quencht that fire,
And in his hart an hundreth paſſions fought,
Yet not on feare or baſe retire he thought.

107

While vnreſolu'd he ſtood, the victor knight
Arriu'd, and ſeem'd in quickneſſe, haſte and ſpeed,
In boldneſſe, greatnes, goodlines and might,
Aboue all Princes borne of humaine ſeed:
The Turke ſmall while reſiſts, not death, nor fight
Made him forget his ſtate, or race, through dreed,
He fled no ſtroakes, he fetcht no groane nor ſigh,
Bold were his motions laſt, proud, ſtately, high.

Now

108

Now when the Soldan (in theſe battels paſt
That *Antheus* like oft fell, oft roſe againe,
Euer more fierce, more fell) fell downe at laſt
To lie for euer, when this Prince was ſlaine:
Fortune, that feld is ſtable, firme, or faſt,
No longer durſt reſiſt the Chriſtian traine,
But rang'd her ſelfe in row with *Godfreies* knights,
With them ſhe ſerues, ſhe ronnes, ſhe rides, ſhe fights.

109

The Pagan troupes, the kings owne ſquadron fled,
Of all the Eaſt the ſtrength, the pride, the flowre,
Late call'd immortall, now diſcomfited,
It loſt that title proud, and loſt all powre:
To him that with the royall ſtandard fled,
Thus *Emireno* ſaid, with ſpeeches ſowre,
Art not thou he to whom to beare I gaue
My kings great banner, and his ſtandard braue?

110

This enſigne (*Rimedon*) I gaue not thee
To be the witneſſe of thy feare and flight,
Coward, doſt thou thy Lord and Captaine ſee
In battell ſtrong, and ronn'ſt thy ſelfe from fight?
What ſeek'ſt thou? ſaftie? come, returne with mee,
The way to death, is path to vertue right,
Here let him fight that would eſcape; for this
The way to honour, way to ſaftie is.

111

The man return'd, and ſweld with ſcorne and ſhame,
The Duke with ſpeeches graue exhorts the reſt;
He threates, he ſtrikes ſometime, till backe they came,
And rage gainſt force, deſpaire gainſt death addreſt.
Thus of his broken armies gan he frame
A battell now, ſome hope dwelt in his breſt,
But *Tiſiphernes* bold reuiu'd him moſt,
Who fought, and ſeem'd to winne, when all was loſt;

112

Wonders that day wrought noble *Tiſiphernes*,
The hardie Normans all he ouerthrew;
The Flemmings fled before the champion ſterne,
Gernier, *Rogero*, *Gerard* bold he ſlew;
His glorious deeds to praiſe and fame eterne
His liues ſhort date prolong'd, enlarg'd and drew,
And then (as he that ſet ſweete life at nought)
The greateſt perill, danger moſt he ſought.

113

He ſpide *Rinaldo*, and although his feild
Of azure, purple now and ſanguine ſhowes,
And though the ſiluer bird amid his ſheild
Were armed gules; yet he the champion knowes,
And ſaies, here greateſt perill is, heau'ns yeild
Strength to my courage, fortune to my blowes,
That faire *Armida* her reuenge may ſee,
Helpe *Macon*, for his armes I vow to thee.

114

Thus praied he, but all his vowes were vaine,
Mahound was deafe, or ſlept in heauens aboue,
And as a lion ſtrikes him with his traine,
His natiue wrath to quicken and to moue;
So he awakte his furie and diſdaine,
And ſharpt his courage on the whetſtone loue,
Himſelfe he ſau'd behinde his mightie targe,
And forward ſpurr'd his ſtead, and gaue the charge.

115

The Chriſtian ſaw the hardie warriour come,
And leaped forth to vndertake the fight,
The people round about gaue place and rome,
And wondred on that fierce and cruell ſight,
Some prais'd their ſtrength, their skill, and courage ſome,
Such and ſo deſp'rate blowes ſtrooke either knight,
That all that ſaw forgot both ire and ſtriſe,
Their wounds, their hurts, forgot both death and life:

116

One ſtroke, the other did both ſtrike and wound,
His armes were ſurer, and his ſtrength was more;
From *Tiſipherne* the blood ſtream'd downe around,
His ſhield was cleft, his helme was rent and tore.
The dame (that ſaw his blood beſmeare the ground,
His armour broke, limmes weake, wounds deepe and ſore,
And all her garde dead, fled, and ouerthrowne)
Thought, now her field lay waſt, her hedge lay downe:

117

Enuiron'd with ſo braue a troupe but late,
Now ſtood ſhe in her chariot all alone,
She feared bondage, and her life did hate,
All hope of conqueſt and reuenge was gone,
Halfe mad and halfe amas'd, from where ſhe ſate,
She leaped downe, and fled from friends and fone,
On a ſwift horſe ſhe mounts, and forth ſhe rides
Alone, ſaue for diſdaine and loue, her guides.

In

118

In daies of old, Queene *Cleopatra* ſoe
Alone fled from the fight and cruell fray,
Againſt *Auguſtus* great his happie foe,
Leauing her Lord, to loſſe, and ſure decay.
And as that Lord for loue let honour goe,
Follow'd her flying ſailes, and loſt the day:
So *Tiſſpherne* the faire and fearfull dame
Would follow, but his foe forbids the ſame.

119

But when the Pagans ioy and comfort fled,
It ſeem'd the ſunne was ſet, the day was night,
Gainſt the braue Prince with whom he combatted
He turn'd, and on the forehead ſtroake the knight:
When thunders forg'd are in *Tiphoius* bed,
Not *Brontes* hammer falles ſo ſwift, ſo right;
The furious ſtroake fell on *Rinaldoes* creſt,
And made him bend his head downe to his breſt.

120

The champion in his ſtirrups high vpſtart,
And cleft his hawberke hard and tender ſide,
And ſheath'd his weapon in the Pagans hart,
The caſtle where mans life and ſoule do bide;
The cruell ſword his breſt and hinder part
With double wound vnclos'd, and op'ned wide;
And two large doores made for his life and breath,
Which paſt, and curde hot loue, with froſen death.

121

This done, *Rinaldo* ſtaid, and lookte around,
Where he ſhould harme his foes, or helpe his friends;
Nor of the Pagans ſaw he ſquadron found:
Each ſtandard falles, enſigne to earth deſcends;
His furie quiet than and calme he found,
There all his wrath, his rage and rancour ends.
He call'd to minde, how (farre from helpe or aid)
Armida fled, alone, amas'd, affraid:

122

Well ſawe he when ſhe fled, and with that ſight
The Prince had pitie, curteſie and care;
He promiſt her to be her friend and knight,
When earſt he left her in the iſland bare:
The way ſhe fled he ranne and road aright,
Her palfraies feete ſignes in the graſſe out ware:
But ſhe this while found out an ougly ſhade,
Fit place for death, where nought could life perſwade.

123

Well pleaſed was ſhe with thoſe ſhadowes browne,
And yet diſpleaſd with lucke, with life, with loue,
There from her ſtead ſhe lighted, there laid downe
Her bowe and ſhafts, her armes that helpeleſſe proue
There lie with ſhame (ſhe ſaies) diſgraſt, orethrowne,
Blunt are the weapons, blunt the armes I moue,
Weake to reuenge my harmes, or harme my foe,
My ſhafts are blunt, ah loue, would thine were ſoe!

124

Alas, among ſo many, could not one,
Not one draw blood, one wound or rend his skin?
All other breſts to you are marble ſtone,
Dare you than pierce a womans boſome thin?
See, ſee, my naked hart, on this alone,
Imploy your force, this fort is eath to win,
And loue will ſhoote you from his mightie bow,
Weake is the ſhot that dripile falles in ſnow.

125

I pardon will your feare and weakenes paſt,
Be ſtrong (mine arrowes) cruell, ſharpe gainſt mee,
Ah wretch, how is thy chance and fortune caſt,
If plaſt in theſe, thy good and comfort bee?
But ſince all hope is vaine, all helpe is waſt,
Since hurts eaſe hurts, wounds muſt cure wounds in thee;
Then with thine arrowes ſtroake cure ſtroakes of loue,
Death for thy hart muſt ſalue, and ſurgeon proue.

126

And happie me, if being dead and ſlaine,
I beare not with me this ſtrange plague to hell,
Loue, ſtaie behind, come thou with me diſdaine,
And with my wronged ſoule for euer dwell;
Or elſe with it turne to the world againe,
And vexe that knight with dreames and viſions fell,
And tell him (when twixt life and death I ſtroue)
My laſt wiſh, was reuenge; laſt word, was loue.

127

And with that word halfe mad, halfe dead, ſhe ſeames,
An arrow, poignant, ſtrong and ſharpe ſhe tooke,
When her deare knight found her in theſe extreames,
Now fit to die, and paſſe the Stygian brooke,
Now preſt to quench her owne and beauties, beames;
Now death ſate on her eies, death in her looke,
When to her backe he ſtept, and ſtaid her arme
Stretcht foorth, to doe that ſeruice laſt, laſt harme.

128

She turnes, and (ere ſhe knowes) her Lord ſhe ſpies,
Whoſe comming was vnwiſht, vnthought, vnknowne,
She ſhrikes, and twines away her ſdeignfull eies
From his ſweete face, ſhe falles dead in a ſwoune,
Falles as a flowre halfe cut, that bending lies:
He held her vp, and leaſt ſhe tumble downe,
Vnder her tender ſide his arme he plaſt,
His hand her girdle loos'd, her gowne vnlaſt;

129

And her faire face, faire boſome he bedewes
With teares, teares of remorſe, of ruth, of ſorrow.
As the pale Roſe her colour loſt renewes,
With the freſh drops falne from the ſiluer morrow;
So ſhe reuiues, and cheekes empurpled ſhewes,
Moiſt with their owne teares, and with teares they borrow;
Thrice lookte ſhe vp, her eies thrice cloſed ſhee,
As who ſay, let me die, ere looke on thee.

130

And his ſtrong arme, with weake and feeble hand,
She would haue thruſt away, loos'd, and vntwined:
Oft ſtroue ſhe (but in vaine) to breake that band,
For he the hold he got not yet reſined,
Her ſelfe faſt bound in thoſe deare knots ſhe fand,
Deare, though ſhe faigned ſcorne, ſtroue and repined:
At laſt ſhe ſpeakes, ſhe weepes, complaines and cries;
Yet durſt not, did not, would not ſee his eies.

131

Cruell at thy departure, at retorne
As cruell, ſay, what chance thee hither guideth,
Wouldſt thou preuent her death, whoſe hart forlorne
For thee, for thee deathes ſtroakes each howre deuideth?
Comſt thou to ſaue my life? alas, what ſcorne,
What torment for *Armida* poore abideth?
No, no, thy crafts and ſleights I well deſcrie,
But ſhe can little doe that cannot die.

132

Thy triumph is not great, nor well arrai'd,
Vnleſſe in chaines thou lead a captiue dame;
A dame now tane by force, before betrai'd,
This is thy greateſt glorie, greateſt fame:
Time was that thee of loue and life I prai'd,
Let death now end my loue, my life, my ſhame,
Yet let not thy falſe hand bereaue this breath,
For if it were thy guift, hatefull were death.

Cruell

133

Cruell, my ſelfe an hundreth waies can finde,
To rid me from thy malice, from thy hate,
If weapons ſharpe, if poiſons of all kinde,
If fire, if ſtrangling faile, in that eſtate;
Yet waies enough I know to ſtop this winde:
A thouſand entries hath the houſe of fate.
Ah, leaue theſe flattries, leaue weake hope to moue,
Ceaſe, ceaſe, my hope is dead, dead is my loue.

134

Thus mourned ſhee, and from her watrie eies,
Diſdaine and loue dropt downe, roll'd vp in teares;
From his pure fountaines ranne two ſtreames likewiſe,
Wherein chaſt pitie and milde ruth appeares:
Thus with ſweete words the Queene he pacifies,
Madame, appeaſe your griefe, your wrath, your feares,
For to be crown'd, not ſcorn'd, your life I ſaue;
Your foe, nay but your friend, your knight, your ſlaue.

135

But if you truſt no ſpeech, no oath, no word;
Yet in mine eies, my zeale, my truth, behold:
For to that throne (whereof thy ſire was Lord)
I will reſtore thee, crowne thee with that gold,
And if high heau'n would ſo much grace afford,
As from thy hart this cloude, this vaile vnfold
Of Paganiſme, in all the Eaſt no dame
Should equalize thy fortune, ſtate and fame.

136

Thus plaineth he, thus praies, and his deſire
Endeares with ſighes that flie, and teares that fall;
That as againſt the warm'th of *Titans* fire,
Snow drifts conſume on tops of mountaines tall:
So melts her wrath, but loue remaines entire.
Behold (ſhe ſaies) your handmaid and your thrall;
My life, my crowne, my wealth vſe at your pleaſure:
Thus death her life became, loſſe prou'd her treaſure.

137

This while the Captaine of th'Egyptian hoſt,
That ſaw his roiall ſtandard laid on ground,
Saw *Rimedon*, that enſignes prop and poſt,
By *Godfretes* noble hand, kild with one wound,
And all his folke diſcomfit, ſlaine and loſt,
No coward was in this laſt battell found,
But road about and fought (nor fought in vaine)
Some famous hand of which he might be ſlaine:

Againſt

138

Againſt lord *Godfrey* bouldly out he flew,
For nobler foe he wiſht not, could not ſpie,
Of deſprate courage ſhew'd he tokens trew,
Where ere he ioind, or ſtaid, or paſſed bie,
And cried to the Duke as neere he drew,
Behold of thy ſtrong hand I come to die,
Yet truſt to ouerthrow thee with my fall,
My caſtles ruines ſhall breake downe thy wall.

139

This ſaid, foorth ſpurr'd they both, both high aduance
Their ſwords aloft, both ſtroake at once, both hit,
His left arme wounded had the knight of France,
His ſhield was pierſt, his vantbrace cleft and ſplit,
The Pagan backward fell, halfe in a trance,
On his left eare his foe ſo hugely ſmit,
And as he ſought to riſe, *Godfredoes* ſword
Pierced him through, ſo dide that armies Lord.

140

Of his great hoſt when *Emiren* was dead,
Fled the ſmall remnant that aliue remained;
Godfrey eſpied as he turnd his ſtead,
Great *Altamore* on foote, with blood all ſtained,
With halfe a ſword, halfe helme vpon his head,
Gainſt whom an hundreth fought, yet not one gained,
Ceaſe, ceaſe this ſtrife, he cride: and thou braue knight,
Yeeld, I am *Godfrey*, yeeld thee to my might.

141

He that till then his proud and haughtie hart
To act of humblenes did neuer bend,
When that great name he heard, from the north part
Of our wide world, renown'd to Aethiops end,
Anſwer'd, I yeeld to thee, thou worthy art,
I am thy pris'ner, fortune is thy frend:
On *Altamoro* great thy conqueſt bold
Of glorie ſhall be rich, and rich of gold:

142

My louing queene, my wife and Lady kinde
Shall ranſome me with iewels, gold and treaſure.
God ſhield (quoth *Godfrey*) that my noble minde
Should praiſe and vertue ſo by profit meaſure,
All that thou haſt from Perſia and from Inde
Enioy it ſtill, therein I take no pleaſure,
I ſet no rent on life, no price on blood,
I fight, and ſell not warre for gold or good.

This

143

This ſaid, he gaue him to his knights to keepe,
And after thoſe that fled his courſe he bent;
They to their rampires fled and trenches deepe,
Yet could not ſo deathes cruell ſtroke preuent,
The campe was wonne, and all in blood doth ſteepe,
The blood in riuers ſtream'd from tent to tent,
It ſoil'd, defilde, defaced all the pray,
Shields, helmets, armours, plumes and feathers gay.

144

Thus conquer'd *Godfrey*, and as yet the ſonne
Diu'd not in ſiluer waues his golden waine,
But day-light ſeru'd him to the fortreſſe wonne
With his victorious hoſt to turne againe,
His bloodie cote he put not off, but ronne
To the high Temple with his noble traine,
And there hung vp his armes, and there he bowes
His knees, there prai'd, and there perform'd his vowes.

FINIS.

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